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PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

I. THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE AND THE ODÉON.

By William F. Apthorp.

NOT far from the great Halles-Centrales, on the corner of the new, wide, and bright rue Étienne Marcel, and of the old, narrow, and dingy rue Française—which name, by the way, is still pronounced, as it used to be written, *Françoise*, at the Maison de Molière—stands a house which few passers-by would suspect of having any interest for the antiquary. With its light-buff Paris freestone, its wealth of ornamental carving and iron balconies, it has little to distinguish it from the average modern corner-house in the city par excellence of magnificent corners. Its short frontage on the rue Française—in which it is No. 5—its long stretches of façade on the rue Étienne Marcel and the rue Mauconseil, which runs at a slightly divergent angle behind it from the rue Française to the rue Montorgueil, make it a fair type of that bevel corner which is perhaps the most striking architectural beauty of Paris streets. It is a perfectly commonplace building, like a thousand others in the capital. Approaching it from the rear, as you are most likely to do, up the rue Française from the rue de Turbigo and the Halles, you find it suggestive only of the flaunting modern splendor of the rue Étienne Marcel, overflowing and encroaching upon the sedate dinginess of the older side streets. Its ground floor is occupied by one of those not easily classifiable places of refreshment which are common enough in the less fashionable quarters of the city, and combine in themselves the several distinctive features of the café-restaurant, the brasserie, and the estaminet. Except to the hungry or thirsty, the house presents only one interesting feature: it stands on the site of the old Hôtel de Bourgogne, for nearly a century the first theatre in Paris.

From early in the reign of Louis XIII. the actors at the Hôtel de Bourgogne were known collectively as the *Troupe royale des comédiens;* up to near the time of the death of Louis XIV. they held a quasi-official position. In 1600 there came about a split in the company. Half the actors seceded from it, and set up for themselves in the Marais, under the condition of paying an *écu tournois*, or Tours dollar, to the elder establishment for every performance they should give. The new company, which was known from first to last as the *Comédiens du Marais*, opened at the Hôtel d'Argent, in rue de la Poterie, near the place de la Grève. In 1632 or 1633 it moved to the jeu de paume (tennis-court) de la Fontaine, in the rue Michel-le-Comte. But the people of quality and foreign diplomatists who lived in the rue Michel-le-Comte and the rue du Grenier-Saint-Lazare, soon objected to the theatre as an undesirable neighbor, and in 1635 the Théâtre du Marais had to move once more, to a tennis-court in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, about half-way between the rue de la Perle and the rue des Coû-

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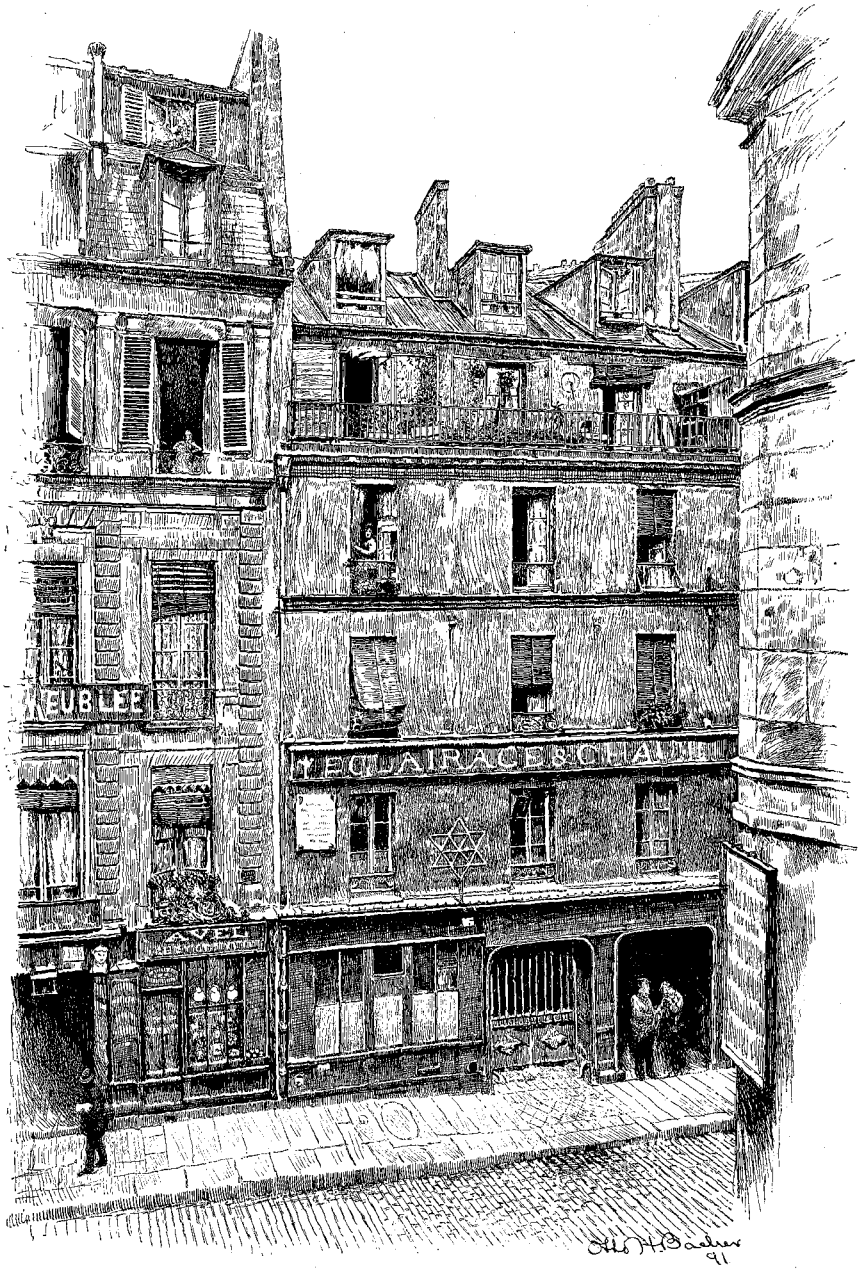

Site of the Old Théâtre-Guénégaud in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle, now rue Mazarine.

tures-Saint-Gervais. Here it remained until the company was disbanded, in 1673.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais were the two rivals with which Molière had to compete in Paris. At first there could hardly have been any question of competition, for Molière's first appearances in the capital do not seem to have been particularly brilliant, as they certainly were far from lucrative. In 1643 he joined some other actors in founding the Illustre-Théâtre, which led a rather precarious and bailiff-

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ridden existence for four years, or so, in various tennis-courts on the left bank of the Seine. One wonders, by the way, what was happening to the game of tennis in those times! The number of apparently disused tennis-courts that were then found available for theatrical purposes was, as Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., would say, "to say the least, remarkable." In four years the Illustre-Théâtre successively occupied three: the jeu de paume des Métayers, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now No. 12, rue Mazarine); in 1645 the jeu de paume de la Croix-Noire, in the rue des Barrés, and, a few months later, the jeu de paume de la Croix-Blanche, in the rue de Buci. About a year after this last move Molière and his company left Paris for the provinces.

He must, however, have laid at least the foundations of a professional reputation in those four hard years in the faubourg Saint-Germain, and have won enough laurels afterward in the provinces to pique metropolitan curiosity. For, on his return to Paris, in 1658, the first thing he did was to give a special performance "by command" in the Salle des Gardes in the Louvre, before King, Monsieur, and court. The bill was Corneille's "Nicomède," with Molière's own "Le docteur amoureux" (since lost) as after-piece. Of course Molière spoke an address to the King between the two plays. It is noticeable in this address, that, besides the usual soft speeches to royalty, Molière went almost out of his way to pay a few highly-seasoned compliments to the *Troupe royale* of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, intimating that he and his poor fellow-players had no notion of rivalling that famous company in such things as Corneille's tragedy, but that they would now, with the royal permission, play a little piece of their own in their own way (*à leur manière*), which they hoped would not prove un-

M. Got, Dean of the Comédie-Française.

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M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie-Française.

worthy. . . . etc., etc. Molière plainly knew which his best foot was, and meant to put it well foremost.

The result was as might have been expected. Long before the year was out, Molière and his company were installed in the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon, with the official title of *Comédiens de Monsieur*—only they had to share the theatre with the Comédie-Italienne, the latter having the right to give four performances a week.

This Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon has long since disappeared; its exact site, especially the part of it in which the theatre was, is even problematical. But the hôtel is known to have covered part of the present rue du Louvre, between Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and the Seine, and part of the ground now occupied by the southeast corner of the Louvre itself, with its courtyard and garden. It was torn down in 1660, to make way for the extension of the Louvre; and Molière's company was transferred to the Théâtre du Palais-Royal—still sharing it, however, with the Comédie-Italienne. It is important to remember that this theatre was neither the present cosy little house of that name, nor the one now occupied by the Comédie-Française, both of which are within the precincts of the Palais-Royal itself; it stood on the northeast corner of the rue Saint-Honoré and the rue de Valois. Its history is principally connected with that of the Académie de Musique (the Opéra); but Molière's company and the great dramatist himself did act in it for several years. It was the first theatre in Paris built especially for the purpose. Lully, who was director of the Académie de Musique, had his eye upon it; but Molière was apparently too valuable a man, in the way of furnishing good libretti on occasion, for him to quarrel with just then, and Lully was content to bide his time.

It came soon enough. Molière died in 1673, and his company had given only twelve performances after his death, when the wily Italian, who was a master

M. Coquelin cadet, of the Comédie-Française.

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Site of the Old Théâtre Français (1689—1770) in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés (now rue de l'Ancienne Comédie).

in intrigue as well as in composition, had them and the Comédie-Italienne evicted from the Palais-Royal theatre, to make way for the Opéra. At this very time the old Théâtre du Marais, in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, broke up, about half of the company entering the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the other

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half joining Molière's troupe in a new enterprise.

They and the Comédie-Italienne — were they never to be delivered from that exotic Old-Man-of-the-Sea? — hired the Théâtre-Guénegaud,* and were officially allowed to assume the title of *Comédiens du Roy*. This was no mean distinction, and the Hôtel de Bourgogne showed its appreciation of the fact by henceforth styling itself on its playbills: *La* SEULE *troupe royale* (the *only* royal troupe). Competition was competition even in those days, and not an inch of vantage ground was to be conceded to the enemy; there might be as many "King's troupes" as you please, but only one "royal troupe!" The *Gazette*, eager to do its part toward upholding the prestige of what was still undeniably the "*première scène française*," followed suit in always mentioning the Hôtel de Bourgogne as "*la seule troupe royale*."

Mlle. Réjane, of the Odéon.

The Théâtre-Guénégaud was the old jeu de paume de la Bouteille, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now rue Mazarine), in the faubourg Saint-Germain. Perrin, Cambert, and the Marquis de Sourdéac had had it changed into a theatre for the Académie de Musique some time before Lully had jockeyed them out of their "concession," and assumed the direction of that institution himself. Indeed, it was (1671–72) the first royal opera-house in Paris. It was only fifteen doors east of the old jeu de paume des Métayers, in which Molière had made his first bow before a Paris audience in the Illustre-Théâtre, in 1643. Its site is now occupied by the passage du Pont-Neuf and the houses Nos. 42 and 44 rue Mazarine, running back as far as the rue de Seine; it stood opposite the end of the rue Guénégaud, which runs from the rue Mazarine down to the quai Conti and the river.

The new venture was more and more successful; some noted actors even left the Hôtel de Bourgogne and joined the Théâtre-Guénégaud, bringing with them important additions to the repertory in the shape of famous tragedies. The tragic repertory of Molière's troupe had never amounted to very much; its strength lay mainly in Molière's own comedies. Almost all the great tragedies of Racine and Corneille belonged by right to the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But the wind was shifting, and the final blow was soon to come.

In 1680, "by order of the King," the whole *Troupe royale* of the Hôtel de Bourgogne crossed the river and joined the *Comédiens du Roy* at the Théâtre-Guénégaud, the two troupes thus forming a single organization, under the official title of COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE. The Comédie-Italienne passed over to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where it remained up to the end of the eighteenth century. Thus was the world-famous Comédie-

*The acute accent had not grown upon the second *e* in those days.

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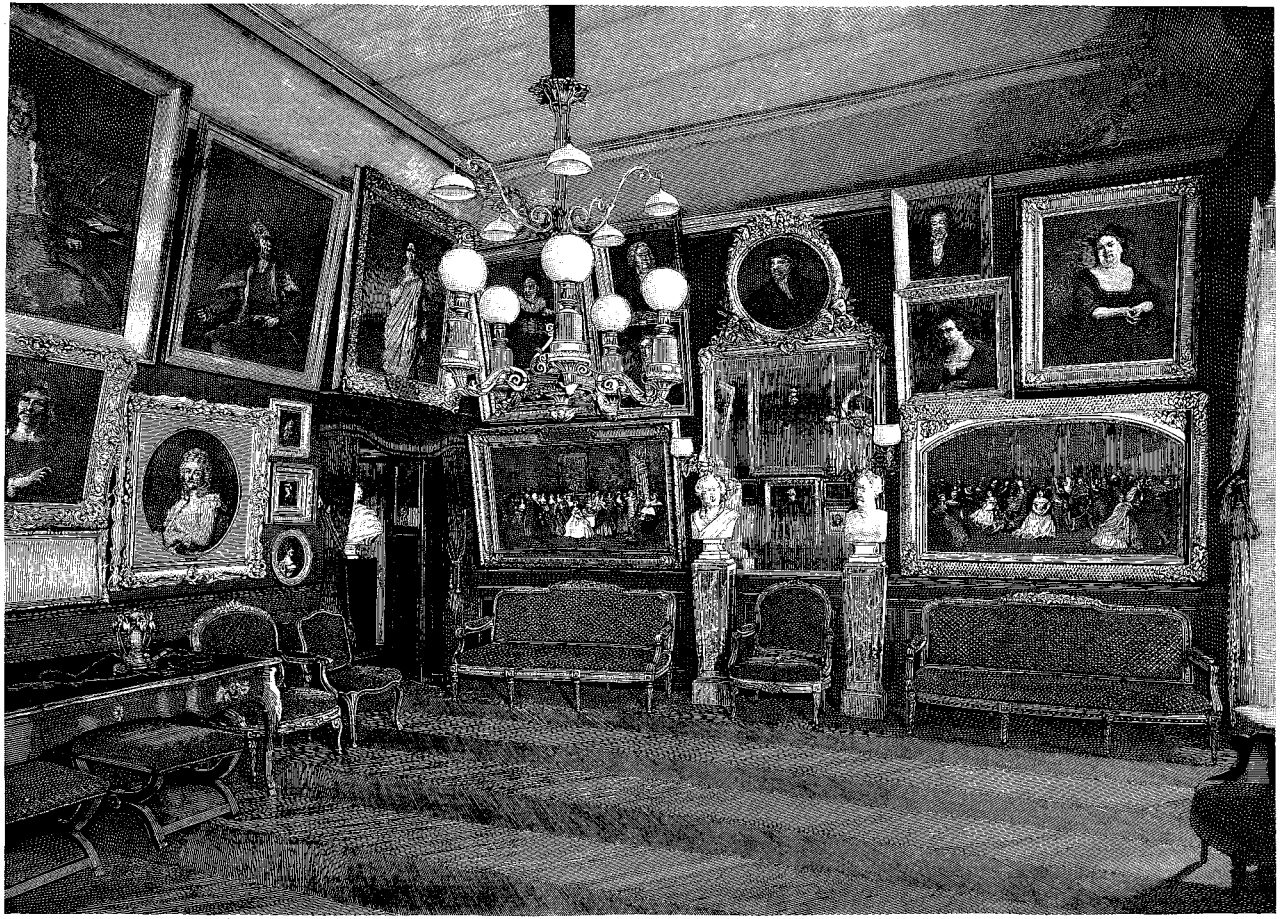

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Foyer des Artistes.

(At the Théâtre Français.)

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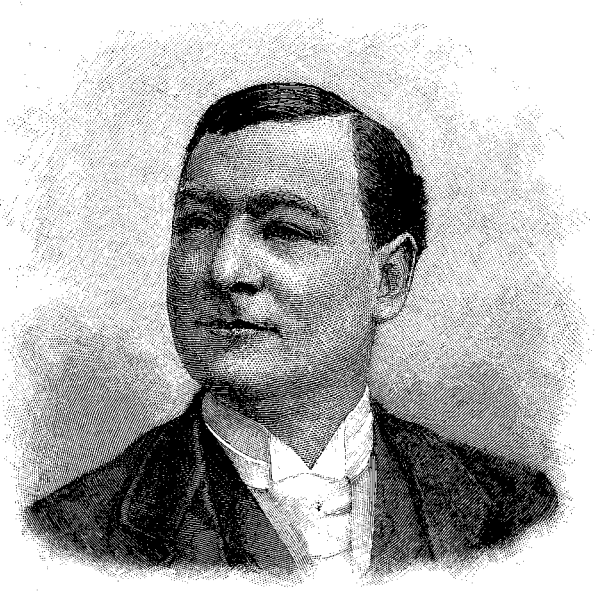
M. Sylvain, of the Comédie-Française.

wonderful institution which we all know as the Comédie-Française. Molière was virtually its founder, although the institution itself did not spring into official existence until some years after his death. Another aim I had in view was to give the reader some idea, not so much of the theatrical history, as of the theatrical topography, of Paris at a time when several of its most important present institutions were undergoing a process of crystallization.

From its foundation in 1680, the Comédie-Française has had a pretty troubled existence. Its woes began soon enough. The rue des Fossés-de-Nesle, or, if the reader prefers its present name, the rue Mazarine, ended not far from the rue Guénégaud, at the rear of the Collége Mazarin—where the Institut de France now stands—and it Française officially born and baptized. It was essentially and primarily Molière's old company, increased and improved by absorbing, first, a half of the troupe of the Théâtre du Marais, and then the whole troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne itself, which latter already comprised the other half of the old Marais company. On its opening night the new-born Comédie-Française gave "Phèdre" and the "Carrosses d'Orléans;" the receipts amounted to 1,424.25 francs (about $284.85). *Tempora mutantur*, box-office receipts *et mutantur in illis!*

I have thought it worth while to go into these historical details, principally to show as clearly as might be exactly what connection there was between Molière and that



M. de Féraudy, of the Comédie-Française.

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was soon found that the propinquity of a fashionable theatre had a deplorable effect upon the manners, not to speak of the morals, of the collegians. So

The Comédie-Française kept on at this theatre in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, for nearly a century, until the house reached such a pitch of

Mme. Dudlay, of the Comédie-Française.

the Comédie had to move on. In 1689 it bought the jeu de paume de l'Étoile and two abutting houses in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés (now rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie), running back nearly to the rue des Mauvais-Garçons* (now rue Grégoire-de-Tours). Here it built itself a new theatre, François d'Orbay being the architect; its site is now occupied by the house No. 14 rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, and by all but the front wall of Nos. 17 and 19 rue Grégoire-de-Tours. Directly opposite it, in the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, still stands the once famous Café de Procope; its shutters are down, and a placard with "*Local à louer*" hangs from them. But it has not been closed long, and its sign is still in tolerable repair.

* The present rue des Mauvais-Garçons is in a wholly different part of the city, across the river.

dilapidation, that all further repairing was hopeless. In 1770, it moved to the Salle des Machines, in the Tuileries, and active measures were taken to provide it with a new permanent theatre. After much discussion, the site of the Hôtel Condé, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, was fixed upon, and the new theatre was built exactly where the Théâtre de l'Odéon now stands. The Comédie opened it, as the Théâtre-Français, on March 30, 1782. In 1789, its name was changed to Théâtre de la Nation, but the members of the company still retained their old title of *Comédiens français ordinaires du Roi*.

Of the subsequent history of the Comédie-Française, I need say little; for many years it was too full of incidents to be related briefly. It will only be important for my present purpose to give the few following facts: In 1791 a

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series of internal dissensions in the company, fomented in part by the political events of the Revolution, ended in the withdrawal of Talma and about half the other members. These seceders, headed by Talma, Mme Dugazon, and Mme Vestris, crossed the river to the theatre now occupied by the Comédie-Française [it was built in 1788, and had been opened, as the Théâtre des Variétés-Amusantes du Palais-Royal, in 1790]. Talma and his followers from the Théâtre de la Nation, reopened it on April 27, 1791, as the Théâtre de la République, which name was changed after the famous Tenth of August, 1793, to Théâtre de la Liberté et de l'Égalité. The remainder of the original company of the Théâtre de la Nation, stayed on at their house in the faubourg Saint-Germain, until it was closed by order of the Comité du Salut-Public on September 3, 1793. They opened again, though, next year, as Théâtre de l'Égalité, in the same house, after adding to their number a whole troupe of Mlle Montansier's, from the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi * (rue de Richelieu).

Mlle. Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française.

The question now arises, precisely where was the Comédie-Française at this period? Did the "apostolic succession" of Molière go to Talma and his comrades at the Théâtre de la Liberté et de l'Égalité in the Palais-Royal, or did it stay with the other faction at the Théâtre de l'Égalité in the faubourg Saint-Germain? Of course both parties claimed to be the only and original Comédie-Française. The Talma party was certainly the more successful of the two; it stayed on unmolested in the Palais-Royal, while the others, forced to quit their theatre in 1795, led a very nomadic existence during the next four years, acting from time to time at the Théâtre-Feydeau, the Théâtre-Louvois, and the neighboring Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi, the Théâtre-Favart, even at the Théâtre du Marais—not the old, long-closed one in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, but a newer, smaller one in the rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine—until, in 1799, most of the troupe at last joined Talma and his followers. The first performance by the reunited Comédie-Française was given in the theatre which it has occupied ever since on May 30, 1799.

Of all theatres in Paris the Théâtre-Français—by which term I mean the theatre itself, not the company—is the most evidently and unmistakably historic. On entering the building, everything that meets your eye impresses you at once with the fact that the place, and the institution which has made it famous, have a history. There is hardly a picture, statue, or bust, that does not

* This theatre was pulled down long ago. It covered the larger part of what is now the square Louvois, opposite the Bibliothèque Nationale on the rue de Richelieu; it is not to be confounded with the neighboring Théâtre-Louvois.

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recall some incident in the life of the Comédie-Française, or show the likeness of some great man—statesman, dramatist, or actor—who was intimately and specifically connected with the history of the institution. There is no trace of that rather vague "homage to the world's great men," of which one finds tokens in many public buildings. Here everything is specific; you can safely ask of every portrait, either on canvas or in marble: "What has this man or woman done toward the glory of the house?" The answer will surely be: "Something!" And if this is true of those portions of the building which are open to the public, it is doubly so of the inner private rooms, staircases, and corridors which are affected to the use of the management and actors. A glimpse "behind" is well worth taking. Leave the doors on the rue de Richelieu and the place du Théâtre-Français to the profane throng, and go in at the door on the place du Palais-Royal, over which is inscribed "Administration." Few "sights" in all Paris are more interesting.

Entering through the large glass double doors, you address yourself to the blue-uniformed concierge in the rather unusually spacious "loge" on your left hand. Nine times out of ten you find this functionary chatting companionably with a small group of sociétaires or pensionnaires. His faith in the sacredness of the institution of which he is supposed to guard the outer door is that of the charcoal-burner; he seems never to have entertained the idea that anyone would dare to attempt an entrance who had no business to enter. No matter what question you ask him, the first two or three words of it are hardly out of your mouth before he answers: "*L'escalier à gauche, au premier.*" (The left-hand staircase, first floor.) I have never known him in a single instance to depart from this formula; after two or three trials you give it up, and pass by his "loge" with no questions asked on either side. Turning to your left, and passing through more glass doors, you go up the staircase, which ever and anon turns at a right angle with itself, and, like almost all Paris staircases, seems to make two stories out of one, although there is no visible entresol. The walls are literally covered with pictures, mostly portraits; a fine full-length of Rachel meets you on the first landing. From this point, if it be in the afternoon, sounds as of declamation are likely to meet your ear. When you reach the first floor, you find that it is well to know your way, for several doors are more or less ajar, and, if you imprudently push one open, you are pretty sure to come plump upon a young man declaiming as for dear life in solitary confinement, with the roll containing his "part" clutched in one hand, with all the frenzy of tragic fervor and imperfect memory. Retreating in apologetic confusion, you may fall from Scylla into Charybdis, and find yourself in the sacred precincts of the

M. Febvre, of the Comédie-Française.

foyer des artistes, where two more young men are lustily belaboring each other with alexandrines. But a little caution will enable you to keep to the corridor, where some antique monarch in full regalia, fresh from stage rehearsal, or else

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an actor, or, still better, actress, in modern dress, will be sure to answer a civil question with more than corresponding civility and graciousness. More glass doors! On the right, a little office in which an uniformed official—the visual counterpart and moral opposite of the one downstairs—is very particular in inquiring about your business; on the left, the office of M. Monval, the secretary, through which you pass—or, rather, you do *not* pass, if the strict truth be told—into the sanctum of M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie-Française. M. Claretie, even before he assumed the directorship of the Comédie, was generally reputed to be one of the busiest men in all Paris; as man of letters, journalist, and academician, he is equally indefatigable.

M. Worms, of the Comédie-Française.

There used to be a legend that he regularly turned out his thousand lines of copy every day before breakfast. Now he has practically retired from active journalism; but his direction of the Comédie-Française must be more than an equivalent for that work. Yet, noted as he is as novelist, dramatist, journalist, and director, he has one faculty which many another busy man of letters might envy him still more: the faculty of being utterly invisible! I know that he exists, that there really is such a man, and that he is no mere mythical Mr. Harris, because I have to thank him, and heartily too, for many helpful kindnesses; but it has never been my privilege to meet him face to face.

With M. Monval, however, the secretary, librarian, and archivist of the Society, it is far otherwise; he is approachability itself. He is one of the most distinguished Molière scholars now going — indeed, his face, with its keen, humorous eyes, and long-flowing brown-black mane, presents something of a likeness to the great Jean-Baptiste Poquelin — and has made his mark in the world of letters as a theatrical historian. But, efficient and gracious as M. Monval is at his secretary's desk in the "Administration" wing of the theatre, you see him at his best in his more congenial domain, the library and archives. I have never met a man who had more, or more exact, statistical information stored in his memory. I have heard it said that Mr. Jay Gould knows every railway station in the United States by heart; the number of facts and dates in the history of the Comédie-Française and its offshoot and companion, the Odéon, that M. Monval can give you at a moment's notice, strike me as indicating a not less remarkable power of memory. But I have strayed into the library, which is away off on the other side of the building, on the third floor, looking out on the place du Théâtre-Français, whereas my present business is on the place du Palais-Royal side.

The first time I went there and mounted the staircase I have tried to describe, was by appointment with M. Coquelin, of whom I had had the good luck to see a good deal, both professionally and socially, during his visit to the United States. I was a little before

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my time, and was shown into the foyer des artistes to wait for him ; so I had a minute or two to look about me. This time I had the room to myself, as there was no partial rehearsing going on. I am not a good hand at poetry, so I will now keep to myself whatever feelings may have been aroused in me by my first coming into the most famous greenroom in the world. I will leave them to the imagination of anyone who loves and respects the stage as much as I do. The foyer itself is a large, oblong, high-studded room—we should call it a hall—richly decorated in the rococo style—at least, I think it is the rococo style, but any architect is at liberty to correct me here ; for aught I know, it may be the very purest Louis XV.—; I am not learned in these things. All I know is that the general impression is one of elaborate gorgeousness, rendered sedate and mellow by time. The walls are covered with pictures and mirrors ; but, before I have time to examine the former, in comes M. Coquelin, who with that bustling bonhomie which is peculiarly his own, forthwith grasps me by the elbow, and hurries me off through a labyrinth of passages, upstairs and down, to see an undress stage-rehearsal of "Les fourberies de Scapin," in which he himself, his brother, Coquelin cadet, and his son are to take part.

Molière's "Malade imaginaire," and "Fourberies de Scapin," revived with *les trois Coquelin* in the cast, have been among the theatrical events of the season of 1890–91 at the Théâtre-Français. This plan of bringing the three members of the same family upon the stage together has been variously commented upon by the Paris critical press. I may have my own opinion of it, but that is not to the point here. It was certainly inexpressibly interesting to me, as a stranger, to see the three Coquelins together in the same play, even though I might feel—as was undoubtedly the case—that the more famous father and uncle rather effaced themselves, in more ways than one, so as to give greater relief to the acting of young Jean Coquelin. It is not every young pen-

Mme Worms-Barretta, of the Comédie-Française.

sionnaire who has the luck to do leading business with two such partners to play into his hand, with all the sympathy that comes from common blood, and all the skill of veterans.

But to our rehearsal! Constant vigilance was the price of something in history—I forget exactly what—and constant rehearsing is, and ever was, the price of the position the Comédie-Française has won for itself among the great dramatic companies of the world. If we look into the matter closely, we find that the Comédie is perhaps quite as famous for its rehearsing as for its acting. It has been said often enough that, to attend a working rehearsal at the Théâtre-Français was to take a lesson, not only in the ways and means of histrionic art, but also in the great general art of painstaking, of attention to minute details. Such a rehearsal is well worth seeing by anyone who likes to

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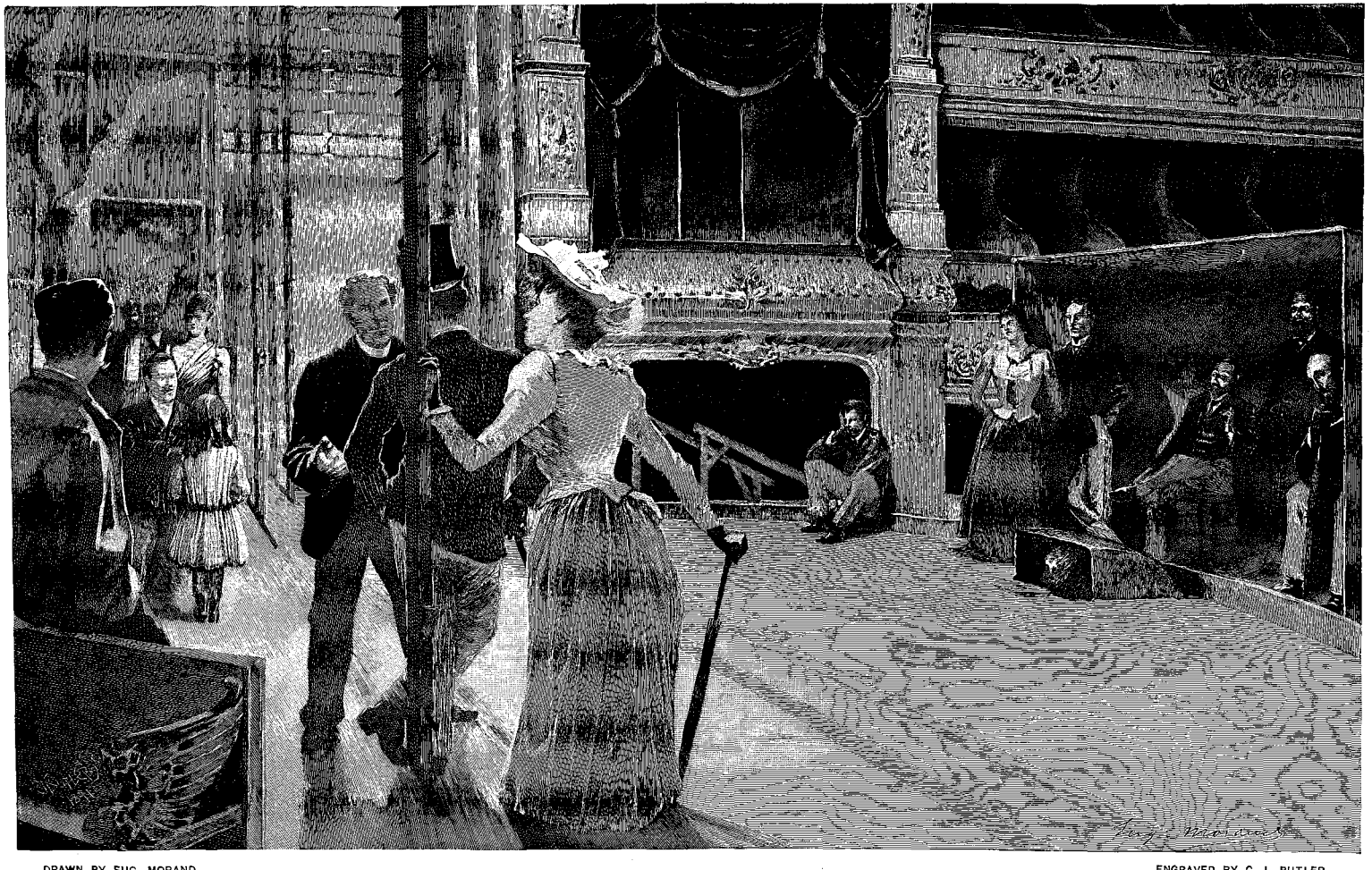

DRAWN BY EUG. MORAND.

An Undress Rehearsal at the Comédie-Française

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

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study the way in which things are done perfectly; it is quite as instructive in the general ethics of perfect performance as in the specific art of acting.

I must say, however, to begin with, that the rehearsal of the "Fourberies de Scapin" I saw was not a particularly good example. As M. Coquelin admitted to me afterward, the play was too nearly "*à point*," too nearly ready for performance to make the rehearsal especially interesting, *as a rehearsal;* things went too smoothly. But, if it was not the lesson in minute painstaking I had expected, it was a superb example of that equally important wisdom of doing just enough, of not wasting force. When Spontini was musical director of the Court Opera in Berlin, he had the name of being the most wonderful conductor of a rehearsal that had ever been known at that institution. His care for both details and ensemble, and his personal power of getting the maximum of work out of all the forces under his bâton, were well-nigh unexampled. But his method of rehearsing had one grave vice: it tired out both singers and orchestra. It is said that, at a first performance of a new opera of his, the whole company was sure to be half dead with fatigue before the curtain rose. I was glad to note nothing of this overtaxing sort of rehearsal in what I saw at the Théâtre-Français. There was abundant painstaking and not a little fault-finding at times; some passages were repeated over and over again until they went just right; but the general guiding principle seemed to be to let well-enough alone. Interesting it certainly was as anything I ever saw.

As I was ushered upon the stage by M. Coquelin, the scenery was nearly in place; which fact, however, did not prevent some pretty sharp admonitions to the scene-shifters, coupled with exclamations to the effect that nothing was ever ready in time, falling from the great actor's lips. After a hurried handshake with Jean Coquelin, I am again taken in charge by the father, who points out to me a seat in the last row of the orchestra-stalls, just in front of the parterre, and next to the baignoires on the right, with the command to "put myself there and efface myself." I am the only occupant of the half-dark *salle*, except one other man, who seems to belong there, and sits where he pleases, shifting from seat to seat, as if to get a view of the rehearsal from various points of the compass. He smiles upon me benignly from time to time, and seems to invite me to make myself at home.

The rehearsal begins; the actors are in their ordinary street dress, most of the men have their billicock or stovepipe hats on, M. Coquelin wearing his pushed far back, and much on one side, which gives him rather a rakish air, curiously at variance with the part of *Argante*. He carries his Malacca joint, probably as a conventional attribute of senility—the only concession he makes to theatrical make-up. Besides Coquelin aîné, as *Argante*, there is Coquelin cadet, as *Géronte*, and Jean Coquelin, as *Scapin* himself. I have already said that the rehearsal was hardly a characteristic one; as it was the only one I saw, I can give here only some general impressions. First and foremost of these is the ineffectiveness of the whole thing. It is not that the actors merely walk through their parts, for they do anything but that; they throw themselves into their business with immense spirit and energy. But their speech and action reflect only the general drift of their lines; there is little or no attempt to "*détailler*," as it is called in France: to throw into relief certain crucial words in a sentence, to produce effects of finesse in by-play, facial expressions, or vocal inflection. It is all monotonous, and, save for the impression everyone gives of being perfectly at home, and the beautiful distinctness of utterance and elegance of speech, it seems terribly like the acting of amateurs. You are conscious of the mechanism, you "see the wires pulled;" everything militates against dramatic effect, and makes for disillusion. It is very curious to note how a given facial expression fails in producing its intended dramatic impression, when you have caught the actor in the process of assuming it. Then, you find yourself constantly wanting to cry out to this or that actor: "Stop, stop! my good man,

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that sentence can be made ten times as effective as you have just made it!" Which goes to show, perhaps, that the acting, in spite of its ineffectiveness, must be pretty good, after all, else it would not keep you continually so near the point of dramatic illusion, and so lure you on to expecting every minute to receive a really dramatic impression. It comes near enough to a good performance to make you forget every now and then that it is only a rehearsal.

It goes smoothly enough, almost the only hitches being occasioned by a word or two of advice to Jean Coquelin from his father or his uncle, advice which is seen to bear good fruit as soon as the passage in question is gone over again. Only once is there a serious stoppage: at the place where *Scapin*, lying on the ground, pretends to have been robbed and beaten by footpads. Here it takes some time fully to satisfy either father or uncle, and at last there is nothing for it but for the elder Coquelin, with his glossy stove-pipe still on the back of his head, to throw himself bodily upon his belly, and, with arms gesticulating and legs kicking in the air, to show by practical example how the thing is to be done. It is a sight for the gods; and the lesson does not have to be repeated, for, as soon as Coquelin the elder has once more regained his feet, down goes Coquelin the younger again, and shows this time that he is quite up with the traditions of the house.

The *Zerbinette* of the day is Mlle Kalb. An hour or two before the rehearsal I had heard her discuss *Zerbinette's* famous laughing speech with M. Sarcey, the critic; they both agreed that this speech was the most difficult *tirade* in any soubrette part in the whole classic repertory. I have not the text now by me, and cannot give the exact number of lines it contains; but it is very long, it is full of important matter, not a word of which must be lost upon the audience, and it is one uninterrupted, ebullient, irrepressible fit of ringing laughter from beginning to end —a speech for Rosina Vokes! Being forewarned, I am all agog with curiosity as Kalb-*Zerbinette* trips forward upon the stage in her neat little black walking-dress, swinging her tiny astrakhan muff in the air. Her bright, jovial face is, in itself, enough at any time to put one in good-humor: the most intelligent, humorous face of any actress I have seen in Paris—as its possessor is one of the brightest women it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I am soon able to appreciate the immense difficulty of the *tirade;* but I am not carried away. Not a syllable is lost, and the silvery laughter rings out bravely; but it sounds forced and monotonous, and I seem to hear the wires creaking in their sheaths. It is like the rest of the rehearsal: immensely interesting, but nothing more.

I do not think the trouble lies in the absence of costume or in the occasional interruptions. The rather dim light, and the actors' faces not being made up, may have more to do with it; for, without stage-paint, the features seem but vaguely outlined, and the facial expression lacks snap and pungency. Be the difficulty what it may, only one of the company surmounts it triumphantly, and this one is Coquelin aîné. This wonderful artist is effective throughout; every look tells, every sentence carries its full weight of meaning! It makes me think of what I once heard M. Coquelin say, in the heat of debate: "I will act you the trial scene in the 'Juif polonais' here, on this table, without scenery, or lights, or costume, *et vous m'en direz des nouvelles!*" I fully believe him.

But, be the rehearsal what it might, the performance, two or three days later, was a different matter altogether. Not that it was an ideally fine one, for it was hardly that. The Paris press was nearly unanimous in praise of it, the only seriously dissenting voice coming from M. Sarcey—and I must say that I pretty much agreed with him. Too much was sacrificed to *les trois Coquelin*, to the mere fact of their acting together in the same play. No doubt the three names looked exceedingly well on the posters; but what looks well on the posters does not always produce the same effect on the stage.

When young Jean Coquelin was in America, we could see with half an eye

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that he was a born actor, and that he had been formed in an admirable school. He has made vast strides since, and acts with more authority than any man of his short experience I ever saw; he has the coolness and self-possession of an old hand. Still, one may be an excellent actor, and yet fall considerably short of filling such a part as Molière's *Scapin;* to show us that perfection of heroic impudence takes the very finest art. Jean Coquelin acts the part creditably, but it is as yet too heavy a load for his young shoulders.

Of his father's *Argante* it can only be said that, like almost everything this wonderful actor does, it was perfection itself, albeit lacking something of brilliancy of effect. Whether it was that M. Coquelin intentionally took the part on a rather low key in order to give greater relief to his son's acting, or that the part itself is not particularly congenial to him, I could not determine. It was an extremely finished and telling piece of acting, but it gave one no idea of the actor's full power; in point of effectiveness it was nowhere in comparison with what M. Coquelin does as *Diafoirus* in "Le malade imaginaire." Coquelin cadet's *Géronte* seemed to me thoroughly bad. The "Cadet" was the only one of the family I had not seen before, and my curiosity to see him was great. That he is a Coquelin, through and through, is evident at once. He has the Coquelin voice, to begin with; it is higher than his brother's, and more veiled in quality, often approaching the falsetto character; but it has the unmistakable Coquelin tang to it. His utterance has not — or, perhaps I should rather say, does not seem to have — that beautiful, clean-cut finish for which his brother and nephew are notable; every syllable does not stand out in such absolute distinctness. But, by some magic, he makes you hear every word; you do not feel that he is speaking particularly distinctly, but somehow you catch without effort all he says. He has infinite personal charm; as soon as he comes upon the stage you feel that you like him. His chief fault, or rather his misfortune, seems to be that he is out of place at the Comédie-Française. He has little versatility, and is essentially a low-comedian—a low-comedian through and through. His forte is what might be called refined buffoonery, a sort of physical drollery that would not shock you even at close quarters, in your own drawing-room, but still buffoonery pure and simple. He is the king of fun-makers; they say that his *Pierrot* is inimitable, and he is especially famous in comic monologue. As Coquelin aîné tends naturally and instinctively toward high comedy in all that he does, Coquelin cadet tends just as instinctively and irresistibly toward low comedy and farce. Now, the opportunities an actor with this peculiar cast of talent has of finding congenial parts in the repertory of the Comédie-Française are few and far between. He would be overwhelming at the Palais-Royal or the Variétés, whereas he is oftener than not downright bad at the Français. And yet, curiously enough, he has unmistakably what the sociétaires of the Comédie-Française call with no little pride "*l'air de la maison*"— the air of the house; a certain indefinable something that distinguishes the members of the Maison de Molière from all other actors in Paris. They say that you can tell an Etonian even in his third year at Oxford or Cambridge; I believe that, if you saw Coquelin cadet on the Palais-Royal stage, you could tell that he came from the Comédie-Française. He has the finish, the refinement, in fine, the peculiar *je ne sais quoi*, that belongs to the "first theatre." If anyone else had acted *Géronte* as he acted the part, he would have been not bad, but simply execrable. I cannot leave this performance of "Les fourberies de Scapin" without one word more about Mlle Kalb. What she did at rehearsal gave no notion at all of the effect of her delivery of *Zerbinette's* laughing speech at the performance: it was overwhelming, irresistible! I have heard that the late Jeanne Samary was even better in this speech, but I find it hard to believe it.

To my mind, a decidedly better performance, as a whole, of a Molière comedy was that of "Le malade imaginaire." I missed Coquelin cadet, as *Purgon*, for he was ill the night I saw the play; but

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Coquelin aîné, as *Diafoirus*, and Jean Coquelin as his son, *Thomas*, were two figures never to be forgotten. Habitual theatre-goers must remember certain especially effective entrances upon the stage of this or that great actor as high tides in their dramatic experience. Irving's first entrance as *Louis XI.*, Salvini's as *Corrado*, in "La morte civile," are, each in its way, moments worth many a whole act. Coquelin's entrance, as *Diafoirus*, the doctor, followed by Jean Coquelin as "Me too" (alias *Thomas*), may be ranked with these; as soon as he came on, the others, as the French say, *n'existaient plus*—they no longer existed; it was great!

If the first place in the Comédie-Française can rightly be given to any one actor, Coquelin aîné is certainly that one. Still, there are others in the company who do not stand far behind him. Take, for instance, Got, the dean of the Comédie; he is, in certain ways, about as perfect an actor as can well be imagined. He has one faculty, which, considering what an actor's profession is, is singularly and surprisingly rare on the stage: the faculty of disguising himself. With one exception, I know of no actor whose whole physiognomy is so totally transformed by making-up, who looks so unrecognizably different in different parts, as Got. The one exception is de Féraudy, in the same company. Whether it is that both men have naturally rather insignificant faces, without strongly marked features, and that countenances of this sort are more susceptible of artificial change than a highly individualized physiognomy like Coquelin's, I do not know; but certainly, no one who did not know Got pretty well would ever recognize him as *Bernard* in "Les Fourchambault," or the *marquis de Rieux* in "Le duc Job," after having seen him as *Monsieur Poirier*. In the same way, and to the same degree, de Féraudy's face is so totally different as *Jean* in "Le duc Job," from what it is as *Praberneau* in "Le Klephte," or the old butler in "Une famille," that you have difficulty in believing him to be the same man in these three parts. Got is the most genial of actors as well as one of the most versatile; there are few lines of comedy in which he does not excel. To be sure, he made a resounding failure in *Tartuffe* last winter, but it is exceedingly rare to see him do a part otherwise than to perfection. His *Monsieur Poirier* is simply ideal; his breakfast scene with de Féraudy, in Léon Laya's "Duc Job," is the bright spot in that otherwise dull play.

Of all the famous actors at the Français, the one I was most disappointed in is Mounet-Sully; I can to a certain extent understand his immense popularity, for the hold an actor has upon the public is often quite as much owing to his personality as to the quality of his art. The great popularity of the late John McCullough, for instance, was certainly not wholly due to his acting. Mounet-Sully has at moments an air of infantine innocence and purity that is, especially to the French, very winning and hard to resist. Perhaps I should say nothing about him, for I only saw him once, and I hear that he is liable to have his bad nights now and then—perhaps I did not see him at his best. But I saw him in one of his favorite parts, *Ruy Blas*, and I must say that I was sorely disappointed in him. I am not so unreasonable as to expect any actor to make Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* seem otherwise than preposterous; but I did expect Mounet-Sully to make the part at least theatrically strong and effective. I was prepared for his having a good deal of "*ronron*" and "*panache*," * and was ready to like him all the better for it, for most of the actors at the Français read alexandrines far too much like prose for my personal taste—if I had lived in Adrienne Lecouvreur's day, I know I should have preferred Mademoiselle Duclos—and Victor Hugo, without a pretty big *panache*, is unimaginable nonsense from a stage point of view. But Mounet-Sully struck me as not only terribly self-conscious, but weak and ineffective. His delivery is, in general, of the most wholesale sort, and he seldom attempts to what the French call *détailler* a speech, to indicate the finer and

* The French call *ronron*, or purring, what we call sing-song; *panache* (plume, or, as the Germans would say, *Federbusch*) is the common term in theatrical lingo for that touch of exaggeration in acting which is necessary for brilliancy of effect; it is not quite synonymous with overacting, but it tends in that direction.

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subtler shades of emotion, and, as it were, squeeze every drop of meaning out of a sentence, by means of variety of vocal inflection and frequent changes of speed. Passionate speeches, in particular, he launches forth in one unvarying torrent. But then, as I have said, it may not have been one of his good nights; also, he may have felt the influence of the rest of the performance, which, except for Baillet's *Don César de Bazan*, was pretty poor. Mme Broisat is by no means up to acting the *Queen*, and Dupont-Vernon's *Don Salluste* was absolutely wretched.

Mounet-Sully has an able follower and understudy in Albert Lambert fils, who indeed has already succeeded him in some of his parts — among them, *Saint-Mégrin*, in the elder Dumas's "Henri III et sa cour." It is curious, by the way, to see how a Tuesday audience at the Français (the most cultivated audience in all France) now take this astonishing old play. For one thing, they certainly do not take it seriously; but they none the less follow it with great attentiveness, and are evidently fond of it. In fact, "Henri III et sa cour" is a sort of long-standing habit with them; they have been brought up on it, and it was probably the first play that most of them ever saw at the Français. Accordingly they like it, and go to see it again and again, mainly for old acquaintance's sake, just as one of us might now and then, of his own free will, go to see Colman's "Iron Chest." The way in which it was given at the Français last winter was as near perfection as anything I ever saw on the stage; from Worms's *Henri III*, and Febvre's *duc de Guise*, to Mlle Dudlay's *duchesse de Guise*, Mme Pierson's *Catherine de Médicis*, and Lambert's *Saint-Mégrin*, everything was simply masterly. Albert Lambert seems to be one of those actors to whom a costume is a necessity; he is one of the four younger members of the company (de Féraudy, Le Bargy, Jean Coquelin, and himself) who seem to have the most brilliant future before them, but his field is exclusively tragedy and the romantic drama. In modern society comedy he is painfully bad; he must have his doublet and hose; a frock-coat undoes him quite, as all old Delaunay's sacred fire is said to have been quenched outright by a pair of trousers.

Of the older men, Worms and Febvre stand well up in the first rank. Dissimilar as they are in person, they are much alike in the exquisite perfection of their art. I have been told that both are very versatile, and can well imagine either of them acting almost anything; except that I cannot quite picture to myself Worms doing anything very fiery, nor Febvre being very funny. Worms I have only seen in *Henri III*; but I saw Febvre in two utterly unlike parts: the *duc de Guise* in "Henri III et sa cour," and *Jacques de Tièvre* in Jules Lemaître's "Mariage blanc." In both of these parts he was perfection itself. I only wish that I could say something about this, in some ways, very remarkable play of Lemaître's, but the subject quite foils my ingenuity. As was the case with almost all the new plays brought out in Paris during the season of 1890–91, a mere sketch of the plot of "Mariage blanc" is beyond the possibilities of English print. One point, however, I can mention: the wonderful acting of the part of *Simone*, the consumptive young bride (or no-bride, if you prefer), by Mlle Reichenberg.*

Except for versatility, this extraordinary actress may be said to stand among the women of the Comédie-Française as Coquelin aîné does among the men. Her range is extremely limited; she only acts *ingénue* parts; but within this range, for absolute, unsurpassable, despair-inspiring perfection, she seeks her fellow. Her "*diction*" (elocution) is famous from one end of France to the other; she is the inimitable model of French speech, whether in prose or verse. True, she is nothing but an *ingénue*, but then such an *ingénue!* Lemaître, I believe, wrote the part of *Simone* especially for her; had he written it for anyone else, one might be pardoned for thinking that he had rather overdone matters, for his *Simone's* "artlessness" soars to a dizzy height of greenness, such as

* And not Reichemberg, as it is often spelt in Paris—even on the printed official list of *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* of the Comédie-Française.

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only a rather corrupt-minded Gaul could either imagine or take delight in. But Mlle Reichenberg triumphs over this, as over all other difficulties; see her in the part, and it all seems the purest poetry for the time being. Anything more exquisite than her telling her sister *Marthe* (or rather *not* telling her) about her husband's kiss, I never saw on the stage. And Febvre, as the husband! What a fine finish that rough-looking, bull-necked man, whose exterior is suggestive of nothing but strength, knows how to put upon his art! With what natural-seeming ease and grace he expresses all the juice from a sentence.

Another very solid actor is Sylvain, who is particularly noted for his *diction*, most particularly of all for the perfection of his reading of poetry, either in alexandrines or in *vers libres*. He is a versatile actor, but his favorite field is classic tragedy. The Comédie-Française is rather better off, upon the whole, for male than for female tragedians; for the last half century, or so, it has had pretty persistent ill-luck with its *tragédiennes*. Rachel ran away, and then died young; Desclée died; Mlle Agar, the most brilliant débutante since Rachel, could not, or would not, stay in the company, but frittered away her exceptional talents in all sorts of curious professional escapades, until she went virtually to pieces in minor theatres. Sarah Bernhardt ran away. Perhaps there is something unsettled and recalcitrant against a monotonous life inherent in the tragic temperament. It is true, however, on the other hand, that the Comédie-Française does not hold out overwhelmingly brilliant inducements to actors or actresses whose specialty is the classic repertory, either tragic or comic, and the romantic drama of 1830. The house is in honor bound to give a certain amount of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Regnard every season, and must see to it besides that Victor Hugo and his followers are not quite neglected; but it is not the plays of these older writers by which the house lives financially. The plays that make money for the house are the modern society comedies, or else things like Sardou's "Thermidor;" and it is the actors who act these plays that are financially the most valuable to the house, and to keep whom in the company the greatest pains are taken. Now, the greatest inducement the Comédie-Française can hold out to any actor is to promote him, or her, from the *pensionnat* to the *sociétariat*. It has been noticed more than once of late years, and with a good deal of heart-burning in certain quarters, that young *tragédiennes* and repertory comedians had a way, not perhaps of quite growing gray, but of reaching to a very respectable maturity as *pensionnaires*, while much younger and less experienced actresses of society comedy would be elected *sociétaires* over their heads. Indeed, one cannot long remain blind to the fact that Racine and Corneille are no longer really popular in France, and that even Molière, of and by himself, cannot draw crowded houses except on special occasions, like anniversaries. No doubt there is a certain class who still make it a point to go to the classic repertory with tolerable regularity, and who thoroughly enjoy it; but this class is not very large. Racine and Corneille have exceedingly little of that genuine and general popularity in France that Shakespeare has with us; they appeal more to connaisseurs.

The only *tragédienne* of real distinction the Comédie-Française now has, is Mlle Dudlay. She has, by perseverance and unintermittent hard study, gradually worked her way up to the top; she is not a genius, like Rachel or Sarah Bernhardt; her talent has neither the tiger spring, nor the lighting flash; but a more thoroughly satisfying actress I have seen nowhere. One does not, by the way, often have a chance of seeing her, for her position at the Français amounts to little more than a sinecure, and she appears only about half a dozen times in a season. I only saw her as the *duchesse de Guise* in "Henry III et sa cour," but I shall never forget her great love-scene with *Saint-Mégrin*. I do not think that anything I ever saw Sarah Bernhardt do impressed me so strongly.

The most popular actress at the Français to-day is probably Mme Bartet. Unlike Mlle Dudlay, she is almost continually before the public, and acts

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oftener in a single month than Mlle Dudlay does in a whole season. Her repertory is very large; last winter I saw her as *Camille* in de Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour;" as *Mme de Renal* in Pailleron's "l'Étincelle;" as *Mme de Morancé* in the younger Dumas's "Une visite de noces;" as the young wife (I forget her name) in Henry Lavedan's "Une famille;" and in the title-rôle of Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand's "Grisélidis." In all these parts it is impossible not to recognize the fineness of Mme Bartet's art; only I must confess that, upon the whole, I find her a little tame. She has not quite the force of Mlle Reichenberg, and when it comes to the crucial moments in a part, such as the famous "*Elle est morte. Adieu, Perdican!*" in "On ne badine pas," she does not strike quite hard enough a blow. I liked her best in *Grisélidis*, a part of almost infinite tenuity — you see the stars twinkling through it—but, with all its artificiality, full of a certain quasi-poetic imaginativeness. But, upon the whole, I must own to preferring Mme Barretta —whom I saw, by the way, only as the step-daughter in "Une famille," and as *Adrienne* in "l'Été de la Saint-Martin"—who seems to me to have all Mme Bartet's art, but with somewhat a sharper edge to it.

Of the younger men, de Féraudy and Le Bargy may be said already to have made their mark fully. I have already spoken of de Féraudy's power of disguising his face; his versatility in style is equally remarkable. I know of few men who can act three such utterly different parts as *Jean* in "Le duc Job," *Praberneau* in "Le Klephte," and the old butler in "Une famille," equally well, and strike so characteristic a note in each one of them. Not far behind him, however, comes Le Bargy; he has not quite de Féraudy's force, and nothing of his versatility, but in his own line he is perfection itself. His favorite character is the elegant young man of fashion; he is superb in such parts as the young husband in "Une famille," *Raoul* in "l'Étincelle," and *de Cygneroi* in "Une visite de noces." He is elegance personified on the stage.

It will be seen that I have not attempted to give any complete account of the Comédie-Française; I have merely dwelt upon points which interested me, and spoken of actors and actresses that struck me as remarkable. But one thing remains still for me to say: no matter how wonderful this or that actor or actress may be, neither he nor she is nearly as wonderful as the company, as the ensemble with which some plays are given. I have no doubt that things are not now at the Théâtre-Français quite what they were in the consulship of Plancus; I have seen some pretty poor performances there, and certainly one downright bad one. But when things do go aright, they go very right indeed. Such performances as I saw last winter of "Henri III et sa cour" and of "Mariage blanc," are epoch-making in the life of a theatre-goer; that utter perfection *all through* is characteristic of the Français at its best, and, as far as my experience goes, can be found carried to such a pitch nowhere else.

Before closing my inkstand, I must say at least something about the sister establishment to the Comédie-Française, the Odéon, which has for many years borne the official title of Second Théâtre-Français, to which Parisians are fond of adding: "*et premier de l'étranger.*"

It will be remembered that, when Talma and his faction seceded from the Théâtre de la Nation in the faubourg Saint-Germain, in 1791, what remained of the original Comédie-Française stayed on at the old house, until it was closed by order of the Comité du Salut-Public in 1793; and that the house was opened again as the Théâtre de l'Égalité next year, only to be closed once more in 1795. Then began the four years of wandering life for this half of the Comédie-Française, which ended in its reuniting with the Talma faction at the present Théâtre-Français in 1799. The house in the faubourg Saint-Germain had remained closed most of this time. But on May 20, 1797, it was opened again, as the Théâtre de l'Odéon, by a company led by Poupart-Dorfeuille, a school of acting being attached to the theatre. In 1799 the house was burnt

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to the ground (March 18th), and the *Comédiens de l'Odéon* opened two days later at the Salle-Louvois, in the rue Louvois, opposite the west side of the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi. But it seemed fated that almost every company whose proper home was the Odéon should, sooner or later, take to nomadism; the *Comédiens de l'Odéon*, burnt out of their own theatre, soon began to lead a more checkered existence even than their predecessors of the Comédie-Française had done. It was not long before they crossed the rue Louvois to give some performances at the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi (called at that time Théâtre de la République et des Arts), alternating with the Opéra; and during April, May, and June we find them skipping about Paris, performing, sometimes for only a single night, at the Théâtre-Favart, the Théâtre du Marais in the rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine, the Théâtre de la Cité-Variétés, * and again at the Théâtre-Louvois. When the last-named house was rechristened Théâtre de l'Impératrice, in July, 1804, the company, which had remained there since 1801, were allowed to assume the title of *Comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur*. Not long after this the Odéon itself was rebuilt, and the company returned thither in 1808, opening it on June 15 as the Théâtre de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice et Reine. But ten years later the house was again destroyed by fire, on a Good Friday, and the troupe had once more to go elsewhere, this time to the Théâtre-Favart, where it gave performances on the off-nights of the Italian Opera. In 1819 the Odéon was rebuilt for the third time and the company saw itself again within its own walls on September 30. It was in this year that the house was given the official title of Second Théâtre-Français. The financial prosperity of the house, however, had been at no time great, and now began to go from small to less. For thirteen years this "Second" Théâtre-Français fought against adversity and the ever-growing fashionableness of the theatres on the other side of the Seine, until, in 1832, the whole company left it in a body for the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin on the boulevards.

Here was total wreck! One of the finest theatres in Paris—and a government theatre, at that—lying fallow for lack of a company and an audience. Before the year was out, it was determined that several of the other theatres in the capital should give extra performances at the Odéon, in rotation. On September 15 this plan was carried into effect, the Comédie-Française giving two performances a week, besides playing every night at its own house in the Palais-Royal. This state of affairs continued for a little while; but the other theatres soon tired of giving these extra performances, and one after another dropped out of the scheme. In 1834 the only one left, besides the Comédie-Française, was the Opéra-Comique; toward the end of 1837 even it gave up the enterprise, and the Comédie was left to run the Odéon alone. Finally a separate company was formed for the Odéon, and it was opened as the reorganized Second Théâtre-Français on October 28, 1841.

This title describes the theatre very well; the repertory of the Odéon is of the same character as that of the Comédie-Française across the river, but in the management of the theatre a far greater elasticity is noticeable. At the Odéon tradition is less imperious than at the Français, and is more frequently disregarded; it is a noteworthy place for trying experiments, bringing out new plays, and taking old ones from a new artistic point of view. And as plays are generally mounted there with a less punctilious thoroughness of rehearsal than at the Français, these experiments waste less time and money, and are not to be regretted even when they turn out to be failures. Its company is made up largely of young material. Many an actor at the Français has passed through the Odéon before being accepted as *pensionnaire* at the first theatre, and not a few of the actors at the Odéon feel, in their heart of heart, that their admission to the Français will be mainly a matter of time. For instance, an ac-

* This theatre, in the Cité, opposite the main door of the Palais de Justice, was opened October 20, 1792. After a somewhat impecunious career, it was changed into a public dance-hall in 1846, famous as the Prado until 1855, when it was pulled down and superseded by the Closerie des Lilas (Bullier), near the Jardin du Luxembourg. The site of the Cité-Variétés is now occupied by the Tribunal de Commerce.

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cident to Mlle Dudlay might easily result in the Comédie-Française snapping up Mlle Antonia Laurent, the admirable young *tragédienne* of the Odéon. The troupe, too, is not so close a corporation as that of the Français ; at the house in the faubourg Saint-Germain an actor or actress may be especially engaged for a single part in a new play, the engagement to last only during the run of the play. In this way one of the most original and talented actresses in Paris, Mlle Réjane, was engaged last winter for the part of *Germaine* in de Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse." It was, artistically speaking, quite a fall upstairs for Mlle Réjane, who had just been acting with enormous success at the Variétés in "Ma cousine," a broadish farce-comedy of a far lower type than anything that is given at the Odéon. There is probably no single person in the theatrical world of Paris upon whom so much interest is centred as Mlle Réjane. By many she is looked upon as *the* coming actress of modern drama ; it is even prophesied that the doors of the Français itself will fly open to her before very long. I certainly should not be surprised at it. She has indubitably a streak of genius in her composition ; she has temperament and immense nervous energy. Her acting is brilliancy itself, and she has, moreover, what they call in Paris nowadays "an eminently *modern* talent ;" in other words, she is a good deal of a *naturaliste*. She ought to go far, with that inborn magnetic power of hers. Perhaps it will all depend upon her having the stability of character necessary to make her stick to hard work. But, one way or another, she seems pretty surely one who is destined to be famous.

SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Here's the last rose,
And the end of June,
With the tulips gone
And the lilacs strewn ;
A light wind blows
From the golden west,
The bird is charmed
To her secret nest :
Here's the last rose—
In the violet sky
A great star shines,
The gnats are drawn
To the purple pines ;
On the magic lawn
A shadow flows
From the summer moon :
Here's the last rose,
And the end of the tune.

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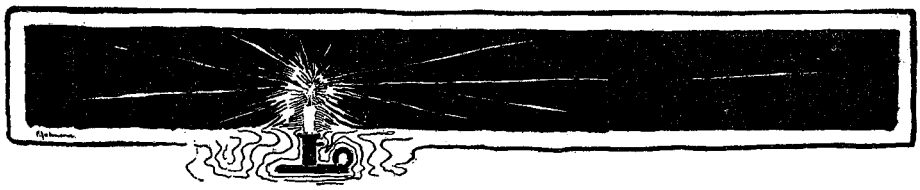

CRIME AND THE LAW.

By Frederick Smyth.

THE criminal law, and the methods in which it is administered, are subjected to frequent criticisms, some of which are, no doubt, just, but many of which are founded on a lack of knowledge as to the facts. I have often wished that some of the critics might serve for a few terms as jurors in our criminal courts, and they would find that the evils of which they complain are less numerous and less serious than they had believed.

It is often said, for instance, that the criminal law is harsh; yet, as I have at times said to the petit jurors serving before me, the law provides safeguards which at every step tend to preserve the innocent from any wrong, and to aid accused men to maintain their innocence. A person accused of crime is entitled, under the law, to an immediate examination into the facts; his accuser must immediately be brought before him, and the committing magistrate must promptly hold an examination, so that if the accusation is plainly false, or the accused man can establish his defence, he may be released without further annoyance. If the committing magistrate decides that there is probable cause to believe that the accused man has committed the crime with which he is charged, the Grand Jury, consisting of intelligent and fair-minded men, examines the case with care, and unless the accusation appears well founded the proceedings are dismissed. After the Grand Jury has formulated the charge, and the accused man is arraigned at the bar, if he chooses to stand mute a plea of "not guilty" is entered on his behalf; if he is poor, counsel is assigned to defend him; if he is friendless and has no one to subpœna witnesses on his behalf, he may give the names of his witnesses to the District Attorney, and the whole power of the County and of the Court is at his disposal to enforce the attendance of any one who can testify for him. The presumption of innocence which attaches to a man at the moment of the accusation follows him through every step of the proceedings. The presumption may, at times, be violent, as when the accused man is seen in the very commission of the crime; but if for any reason the evidence against him cannot be properly and fully presented in Court, this presumption prevents his conviction of any offence. He may, if he chooses, take the witness-stand and testify on his own behalf; if he chooses not to testify, the fact of his silence cannot be commented upon by the prosecuting attorney, and cannot be taken by a jury as weighing against him. He is tried by a jury of his peers, and if only a single one of the jurors sees in the evidence presented sufficient reason for his acquittal, he cannot be convicted. He is entitled to the benefit of a reasonable doubt, which follows him at every stage of the case, and the accusation against him must be proved to a reasonable certainty. His character, unless he chooses to put it in issue, is supposed to be good, and the jury must so regard it. If the judge is led into any error as to the admission or exclusion of evidence, or in his charge to the jury, and such error can be considered as injurious to the accused man, the appellate tribunals may be called upon to pass upon the fairness of the judge's rulings. So that, instead of being harsh in its application, the criminal law is extremely careful lest an accused man shall be in-

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jured by any failure to effectively prove the charge against him. If there is any discrimination, it is against the community, whom the law should protect, and not against the individual accused of crime.

Again, it is said that the application of the criminal law to individual cases by the judges who pass sentence is sometimes unduly severe. Sentimental persons will bewail the fate of a criminal sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. If a thief on the street snatches from the hand of a poor woman a purse containing a small sum of money, and he is convicted of a serious charge, his friends flock to his support, and besiege the judge with applications for mercy; his wife and numerous small children, including at times a borrowed infant, seek to affect the heart of the judge and turn him from a proper consideration of his duty. I have, at times, myself been accused of heartlessness, because in spite of numerous appeals I have felt it my duty to inflict severe punishment upon criminals. I do not lack sympathy. But, my sympathy goes out rather toward the innocent person against whom the wrong is done, than toward the person by whom it is committed. The woman from whom a purse is snatched loses, perhaps, all the small sum of money which she has for her immediate support; she may be on the way to purchase the necessary articles to sustain her family; she may have gathered, with economy and care, a small sum to provide for her monthly rent, and while in the public street, and trusting to the safety which the community promises to her, while she is in the innocent pursuit of her daily duties, she is robbed of all that she possesses, and compelled to undergo suffering and deprivation. My sympathies go out toward her rather than toward the criminal who has intentionlly violated the laws, openly committed a crime of violence, and who is too much of a coward to attack a man of his own size and strength. If sympathy has its place, even in the administration of the criminal law, it would be well to see that the sympathy is directed toward the right quarter.

Some complain also that the criminal law is unevenly administered. An intelligent young man, connected with one of the daily newspapers, once asked me to explain to him why in two cases which I had just disposed of, and in which the accusations were almost identical, I had sentenced one defendant to two years in the Penitentiary, and another to more than four years in the State Prison. I explained to him that in one case the accused man had never before been guilty of any serious crime; that his employers and others had convinced me that he had been industrious and honest for many years, and his crime appeared to be one of impulse largely, and I felt sure that the smallest possible punishment would be sufficient to convince him that a life of crime was much harder and less profitable than a life of honest work. The other criminal was one who had at other times been convicted of crime, whose companions were notoriously bad, and on whom reforming influences had heretofore had no effect. His punishment must be severe in order to teach him to fear the hand of the law, and to refrain from further violations of it. The young gentleman was perfectly satisfied with my explanation, and saw the justice of the discrimination used.

While the judges, like other men, do make mistakes, my acquaintance with those who have presided in criminal courts has convinced me that they are, as a rule, earnest and conscientious in their endeavors to fix a punishment which is most just in the particular case under consideration. Many sentences imposed upon criminals have followed restless nights in which the judge was considering the different arguments for and against leniency, and frequently he has consulted with other experienced officials to the end that no unfairness toward the community or the criminal should result.

There are some particulars in which I have wished that the Legislature might amend the laws under which criminals are punished in New York State. The Legislature, in many cases, has fixed a minimum and a maximum punishment for a particular crime; but there are cases in which I have thought that the minimum might well be reduced, and a

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larger discretion given to the judge. If a man steals $24 in money he cannot be more severely punished than by a year's imprisonment, and a fine; but if he steals $26 in money, while the circumstances may not be more aggravated than in the other case, he cannot receive less than two years' imprisonment. There is, of course, little or no moral difference between stealing a sum over $25, or under that amount, and while a distinction founded on the amount stolen may in some cases be fair, yet it would seem that the minimum punishment for the greater crime and the maximum for the lesser one should more nearly approach. There are frequently circumstances in which a crime comes within the technical definition of a robbery or burglary of the first degree, and yet there are circumstances surrounding the case which would make a punishment less than the minimum now provided equitable. This is especially true of first offenders. I have frequently recommended that the minimum punishment for many offences be reduced.

A strange omission, which is greatly to be regretted, is that the law provides, in New York City at least, no method by which young women accused of a first crime can be sent to a reforming institution instead of to the Penitentiary. As to men, the law allows a convicted person between the ages of sixteen and thirty to be sent either to a Reformatory, State Prison, or in some cases to the Penitentiary, so that the punishment may be more or less severe, according to the character of the offender. Only one place of restraint is now provided for women, and whether the proven charge is that of murder in the second degree, or the larceny of a small amount, the woman must be sent to the Penitentiary. It is often with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to send a young woman, who may have been brought up honestly and in a virtuous home, and who has only been led astray by a sudden impulse to commit some act of dishonesty, to a prison, where she must have as associates the vilest and the most hardened of her sex. I have approved of, and aided in, every movement toward establishing a reformatory for women, somewhat similar to that useful institution the Elmira Reformatory for young men, but thus far without success. I sincerely hope that the State may soon be relieved from the shame of this omission in its criminal statutes.

The law might also well be changed in the interest of first offenders. The Courts have sometimes exercised the inherent privilege of postponing sentence and discharging the offender when it is evident that the boy or young man accused of his first offence may be saved from a criminal career by the care of his relatives and friends. It might be well, however, if a system somewhat similar to that which I am informed has been recently adopted in France, were incorporated in our statutes, so that a judge might, in the case of a first offender, accused of a crime of a minor degree, release him without sentence, but with the proviso that if he again, within five years of his first conviction, were guilty of a criminal act, he should be punished for his first offence; but if for five years he lived an honest and industrious life, the State should pardon the first violation of its criminal laws, and he should be relieved from further responsibility therefor. In the case of offenders convicted for a second or third time, the punishment should be rendered severe, and the judges might well be allowed the discretion which now rests with the prosecuting attorney and the jury, of inflicting a double punishment upon those who had been guilty of repeated violations of the criminal law.

Chief Inspector Byrnes, to whose skill and intelligence the city of New York owes much of its safety from the depredations of professional thieves, in an article in the *North American Review*, attributes much of the crime in the city to the influences surrounding the cheap lodging-houses, where many crimes of a serious nature are planned. The earlier steps in crime, however, are, in my experience, largely due to the overcrowding of the population in narrow and unhealthful quarters. Boys are almost compelled to seek the streets as a place of recreation after their daily work, and gather upon the nearest street-corners, and, influenced by older and more hard-

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ened companions, they readily form themselves into associations or "gangs," which sometimes degenerate into conspiracies for committing crime. They have only uncomfortable or squalid homes, sometimes occupied by drunken parents, and it is not unnatural that they should seek elsewhere means of diversion, and should be unconsciously led into committing the smaller offences with which a criminal life usually begins. Any change in the housing of the poorer classes by which homes can be made more attractive and healthful would certainly have an influence in lessening crime.

A great influence toward lessening the number of professional criminals is found in the reforming institutions for young men. The Elmira Reformatory, to which male criminals between the ages of sixteen and thirty years may be sent, has done an especially useful work in this direction. The statistics show that of those who are committed to this institution a large proportion do not return to criminal careers. They are taught a trade, if they do not already know one, and the habits of industry and study which they there acquire often influence their future lives. The judges are always ready, in proper cases, to send young men who have not previously been guilty of a serious offence to this institution. The law was at one time so worded that if a young man had been convicted of a misdemeanor merely, he could not, on any subsequent conviction of a felony, be sent to the Reformatory. I, however, urged, and the Legislature has enacted, a change, by which a young man may have the benefit of this institution if he has not previously been convicted of a felony. Under the rule which excluded those who had previously been convicted of misdemeanors, a boy who had been arrested for a disturbance of the public peace by playing ball in the streets, or for some similar act, could not be sent, on his conviction of a felony, to the Reformatory, but must instead be sent to the Penitentiary or the State Prison. The law, as it at present stands, is much more useful, and gives a wider discretion to the Judge in reference to the commitment of young men to this excellent institution.

A very large proportion of the criminal offences brought to the notice of the Courts consists of those committed by boys, or young men under the age of twenty-five years. In many cases the crimes are the result of the influence of elder criminals, or are committed without a realization of the great wrongfulness of the act. Sometimes, however, the criminal instinct is strong in even immature youths. A boy of fifteen years of age, who was brought before me a few years ago, was convicted of a high degree of robbery, and it appeared that in other cases he had been guilty of similar offences, but on account of his extreme youth had escaped punishment. He took part with older men in assaulting citizens on the street and taking property from their persons. The managers of the House of Refuge, to which institution I committed the boy, refused to receive him, because of his previous crimes and the bad influence which he exerted upon other inmates. I was unwilling to send him either to the Penitentiary or the State Prison on account of his youth, and because I felt certain that association with older criminals would only render him more hardened in his vicious career. He was detained in the city prison for many months and finally discharged. Other instances of the early depravity of members of the criminal class have come to my attention.

The fact that so many crimes are committed by persons of immature years, however sad it may be, proves that, to some extent at least, the penalties of the criminal law are effective in preventing crime. Young men who have had their first experience in a reforming or penal institution either learn caution, and do not again expose themselves to conviction of serious offences, or become convinced that honest employment at some laborious occupation is, after all, more profitable than the criminal career, with its liability of detection and severe punishment. Some, of course, of the young offenders continue their lives of crime and become professional criminals. The number of professional criminals is, however, smaller than is ordinarily supposed, and in New York City, at least, the police, and

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especially the detective force, are able to preserve the community from most of their attempted depredations. Men who belong to the professional criminal class are closely watched; every action is noted and reported at head-quarters; they are prohibited from approaching the banking district; when any suspicious movements on their part are noticed a closer watch is maintained, and most of them are soon driven from the city and compelled to seek abodes in other lands or other portions of this country. While the present system of punishment may have occasional defects it has certainly resulted in minimizing the evils to which society is exposed from the criminal offences of some members of the community.

In spite of the fact that New York is the point of attraction to criminals from other lands, and has, as all great cities have, a fascination for those who lead irregular lives, I am glad to be able to believe, from my experience, that serious crimes have not increased in proportion to the growth of population. The immigrants who seek our shores are, as a rule, industrious and worthy; but among them are many who come from countries where the laws are lax and where they have been accustomed to settle disputes by resort to violence. These usually remain in this city instead of seeking homes in other parts of the country.

Another constant addition to the criminal class is from those who have been attracted from other places by the comparative freedom from observation afforded by city life, and who, freed from the restraints of home, easily drift into lawless lives. The ranks of the criminals are constantly recruited from these quarters. Yet the contest which society wages against criminals has not been unsuccessful. The younger members of the criminal class frequently reform, or find resistance to organized society so hopeless that they give up the fight. Between professional criminals and the forces of law and order the contest is never ended until the criminal dies or is imprisoned for life in a State Prison. The struggle on the part of the officials representing society is to repress the evil instincts of those who are found in the criminal ranks, or to nullify their most daring efforts. The struggle will continue as long as society exists, and it is to be hoped that the victories will ever be more constant and decided on the side of those who seek for the peace and safety of the community.

There has been some criticism of late in the discussions of lawyers as to the advisability of continuing the jury system. I wish at this time to express my belief that any change, at least affecting the jury system in criminal cases, would be unwise. I have found, in a long experience, that in a great majority of cases the decisions of juries as to the facts of a particular case have been just and wise. It has sometimes surprised me to see how men belonging to the business community, and unacquainted with the intricacies of the law have made sharp distinctions between different grades of offences, and have brought in verdicts which conform exactly to the legal requirements of the cases. It has sometimes happened, perhaps, that jurors have been influenced by the particular facts of a case to render a verdict which does not comply exactly with the legal definition of the crime proven, but in the vast majority of cases substantial justice has been done. I know of no other method which approaches in fairness toward the accused, and in justice to the community at large, the decision by a jury of the facts in a criminal case. The judges certainly do not seek added responsibility. It would be unfair and burdensome to them to require that they should pass not only upon the legal questions which arise but upon the facts. The twelve jurors can pay their sole attention to the facts, often intricate and complicated, and by a discussion and a comparison of views can justly weigh them. The jury system as it now exists is the result of centuries of experience, and I trust that it will always be maintained as one of the most effective safeguards against error or injustice in the administration of the criminal law.

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A BALLADE OF DAWN.

By Hugh McCulloch, Jr.

"Placida notte, e verecondo raggio
Della cadente luna."

THE wan east quivers, and a chilling breeze
Comes trembling o'er the earth; the silence lies
Oppressively on all things, and the trees
Don ever-changing shapes while night-time dies.
From off the river feathery mists arise
And clothe the shivering earth in garments rare.
Changed things, that seem like uncouth monsters, glare
Where late the moonlight cast a charmèd glow.
The stars grow faint, and fade into the air,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

To-night has been a night of nights; great seas
Of tremulous moonlight, pouring from the skies
Enchanted all the earth and made surcease
Of restlessness, and stilled each vague surmise.
Its beauty charmed away earth's laboring sighs,
And brought nepenthe for its sharp despair.
Strange shadows hurried o'er the meadows, where
The wavering mist now billows to and fro.
Alas, the night is gone that was so fair,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

And with the night has fled the golden ease
That filled my heart beneath the myriad eyes
Of midnight. Day is near, and beauty flees
Before its naked squalor. Now the cries
Of birds are heard, who know that in some wise
Another day must yield the wonted share
Of hard-earned food. And all the beasts prepare
To fight for niggard gifts their lives bestow.
Day's murmurs stir them in their nightly lair,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

Yet this is but a symbol; everywhere
Could man find peace, if his weak heart would dare
To search; the very dawn is joyful, though
Its breath seems chilled with day, and toil, and care,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

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A DAY WITH THE DONKEY-BOYS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

EACH one of our days in Egypt * was a delight in its ever fresh recurrence of shining sun and shining river; and not least pleasant was the January morning of our first visit to Medinet Haboo. While breakfast was eaten in the cabin, Alee and Mahaeel packed the luncheon, and above stairs the side-saddles thumped upon the deck as Nafardy carried them to the felucca. When it came alongside cushions were thrown in, the travellers followed, and six blue-gowned figures burst into a chant as they bent to the oars, and the boat shot diagonally southwest against a stiff current.

The sun was hot, but the dry air not unbracing, the water glittered, the wide sleeves of the sailors fluttered in the wind, the hum upon the Luxor bank lessened, the tall yards of the dahabeeyehs seemed to grow shorter, the temple as it receded rose higher, taking its true place in the landscape, the white houses, the boats and steamers becoming so many dwarfs in presence of the columnar giants which marched in yellow procession against the sky, till palm-groves replaced houses and huts, dotting the east bank to the northward where Karnak raises its huge pilon.

The Hathorites leaned back against the cushions in lazy satisfaction that for this one morning they were rid of their self-constituted attendant, Khaleefa. Each day after breakfast that venerable donkey broker and vender of antiquities upon commission had lain in wait at the cabin door and asked of the sailors the destination of the Howagat. Karnak? Oh, then, he would go also, he wished to see a man there. Medinet Haboo? That was just the thing for him, he was absolute ruler at Medinet—owned a house there, a camel, and a slave or two, and was almost a little scriptural king. Wherever the Hathors' people were going, there his business and his pleasure called him, for had he not followed the "big Howaga" for several winters, and was the opportunity of serving him to be neglected? The Socratic depression of his nose did not repel, the Socratic bulge of his forehead indicated wise benevolence, and at first he was given entire credit. But donkeys of his provision were knife-backed or broken-winded, and were left behind by their fellows; operations in antiquities—sold by him at alleged bear market rates—were unsatisfactory when compared with purchases made through others, and it was pleasant to feel that he had not learned the day's itinerary. Alas! what was that, squatting upon the very bow of the boat—unwished-for figure-head to the felucca? Self-gratulation had been over early, there he was, looking eagerly at the western bank, where small black objects began to move along the water's edge keenly interested in the landing.

Much has been written of the importunity of the donkey-boy, but the half has not been told, nor ever will be, of this impish bronze centaur. No condition of things where there is not intent to kill, wound, or even hurt could be so like a battle as a meeting between

* See "Afloat on the Nile," by the same authors, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1891.

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AN EXCURSION
THE START MOUNTING THE DONKEYS

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Study of Drapery on a Windy Day at Luxor.

donkey-boys and their possible prey. The mild-mannered man who in Cairo shakes his head at the use of the cudgel, before his second excursion gets him a stick, and ere he leaves Egypt wishes he were a very Robin Hood in proficiency at quarter-staff. "The stick fell from heaven," says the Arab proverb; if so, it was upon a community of quarrelsome donkey-boys, just as Zeus sent the storks to the frogs. Each boy means to get *you*, if not you, then a piece of you, which means your box, your guide-book, or umbrella.

A half-dozen good donkeys had been ordered for the six members of the party. Eighteen or so of the animals were galloped to the water's edge, and many of them urged out into the stream until their saddle-girths were wet. The imps, holding up their gowns in their teeth, showed more and more of copper body as they waded about the boat and thrust in dark slender paws, seizing guide-books, umbrellas, and baskets. Shallows stopped the felucca, which was fairly mobbed. Mahmoud, scooping with his hands, threw as much of the Nile as he could upon the invaders, and Moorhany, losing his temper, brought down his oar with a tremendous splash, missing the boys and drenching the ladies with water, which, however, the hot sun quickly dried. Meantime the figure-head had slipped down from the felucca, and becoming a merman, Khaleefa, with an accomplice, seized the legs of the lightest Howaga, lifted him from the gunwale, opened him like a compass and deposited him astride a donkey, which driven deep into the water, had been predestined to him by this Arab Ulysses.

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But the Howaga, who had been served so before, rode the donkey ashore and exchanged it for his own, to Khaleefa's disgust. The other five travellers were carried through the shallows by the sailors, and the battle began. While Nefardy buckled on the side-saddles, the Howagat were bombarded with donkeys whose masters, intrenched behind them, shunted them at their victims who were bumped one against the other, the umbrellas jerking and swaying in the ladies' hands. Donkeys trod upon them, they charged one wing which gave way, but were immediately enveloped upon the other side by donkey light cavalrymen, the latter skirmishing, slapping their high red saddles, screaming, "You take it, my donkey, you donkey sick, werry bad, sit down soon!" The tall sailors, Abderrachman and Urushwan, fended them off with poles, and the canary-colored gown of Mahaeel, the Coptic waiter, streamed in pursuit of the lunch-basket, which a guerilla donkey-boy, intent on porterage fees, had eloped with at a canter. Khaleefa's benevolent forehead bulged as much as ever, but his soul was black, all his beasts had been refused. At last the saddles being fast and all the party mounted, except the sailors who would walk or run as might be, the party were off with a jingle and a shout at a sort of scuttling canter; the dozen supernumerary boys who had all become equestrian since their wares were out of the market, circled about the travellers like a Greek chorus, predicting coming woe, chanting in unison dire prognostications that the beasts would become donkeys couchant, donkeys sćant, that they were sick and worthless. So they galloped as far as the first Arab village, sitting their animals as lightly with their naked brown limbs as the cavalrymen of the Panathenaic frieze. With every donkey there ran a boy, and Khaleefa, upon one of the rejected, pounded along with the rest, for a day with the Howagat was always desirable to one who had much spare time. In the pouches of the sailors there was tobacco which could be levied upon, there would be the leavings of the occidental lunch—unclean food, reconcilable, however, to a philosophic Moslem who consorted much with Franks; then there were hypothetical empty bottles and sardine boxes, crumbs of all sorts from Dives' table; so Khaleefa rode and Rayah ran, until the plump little body of the latter tiring the brown legs, the rider took before him on the saddle this son of his old age.

MOHAMMED RAMADAN AND BAS-RELIEF FROM DENDERAH SHOWING SIMILARITY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN FIGURE IN EGYPT

After crossing a long stretch of sand and fording a shallow arm of the Nile, the procession climbed the high bank,

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rode along the dike and struck through the wheat-fields. The western shore of the river at Thebes is a little pastoral world of flocks and herds, of sheep, goats, baby camels, and donkeys too young to be loaded. There are no villages like Karnak or Luxor, but wind-swayed seas of wheat and barley breaking against the magnificent cliffs which are the necropolis of ancient Thebes; while among the green and yellow waves of grain rise, like out-lying reefs, the ruins of the Ramesseum and of Kooruch.

Coptic Girl of Luxor.

And now there came to meet us six little Rebeccas, their long veils dragging in the dust as the bearers ran forward, their heads glistening with water-drops splashed from their jars — small jars which these little canephoræ carried all day long, offering them from time to time as they ran beside the donkeys — fleet and tireless through the sand and over the rocks. These clay bottles were full of unfiltered water, and that brought with the luncheon was preferable, but the sailors patronized their *goolahs*, and a few piastres were well expended on them; for bronze Fatmeh, black Anuba, and even mocking Ayesha, were decorative accessories, pleasant to look at, and there was a mine of wealth in their conversation.

In spite of their battle at the water's edge the Howagat were rather fond of donkey-boys, and moved ordinarily about the streets of Luxor with a retinue of them; but on this day the Luxor contingent was absent, it did not go to the western bank with small parties. Such visits would have entailed resentment on the part of the westerners, and beatings at their hands when the chance offered. Only when the semi-weekly battalion of Cook's tourists poured over the river to Medinet or the tombs of the Kings, needing every donkey in the district, did the Luxor boys go; for the westerners were bigger than they, and had not been softened into effeminacy by life in the mud metropolis opposite them. Indeed, to the moralistic inhabitants of Karnak who put their endeavor into agriculture and begging, to the Koorneh men who devoted theirs to mummy stealing, and the manufacture of excellent imitation scarabs, Luxor is corrupt from contact with the Giaour, its standard of morality low. But Luxor and Karnak alike disapproved of Fatmeh, who had just come among the water-carriers. Also they admired — disapproved because at the preposterous age of nearly thirteen years she was still unveiled and carried a water-jar for foreigners; admired because she was the beauty of the district. Said Yussuf Mohammed, embodying the morality of his native village, "if a Howaga wants water at Karnak a boy gives it him; if a girl brought it, her parents would stick a knife in her." Yussuf's wife's mother, like Peter's, lay sick of a fever, and because the wife visited the poor

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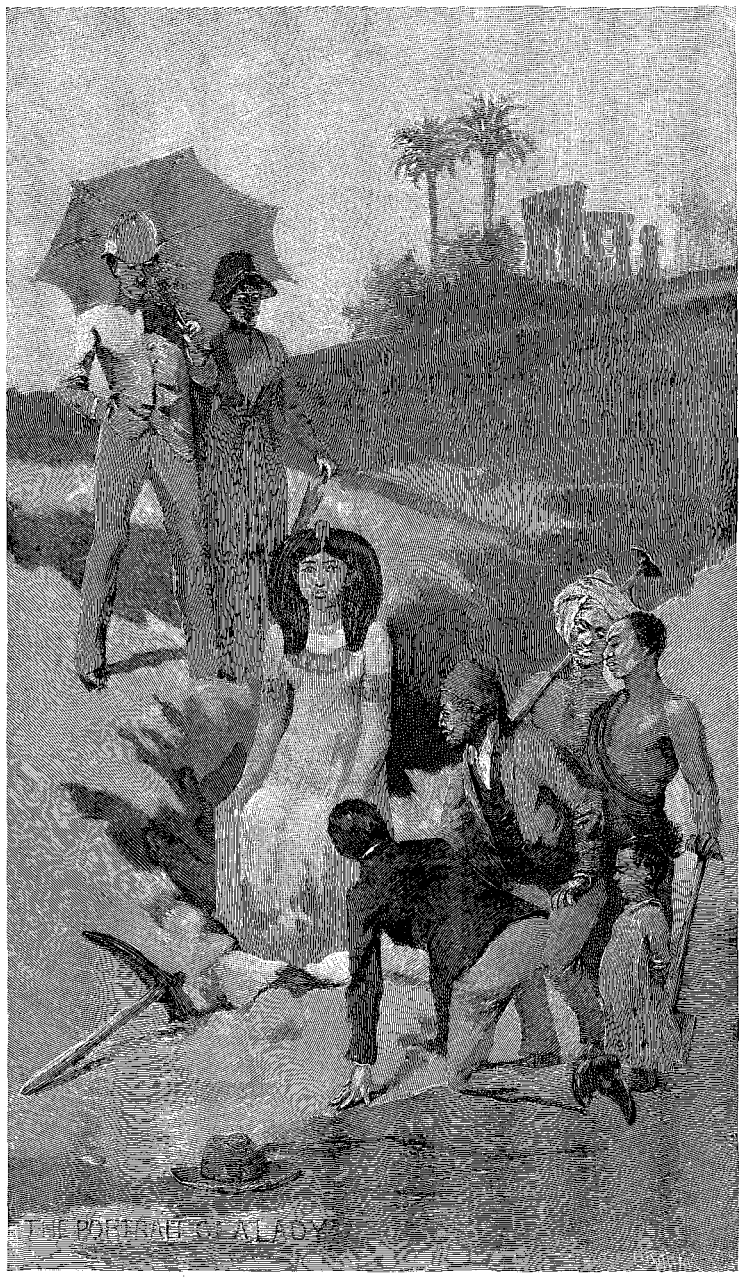

old woman several times, he divorced her; it was evident that he was a moralist and disciplinarian. Indeed he boasted of it as he led the lady's donkey through the wheat, and vaunted his own abstemiousness, saying that he did not even drink coffee in the morning, but took "only a little bread and a few trees (*i.e.*, dates) for breakfast." On being scolded for beating his donkey, he argued wisely—"I tell him twice, he not do it, then I must beat him; yes, I beat my wife too when she give me some words—not much, only two or three stick." The fact that in America a wife-beater might be imprisoned and a di-

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vorce obtained by the woman, overcame him utterly. Somewhere the foundations of society had evidently been undermined, who knew but that such a condition of things might reach Egypt. The lady pointing out Pharaoh on the pilon, towering gigantic over the captives he strikes down, said later, "That is just like Egypt, the big man always beats the little one." "Yes," he answered, smiling brightly, "Moslem man very brave; he beat dog, he beat wife, he beat child. Englishman only beat in bottles!" (*i.e.*, battles.)

Meanwhile, if we tired of Yussuf's lofty moralizing, there was much dramatic interest in watching Fatmeh and her admirers. She was the idol of the donkey-boys, and they all, even little eight-year old Abdou, hung on her words and followed in her footsteps; our progress was regulated by her movements. "When swift Camilla scoured the plain," sticks were swung, donkeys belabored, and regardless of their own wishes or intentions, travellers, sailors, and admirers came tearing, plunging, and hallooing after her; when she stopped to buy sugar-cane, or gossip with the herdsmen, we trailed along at a snail's pace, deserted by our respective motive powers. Fatmeh was a hoyden, tall, strong as a boy, and rather pretty, with a charming, subtle, Leonardesque smile, and though somewhat spoiled by tourists, seemed kind and generous, dividing her dates and sugar-cane with all the others and giving an extra share to the little ones. Her conquests are over now, and she is veiled, muzzled, and married to a son of Abd-er-Rasool; it must sometimes be a trifle dreary for her shut up in a little mud-house after her free life in the open air, but she is not forgotten. All the water-carriers have inherited her name, and each one mendaciously assures you that she is the original Fatmeh.

Ibiad, the Luxor Barber.

But while we were watching this village idyl, two strange figures, which from a mile away had looked like twin crags rising from a tranquil sea of rippling wheat, had grown in stature until they towered high in air, and the travellers were at the feet of the Colossi of the plain; statues of Amenophis III., kings and gods at once; giant Dioscuri in the Pantheon of deities who appear above and beneath the ground in this vast metropolis. They were warders to a vanished temple, and their faces, which from a height of nearly sixty feet looked across the plain of Thebes toward a great city, have vanished also; they are

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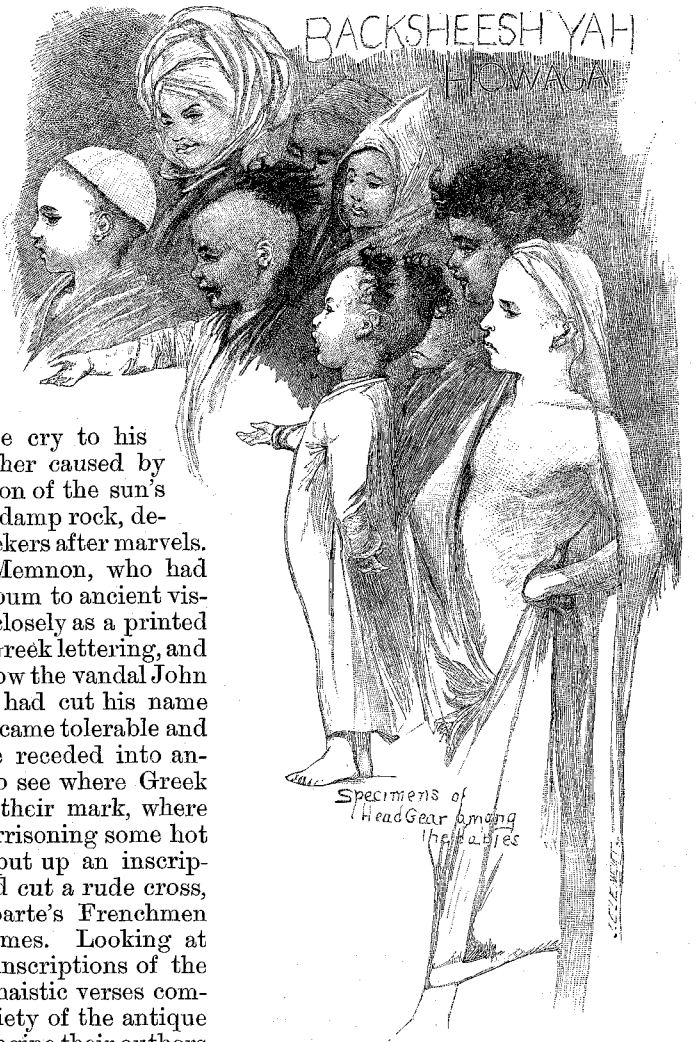

worn and crumbled, but mighty still in their old age; one is a monolith, the other, shattered to the waist by an earthquake, was restored in courses of stone by Septimius Severus. The latter and northern one of the two will always remain to us, not Amenophis, but the vocal Memnon of the Greeks, whose cry to his mother Aurora, whether caused by priestcraft or the action of the sun's rays upon crevices of damp rock, delighted the Roman seekers after marvels. From knees to feet Memnon, who had been an autograph album to ancient visitors, was covered as closely as a printed page with handsome Greek lettering, and it was curious to see how the vandal John Jones of to-day, who had cut his name on the monuments, became tolerable and even fascinating as he receded into antiquity. One liked to see where Greek mercenaries had left their mark, where Roman legionaries garrisoning some hot frontier fortress had put up an inscription, where monks had cut a rude cross, or even where Bonaparte's Frenchmen had scrawled their names. Looking at the finely cut Greek inscriptions of the Colossus, and the archaistic verses composed by the best society of the antique world, it is easy to imagine their authors at work here. The background has changed but little since they stood in the early morning, waiting to hear Memnon; the dawn turned the Libyan range to rosy gold, and the dew-wet bean flowers were as frequent then as now; the water of the inundation still stood here and there in the meadows reflecting the young corn in its glassy pools; the Nile twisted through the wheat-fields like a sacred dragon scaled with gold and purple; the three peaks of the Arabian chain rose pyramid-like at the end of the long, flat-topped mountain wall that guards the eastern plain; but the great temple, of which now only a few scattered blocks and prostrate columns remain, then lay behind the Colossi. Thebes was still splendid with her temples and shrines; Karnak towered high above the palms at the end of her wide, sphinx-bordered avenue; to right and left of Memnon, backed against the mountains, or rising from the plain, were the temples of Ramessids, and Thothmes, and Ptolemies, still gorgeous with their old magnificence in spite of Time and Cambyses, and the Roman robbers. Perhaps Hadrian, the handsome dilettante trifler with the arts, was roused from his sullen melancholy by all this beauty; perhaps he was still mourning the loss of his favorite Antinous, and even the god's voice could

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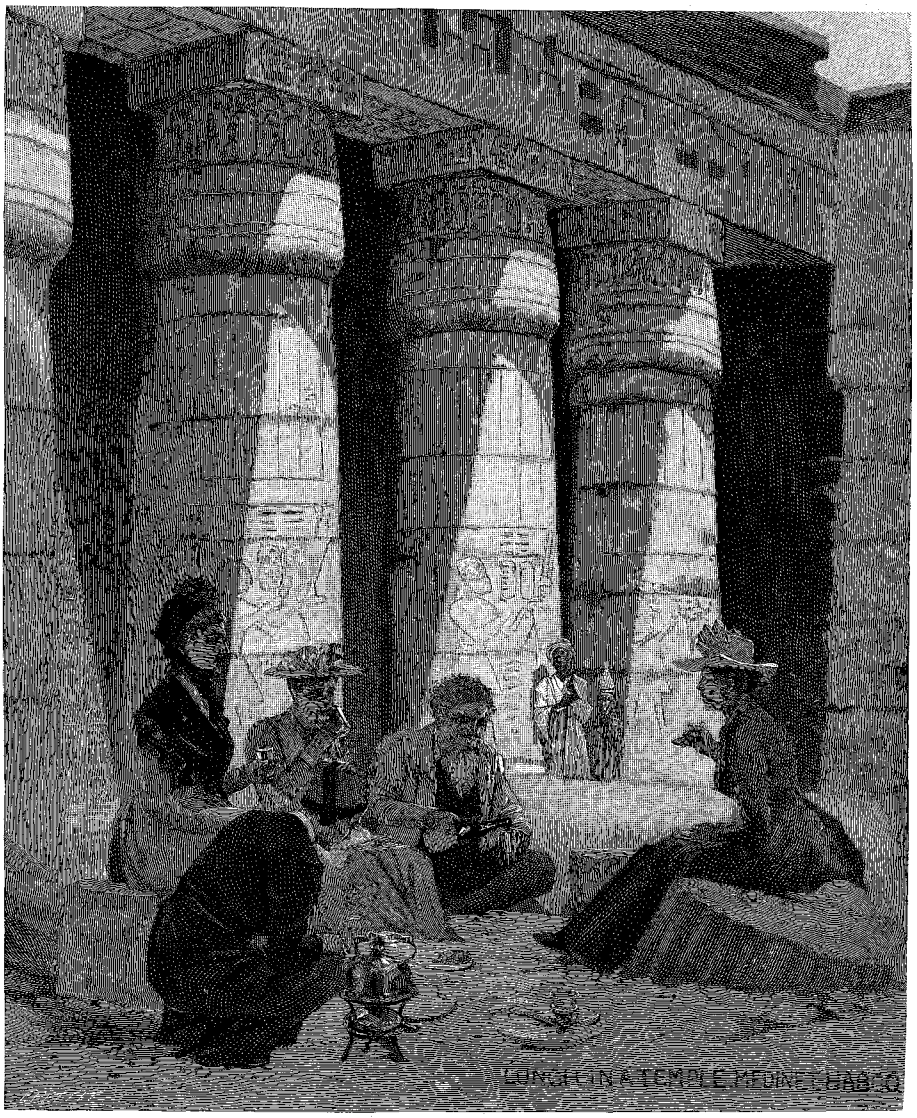

not comfort him. Be that as it may, he came alone to hear Memnon, and it was not until some days later that he was followed by the Empress Sabina and her train.

A fine spectacle it must have been! Augusta in a rage because Memnon, who like most singers had his caprices, remained obstinately silent; the house-philosopher in his Stoic's cloak, carrying the pet lap-dog; the elegant young chamberlains, whom early rising had made a trifle cross; the pretty painted court-ladies shielding their delicately tinted cheeks from the sunlight and yawning behind jewelled fingers; Julia Balbilla writing the Doric and Æolian verses which in that age of archaistic bric-à-brac, of grammarians and academies, were much admired; then there were bearers carrying the bronze litters, half-naked, clean-limbed runners shivering a little in the cool dawn; pert slave girls laden with their mistress's scarfs and parasols; a crowd of beggars and water-carriers, of porters and charioteers

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and servants' servants, a whole retinue, of which we and our little train seemed like a modern parody.

They were aristocratic pilgrims generally who visited the Colossus—cultivated, travelled, and æsthetically devout; generals of the Thebaid, governors of nomes, poets of the Museum, priests of Serapis, prefects of the legion and of the camp, domestic *patres familiarum* travelling, like Gemellus, "with his dear wife Rutilia and his children," celebrities like Strabo and Germanicus, the Emperors Hadrian and Septimius Severus, empresses, noble ladies, and such smaller fry as Decurions and Centurions, who, like bluff soldiers, wrote their names in Latin, while the finer folk affected Greek; for, since Juvenal's time the Græculus had become a Roman institution.

It was then the custom for pilgrims or travellers, when visiting a shrine or monument, to salute the local genius in the name of their friends or loved ones at home, in order that they too might share in the blessings of the holy place. On the Colossus are many examples of these *proscynemata* or reverential salutations offered for the absent in this sweet old fashion, and after having duly admired the erudite Greek verses and the titles and honors of the dignitaries, it is a pleasure to turn to the records of less famous folk we know nothing of, save that when the god sang they "thought of those who loved them;" of "Heliodorus, who heard Memnon four times, and remembered his brothers Teno and Aianus;" or of Cæcilia Trebulla, who wrote, "Hearing the sacred voice of Memnon, I thought of thee, O, my mother, and I made a vow that thou mightst hear it also." Few who have read his words will forget the Greek who crossed the shining river and these Elysian fields, all violet starred and scented in the still gray morning, saw the dawn kindle into flame behind the Arabian crags, heard Memnon's resonant cry to the goddess, and carved upon the stone "I, Aponius, heard at the first hour, I wrote the proscynema of my wife Aphroditerion, why have I not her with me while thou singest." Though we, who crossed the same sacred river and the same flowery meadows in the dewy morning, found Memnon silent, we refrained from expressing our disappointment in archaic Greek verse, and cutting our names and dignities upon the statue, yet, like the old Pagans when they stood before the god, we remembered "those who love us."

Then our little procession filed away and left the giants sitting as they have sat since all of history that we know has begun, and grown, and passed; twin guardians at the gates of human records which they have seen roll down the valley of the Nile, till the narrow scroll broadened into the sea of universal history.

It was a long ride still from the Colossi to Medinet Haboo, the road running along the dikes which become the only paths during the inundation; on either side the wheat- and bean-fields seemed greener than elsewhere in the world, palms rose in graceful groups, while before and behind and around towered the rock mountains, deepest yellow against a cloudless sky, with the river in their midst, a thread of silver upon a sea of emerald girdled with a rampart of gold.

The people, too, in spite of dirt and poverty, were not unworthy of this glowing background; strength they have always, and the dignity of carriage peculiar to the older races, and a certain indescribable grace born of their life in the open air, their simple, loosely girdled garments, and their well-trained, muscular bodies. Many of the young men deserve the eulogies of the Arab poets. Copper-colored lads, chested like Antinous, naked but for loin-cloth and skull-caps, passed us, carrying just such implements as Joseph's overseers distributed to Pharaoh's workmen; women rode by on shaggy buffaloes; little nude children dragged sugar-cane stalks behind them, and, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane, the camels laden with great bundles of grayish-green canes stalked through the rustling grain. By and by we skirted a mud village, where a big dog flew at us with what might be called fierce caution, much rush and barking, but careful avoidance of striking distance, and where, under the rare shade of a sycamore, a tiny child with a high light

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upon its shaven head, drove round and round the oxen of a huge creaking sakeeyeh or water-wheel which, as its long row of mossy pots dipped and flashed in the sunshine, droned out as always that legendary bit of Egyptian gossip, "Iskender ornein," Alexander has horns. The story is that the barber of Alexander the Great, self-styled son of Ammon, whose twisted ram's horns are plain enough still on the antique coins the peasants find and sell, in cutting the god-king's hair, discovers this secret. Not daring to tell it, but longing for a confidant, he whispered it to the sakeeyeh, but the water-wheel was garrulous, and to this day every sakeeyeh in Egypt is turned scandal-monger, and murmurs drowsily "Alexander has horns."

Though the great conqueror has been forgotten except by the water-wheel, Antinous is often in the thoughts of the Nile traveller, for he not only gave his name to ruined Antinoopolis, but the memory of the straight brows, the long, heavy-lidded eyes, the ripe curved lips, above all of the widely arched chest of the Roman statues, lives in every Egyptian village; the marble has turned to animated bronze, and against some sunlit wall in bazaar or market-place one may see again and again, silhouetted darkly, the very profile of the relief in the Villa Albani. It is not strange that he, rather than the Hermes or the Apollo is suggested, and only means that modern Egypt, where female comeliness is rare, and male beauty frequent, is more akin by blood to antique Asia Minor than to ancient Greece, and that the young Bithynian of Hadrian's court was but an archetype of the men who bend their magnificent torsos at the shadoof, or shine like polished bronze amid the wheat. But if these nude bronzes recall the Vatican, the draped figures in their trailing brown and blue and russet woollens seem likewise strangely familiar. Under the trees, and by some creaking water-wheel, men and women sit upon the river bank swathed in their long robes. As you look, the lofty palms melt together into the dusky vaulting of the Sistine Chapel, the sakeeyeh's groan swells into an organ tone, for here in the east, and here only, the people of Michael Angelo walk about the earth.

The head drapery, so special to the great Florentine's women, is always present, even on the youngest girls. The Delphian sibyl sits upon the shore and stares with wide startled eyes upon the dahabeeyeh; Lybica turns away just as in the fresco Cumæ bends her head upon her hand; the turbaned prophets, the nude Titans, are all there. That bible first made pictorially living to us by the great fifteenth century masters, moves and lives upon the banks of the Nile.

Every evening at sunset Raphael's women go up the bank, bearing their water-jars to the Incendio del Birgo, or the Arab village, as one pleases; even the least observant person who has passed through Italy must be instantly reminded of the Roman school of painting, with its robustness, its stateliness, and its draperies, muffling, or clinging, or wind-tossed. A woman may be plain, even ugly, but when her face is shrouded she becomes quite beautiful from the graceful lines of the long veil and the gown, as they stream in the wind or cling in multiplied folds to the lithe body that bends over the water-jar; the boy who runs beside your donkey is often but a smug-faced lad, but his muscular torso and slender, vigorous limbs suggest the antique athlete.

Indeed, the whole land might be a studio to Leonardo, elaborating the folds of garments with his careful pencil; or to Benvenuto, who found "pleasure inexpressible in drawing the small muscles that lie along the ribs;" to the student of draperies, and the lover of the nude. Unfortunately, though the Egyptian men are willing enough to sit for artists, the women run away at the mere sight of a sketch-book, they fear the evil eye, they fear the evil tongues of gossiping neighbors, they fear anything and everything—above all having to sit still.

"Their heads are little," say the men; no wonder, poor things, for with their water-jars the Moslem women bear upon those little heads a heredity of thirteen hundred years of ignorance and contempt. "It is not good for Arab girl to read and write, for then she will write to men, and she will not want to carry

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water and make soup," says Mahmoud, using a time-honored argument; and our Captain Tanyos holds up his hands when told that in America girls sometimes go to school longer than the boys. Even our extraordinary custom of having a new sultan every four years is less incomprehensible to the Oriental mind. Most fascinating of all are the children who nestle under the Madonna-like veils, or sit astride the shoulders of these women; imagine Barbedienne's bronze Cupids transformed to softest flesh, all melting curves and deep dimples; look through smoked glass at the round-cheeked, grave-eyed cherubs of the Renaissance; or fancy the dusky-tinted Tanagra Loves with their little cloaks and printed hoods, and heavy wreaths, dancing, frolicking, laughing, and you may have some idea of the baby graces of the young Egyptians, graces that even ophthalmia, wretched feeding, and neglect cannot destroy.

Silhouettes at Sunset along the River Bank.

At last the gates of Medinet Haboo rose before us behind sentry-mounds of dark red rubbish, which were once the surrounding wall of the temple, the perishable outer garment that has fallen away while the mighty monuments within seem likely to double their present age; the travellers went straight through the pilon doors and into a fore court, where débris lies piled up in great hummocks, like billows of a rubbish whirlpool. It *is* a whirlpool, for the wind has circled about those square courts for tens of centuries, here banking the sand high against capital and architrave, there scooping it into gulfs; carved and painted goddesses upon the walls emerged waist-deep, files of soldiers were buried to their throats, chariots appeared to struggle through it, till one had a confused sense that here might be an overwhelming of the Egyptians in the Red Sea painted in this temple of Rameses III., son to the Pharaoh of the exodus. It was only a hasty impression, however, for the little Egyptian taskmasters, so near to the end of the journey, whooped and shouted, the donkeys tore over the rubbish heaps, the cloud of dust was so choking that our whole attention was given to keeping it out of eyes and mouth; in through a second door we went, up forty-five degrees, and then down again, and we were in the main court of the temple.

It is one of the noblest courts in Egypt, not particularly large, only one hundred and twenty-three by one hundred and thirty-eight feet, but showing with unusual completeness the massive qualities which distinguish Egyptian architecture; on two sides run colon-

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nades of columns only three diameters in height, on the two others are huge piers showing still the Osirid figures, now sadly battered, which stood against them. White is the prevailing color of it all, with faint traces of red here and there; while strong, rich blues remain under the architraves and on the ceiling of the colonnades. About upon the walls are gods and kings and priests, the victories and the triumphs of Rameses III., battles, processions, and sacrifices, and above them, in the temple eaves, the swallows scold. What a sight it must have been when the offerings were burnt, and the choral hymn went up, and the glittering procession swept down the portico past the Osirid giants that then were whole and gorgeous with color, each one a statue of the divinized king. After the days of the priests of Ammon came the Christian monks, building a church in this very court, breaking away the architraves and setting up columns which would seem large in any other place, but here are mere pygmies beside the work of the old Egyptians. The monks made a nave of the columns, pierced square holes for beams, and carefully plastered mud over the pictures of the Heathen, exorcising the devil and embalming his works for a curious nineteenth century; hammering away too under the African sun at the Colossi; going out between the hymns to hack at some royal visage until, within the sacred enclosure at least, the giants were utterly destroyed. After the Christians came desolation, then a Coptic village, and again the desolation which is now upon the place.

In this temple of Rameses III., built by the king to commemorate his Syrian victories, the whole triumph of an Egyptian conqueror is set forth. It is entered through a fortress-gate; on the huge pilons the royal victor grasps the conquered by the hair; in the first hall are rows of captives bound or suppliant, cornices supported on the heads of prisoners, and over the doorway, filling seventy lines of deeply-cut hieroglyphics, is the record of the king's victories; just beyond lies the second court, in which the traveller makes his first stop; for Egyptians are conservative, and long ago the donkey-boys found that this is the proper place for the Howaga to dismount; if he prefers to enter the temple quietly, and to examine it consecutively, he will have to combat not only the deeply-rooted prejudices of his donkey-boy, for they may be overcome, but those of his donkey, which are ineradicable. After all it is the finest of the three grand courts, and first impressions are worth much, so it is wiser to submit to the inevitable and begin the study of the temple here. The walls are covered with illustrations of the spirited chronicle carved above the entrance, and we can follow the king step by step as he fights, conquers, and triumphs; here he charges in his war-chariot and overwhelms the enemy with his arrows; there the captive chiefs of the Libyans are led before him, officers bring heaps of hands cut from dead adversaries, while the king's scribe counts them. Then the victor at the head of the troops arrives at Thebes, prisoners are bound to his chariot-wheels, princes are his fan-bearers, and the gods themselves congratulate him on his prowess; all the charming detail of the procession in Gautier's "Roman de la Momie" may be admired in the panels that follow, celebrating the anniversary of Rameses's coronation; the long lines of soldiers and priests, the strange musical instruments, the images and holy arks, the sacred hawk and bull, the statues of deified royal ancestors, the sacrifices before the flower-laden altars, all the minutiæ of the ceremonial still exist and we can easily picture it, the golden statues, and the helmets, and the white linen robes shining in the sun, as the procession wound over the green plain and halted at the temple gate.

Only the monarch entered the court where we stand to-day, the crowd remained without, a few privileged nobles passed into the first court, but the priest-king alone penetrated to the sanctuary, to pour the libation and offer the sacrifice as pope and emperor at once, he bore to the gods the vows and prayers of his people.

At present the sacred place is filled with donkeys and their drivers, anteeka-sellers carrying fragments of mummy, bits of gayly painted wooden cases,

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handfuls of blue beads, and shining new scarabs fresh from the manufactory at Koorneh, beggars too, three blind men and their baby guides, and little naked children shivering in the wind, who have left their cotton gowns outside the temple to excite compassion, and whose pigeon English, learnt at the mission-schools, is a source of income to their families, and of delight to the tourist.

Here we dismounted and dispersed, the workers to sketch and compare texts with the original hieroglyphics, the idlers to explore every nook and corner of this most picturesque and interesting of Egyptian ruins. So they waded ankle-deep through the dust, loose stones, and potsherds, to the strange outlying building which has so long puzzled the archæologists, and has been called in turn, palace, pavilion, and stronghold; its crenelated walls, its shield-shaped battlements, and its narrow gate flanked by bastions, all incline one to believe with Professor Maspero that it was a fortress-gate, a military arch of triumph, built to celebrate Rameses III.'s Syrian campaigns.

With much advice and assistance we climbed to the second story of the tower, where the king still plays draughts with one slender maiden and chucks another under the chin.

"It is the sultan in his harem," say the donkey-boys.

"This game of draughts has a symbolical signification; it was one of the pleasures promised to the virtuous in the future life," according to a most revered authority.

"In the lower chamber over the gate are sculptures in low relief representing the king in the women's apartments," says our guide-book.

Whether these slim, bejewelled girls are goddesses, symbols, or mere mortal odalisques, they are, what is more important to the on-looker, decoratively charming, and are, like so many things in Egypt, nice pegs to hang theories on. With many longing looks at the chambers high out of reach of tourists, unprovided with scaling-ladders, wherein the Egyptian caricaturist dared to ridicule the god-king, and which, in this temple devoted to the apotheosis of the royal conqueror, remind one of the satirical verses sung by the Roman soldiers marching in the triumph of a vic-

AN EXCURSION ON DONKEYBACK

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torious general, the little party scrambled down and passed through the great courts, again stopping in the third to examine the stumps of columns, and the dark chambers once filled with the treasure Rameses dedicated to Ammon. Here lay gold in grains, bars of silver, pyramids of emeralds and turquoises, heaps of seal-rings engraved with the king's name, and "all sorts of jewels in chests of bright copper," justifying the king's boast to Ammon, "Thou hast secured gold and silver like sands on the sea-shore."

What a find this precious hoard would have been for the thieving Theban brothers of the old Greek legend, in which the king Rhamsinitos is no other than this same Rameses III. Unfortunately the modern treasure-seekers who cleared away the Coptic village that covered the temple, found only a quantity of little blue porcelain Osirid figures, probably buried when the foundations of the building were laid, and even they, like the giants of the piers, were broken. Later excavations by M. Bouriant in the first court, have uncovered files of cruelly bound prisoners whose lips and brows are contracted by pain, and a cornice supported by four captives, of different nationalities (the Egyptian Atlantides), in which the types are much more marked than in any other sculptures.

From the flat roof of the temple, which was easily reached by climbing one of the mounds of débris that surround it, was a wide view, not only of the Nile Valley, but of the temple backed against the mountain, which with its steep walls and flat terraces covered with wind-blown sand, seemed to continue the lines of the building itself. As one leaned over the broken cynocephali, ancient guardians of the door, once covered with golden plates "which rejoiced the heart of Ammon," it was easy to understand what a safe refuge the early Christians found here behind the crenelated walls, when they filled the temple with their mud huts clustering about the church in their midst. From this roof they doubtless watched the Arabs coming across the desert before that last siege when they were driven out and fled to Esneh.

Meanwhile Nafady and Mahaeel had been preparing lunch, spreading the cloth in the shade of the columns, and lighting a fire of newspapers and sticks under the slow alcohol lamp, to hasten the coffee boiling; Egyptians do not take kindly to modern improvements, our cook for some time used the oven to heat irons, and always made a charcoal fire in it under his bread.

After luncheon, Fatmeh was sketched as she sat leaning against an Osirid pier; just above her head Rameses III. offered pots of precious unguent to Osiris; faint traces of red lingered on the king's narrow torse and straight legs; the pillar, rich asphalt where it entered the earth, paled and whitened as it neared the roof painted brightest blue and sprinkled with stars, the light reflected from the tawny pilon on her right, and the sunny pavement at her feet turned the girl's face to a delicious golden bronze. Indeed, with her dark dress and veil, her hair curiously braided above her brow in classic fashion, and her home-made necklace and earrings of turquoise blue beads, she suggested one of those archaic Greek statuettes which, bedecked with real jewels, stare solemnly out of their enamel eyes. Unfortunately, she was far from being as immovable and turned her head incessantly, first to where Mahaeel with many chuckles was examining the sculptures of the northern wall, the heaps of cut hands appealing apparently to his sense of humor; then to the centre of the court, where Yusuf the disciplinarian and another lad were

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fighting; Yusuf, before we could interfere, pulling off several yards of his adversary's turban hand over hand, in a most diverting manner. When order was finally restored Fatmeh was no quieter, for the donkey-boys, finding that she was an object of interest to the travellers, began to discuss her matrimonial prospects; they were soon absorbed in calculations as to how much she cost, for Egyptian parents receive a certain sum of money for their daughters from the future bridegrooms, though probably this price is no more fixed than that of any other article in this land of bargaining.

"I can get her for five guineas," said one young man, "because I am her cousin, and of course she is cheaper for one of the family."

"They ask much money for her because she brings home a great deal; the travellers give her many piastres for carrying water," added another, in explanation.

"They want seven guineas for her, that is too much," added a third prudent youth. He then informed us that Fatmeh's parents did not live together, her mother had been divorced, and her father, pocketing all his daughter's earnings, lived in elegant leisure, giving wife and child an allowance of two dollars a month. Yusuf, thinking that we were unfamiliar with the Moslem system of divorce, which allows the husband, like the customer of the Paris "Bon Marché," to change articles that have ceased to please, felt called upon to explain in English, "My wife not 'bey me, not blease me, I tell it emshee (go away), then if I got children I eat (feed) those children, yes, I must eat um sometimes two, three years."

Meanwhile the subject of these discussions crouched, glaring like a little panther at her calculating suitors; even our sailor's gallant remark that he would give twenty or even fifty guineas for her, failed to restore her equanimity; later, however, she was quite consoled by being allowed to admire the landscape through an astygmatic *lorgnon* and by the gift of a biscuit tin. This was indeed a treasure, it was strong box, tambourine, and mirror at once, excited the envy of all the others, and probably added several piastres to Fatmeh's market value; for of all the products of western civilization, that most readily assimilated by the Arab is the tin can. Beating time on her new possession, Fatmeh ran after us Miriam-like, while we strolled off to see the sculptured sea-fight which the king, in memory of the naval victory at Migdol, had carved on this temple of triumphs. It interested us all, but to one of our party it afforded real mental solace. Nafady was our favorite sailor, tireless, prompt, and wonderfully helpful; he did so much general work that sometimes it seemed as though the progress of the dahabeeyeh depended on his individual exertions; so we had nicknamed him "the Button," remembering the boy's definition of responsibility: "When you've only one suspender button to your trousers there is a great deal of responsibility on that button."

The day's excursion had not been a happy one to him, for Nafady was proud of the office that he shared with only one or two of the sailors, that of special attendant upon the ladies on all expeditions; so that when the Cairene Mahaeel stepped forward to help them with the superior assurance of the metropolis, the Button, who was a villager, felt wronged and humiliated. All day long he glowered at Mahaeel, and when at the end of the excursion the latter, to save his canary-colored gown and red shoes, instead of wading to the small boat, was carried through the water by two sailors, his legs sticking out straight like a Howaga's, Nafady turned away with a grunt of fierce contempt. But the sea-fight consoled him: a born sailor, his one joy in temples was the discovery upon their pictured walls of *merakib* or boats; there are plenty of them, from the barks of Ra and Horus to the roughly scrawled dahabeeyehs, the work of contemporaneous amateurs. Like Dickens's "Cook's tourist," who passed all his time among the finest Italian monuments in fingering and spelling out inscriptions with a Platonic interest quite unaffected by his innocence of Latin, Nafady stood unimpressed in the giant hall at Karnak or the great court at Edfou, until a joyous chuckle told us that he had discovered a ship. Medinet Haboo, from

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his point of view, had been but a dreary waste of sculptured stone until he saw the rows of small boats filled with sailors and fighting men, then it became an object of interest meriting the whole attention of Nafady's mind, and not one of those monuments intrinsically worthless, but to be tolerated because attractive to *howagat* who employed boats as a preliminary to visiting them.

While Nafady looked and admired, the "big Howaga," accompanied by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged Arab, had joined us, and the latter was introduced as Abd-er-Rasool, a native of Koorneh, who, with his brother Mohammed, discovered the famous pit of Dehr-el-Bahari in which the royal mummies, now in the Boulak museum, were hidden. For many years they kept the precious secret, cautiously selling from time to time the smaller objects found in the cache, but the blue statuettes and the papyri finally attracted the attention and aroused the suspicions of the Egyptologists; testimony from various sources convinced Professor Maspero that these Theban brothers, like those of the old Greek legend, were plundering a royal treasury. Abd-er-Rasool was threatened, imprisoned, and bastinadoed, but he kept the secret well, never opening his lips except to protest his innocence; he was finally released after ten weeks confinement, and returned triumphantly to his native village. A day or two after his elder brother, Mohammed, frightened at the severe treatment Abd-er-Rasool had experienced, and apprehensive that his turn might come next, quietly went to the authorities and made a full confession. Thus, this important find came to light; the hill foxes of Koorneh had unearthed the dead lions, and world-famous kings of Egypt journeyed down to Cairo to the museum of Boulak.

We were amused and personally interested by the fact that, only a few days before the arrest of Abd-er-Rasool, Professor Maspero and the "big Howaga" wandered up into the immediate vicinity of the shaft, collecting potsherds scrawled with Greek accounts; so to this day the Arabs believe that they found upon the sherds indications which led to the discovery of the brothers' secret. Nevertheless, this same Abd-er-Rasool was still very friendly with the "big Howaga," and had toiled over the long hot desert road to see him and be presented to his family. "The Servant of the Prophet" was evidently very proud of his connection with royalty, and offered to guide us to the scene of his exploits, an offer that was gladly accepted; and as the shadows grew a little longer our cavalcade filed out of the stronghold gate between the twin sentinels, the cat-headed goddesses who guard the narrow way. The road to the cache ran over the desert, honeycombed with graves long since rifled by the peasants in their search for antiquities; on our left was the great rock wall of petrified Nile mud millennials, old, curiously ribbed and crevassed, here chalk white, there clay color, again pure brown ochre, while the topmost crags shone in the sun like giant nuggets of pure yellow gold.

Beyond the little temple of Dehr-el-Medinet, the mountains, hollowed, buttressed, and pinnacled by primeval floods, thrust great spurs into the desert below, forming a series of valleys. The sand swept up the sides of the crags like a great sea, foamed over the huge rocks, and dashed even their crests with its spray; here, in one of the wildest of these gorges, at the bottom of a deep shaft fanged with sharp stones, Sesostris and his brother kings lay hidden for thousands of years; when and why they were carried there from their tombs is still a mystery, probably to save them from the hands of robbers or invaders.

As we stood about the mouth of the pit, Abd-er-Rasool, his bright face all frankness and sincerity, told us how the Mudeer of Keneh threw him into prison, and had him cruelly beaten again and again without being able to force from him anything but the repeated assertion, "I am a poor man," until fortitude and a persistent denial obtained his release; when his brother, though unbeaten, lost heart and gave up the secret. No warrior returning from a hard-fought victory, no Egyptian peasant limping homeward lame from the tax-collector's bastinado, with his unpaid money hidden under his tongue,

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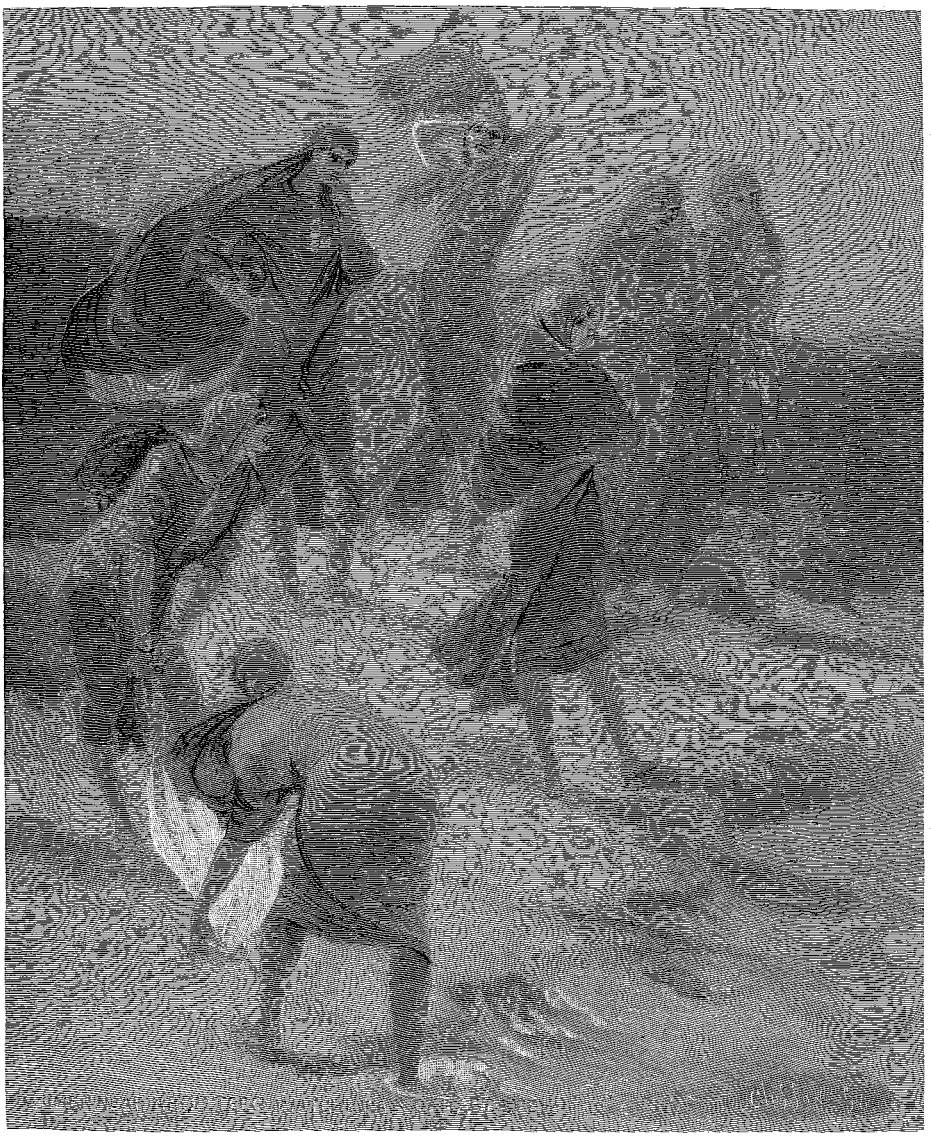

was ever prouder of his constancy than was Abd-er-Rasool. Just before we left he seized old Khaleefa, who was fussing about, and shook him laughing over the pit. "Shall I drop him in?" said this modern follower of Joseph's brethren.

"Yes," answered the sailors, "he would make a good mummy; all he needs is a little gilding and paint."

Khaleefa, quite undisturbed, let his leathern old face, which seventy years of Egyptian sunshine had indeed mummified—no *paraschites* could have done the work better — crack into a thousand laughing wrinkles, and we slid down the cool gray sand-slope, looking back now and then toward the mountain, that glorious sepulchre of the Pharaohs.

Then we rode riverward out of the giant shadow of the crags into the radiant valley; the sun was sinking and the great artist was gilding his handiwork into even greater splendor, each blade of wheat was a golden spear, the palm-trunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their

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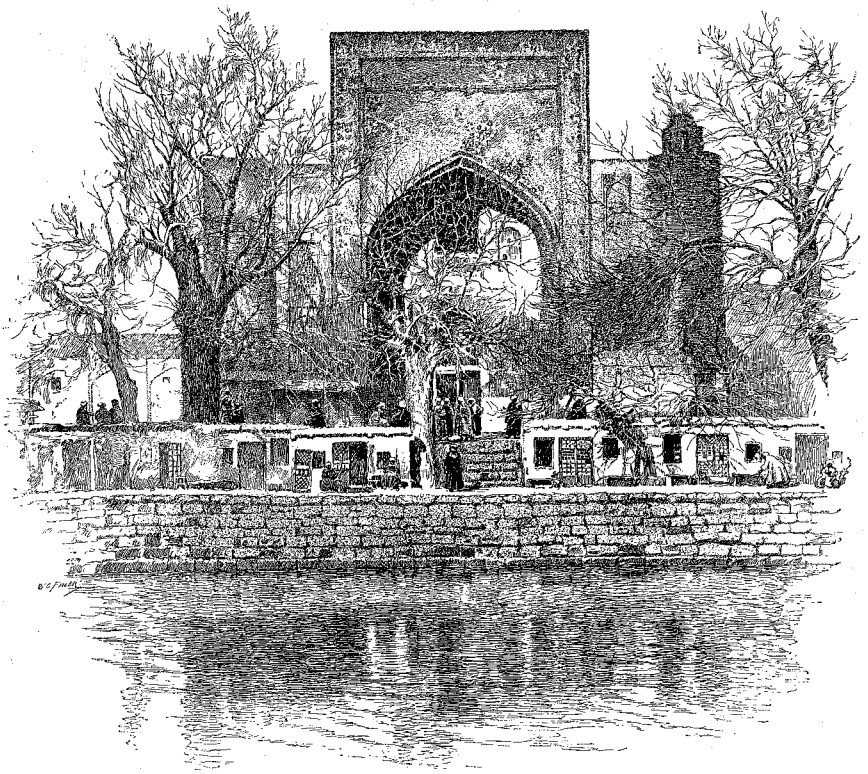
evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden background. The blue smoke curled upward from the mud villages, like the sacred symbol on some temple architrave, a vulture rose heavily into the still air, in the east the three peaks of the Arabian chain flushed orange and crimson and purple, fire opals set in the ring of a horizon of light. The people of the Bible were all around us glorified by the evening sky: Jacob tall and dark, his deep eyes burning under the linen headcloth, drove home his flocks and herds; Rebecca passed us with Isaac's jewels of gold and silver glittering on her brown arms; Esau unyoked the tired oxen of the water-wheel; Laban, white-bearded and solemn, rode by; Ruth smiled at us from where she stood waist-deep in the wheat; and just at hand, riding on an ass, a young child in her arms, yonder low-browed girl seemed the Divine Mother herself, for the whole plain and sky were a halo about her.



College of Divan Beggi, at Bokhara.

BOKHARA REVISITED.

By Henry Lansdell, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

ON my first visit to Bokhara, in 1882, the country had been shut up for centuries to such an extent that no Englishman then living had been in the Khanate. So rapid, however, has been the progress of events since that date, that when, six years later, I reapproached the country, it was by railway from Merv.

The line between these two places, however, in one respect, is perhaps the most remarkable in the world; by rea-

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The Emir of Bokhara and his Treasurer.

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Costumes of Bokhara Women—on the street and in the house.

son, that is, of the horrible desert over which it passes. This desert is not merely sandy, but of sand entirely, with this additional drawback, that whereas the sands on the coast of the Caspian may by labor be half-fixed, those near the Oxus are at the mercy of every wind that blows. They cover the face of the country in barkhans, or sickle-shaped hills, varying in height up to 100 feet. The prevailing wind comes from the northeast, on which side the barkhans are convex and gradual in ascent, while the other face is concave and steep. When agitated by a strong wind they present a certain resemblance to the waves of the ocean, with spray being scattered from every billow.

I first examined some of these barkhans in Khokand, and had not forgotten crossing the sands of Sundukli, east of the Oxus, in 1882, when it took twenty men, twenty horses, and a camel to get my carriage to its destination. I was curious, therefore, to see what measures had been taken to cope with a like obstacle on the railway.

A similar defence, it appeared, had been adopted to that employed in Russia against the snow—namely, open palisades, about three feet high, placed on the side of the rails whence come the prevailing winds, but with this marked difference of result, that whereas the snow thus stopped in its drift disappears with the warmth of spring, the sand remains,

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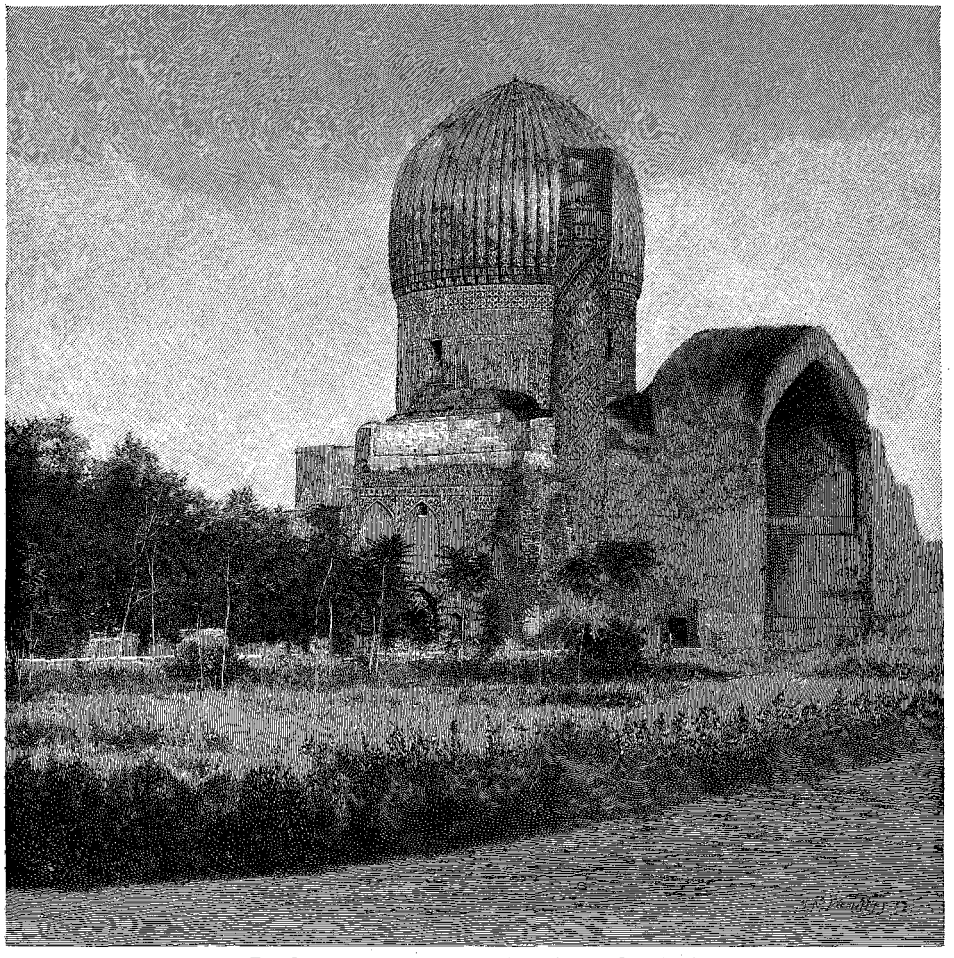

The Gur-Emir, or Mausoleum of Tamerlane at Samarkand.

and augments the possibilities of the line being covered. In certain places, plantations of bushes suitable to the soil have been placed beside the way, but until these grow it seems inevitable that from time to time, after strong winds, the rails will need to be cleared as after a snow-storm.

It was by reason of this uncertainty as to what might be the condition of the road that our train, though arriving at Merv in the morning, did not leave until nearly midnight, so as to traverse the worst part of the sandy desert by day. In the gray dawn of very early morning we reached a station significantly named Pesky, after the surrounding sand.

Here we bade farewell to the few tokens remaining of the Merv oasis, after which sunrise found us at Repetek, where was a refreshment station, with only brackish water for making tea, and then we plunged in among the sand barkhans, where nothing was visible all round but sand-hills; while a more desolate outlook than we had from the carriage windows, in steaming along, could hardly be imagined. I congratulated myself, however, upon getting over the ground west of the Oxus with infinitely less discomfort than I had ridden over similar country eastward, with sand blowing in my face, and my horse sinking at every step to his knees.

Finally, about six miles west of the Amu-daria, cultivation reappeared, with fortified mud-houses and walls and trees, the last somewhat larger than those of Merv. We had now en-

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tered the oasis of Charjui, a narrow strip of cultivated land belonging to Bokhara on the west bank of the Oxus, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the station Amu-daria, thus completing a journey of six hundred and seventy miles from the Caspian in sixty hours of actual travel.

The local railway potentate for this part of the line was Prince Khilkoff, who had been kind enough to send to the station a carriage to take me to be guest of Colonel Nicholas Tcharykow, the "Russian Political Agent" (or "Resident," as the English would call him) in Bokhara, but who for the moment was laid up here with a broken ankle. The Colonel spoke English fluently, having received a part of his early education in Edinburgh, and proved to be one of the most polished and gentlemanly of Russian officers I have ever met. Though unable to go out, he made my stay thoroughly enjoyable, and knowing well my writings on Bokhara, he was able to confirm or otherwise what had been written, and to give information upon several points connected with the present condition of the country.

Since my previous visit the Emir Muzaffar-ed-din had died, and had been succeeded by his fourth son, Seid Abdul Ahad, of whom it was pleasant to hear that he had introduced certain reforms and improvements; as, for instance, that, on coming to the throne, he had proclaimed throughout the country liberty to slaves.

Jews of Bokhara.

Nominally, the slave-markets of Bok-

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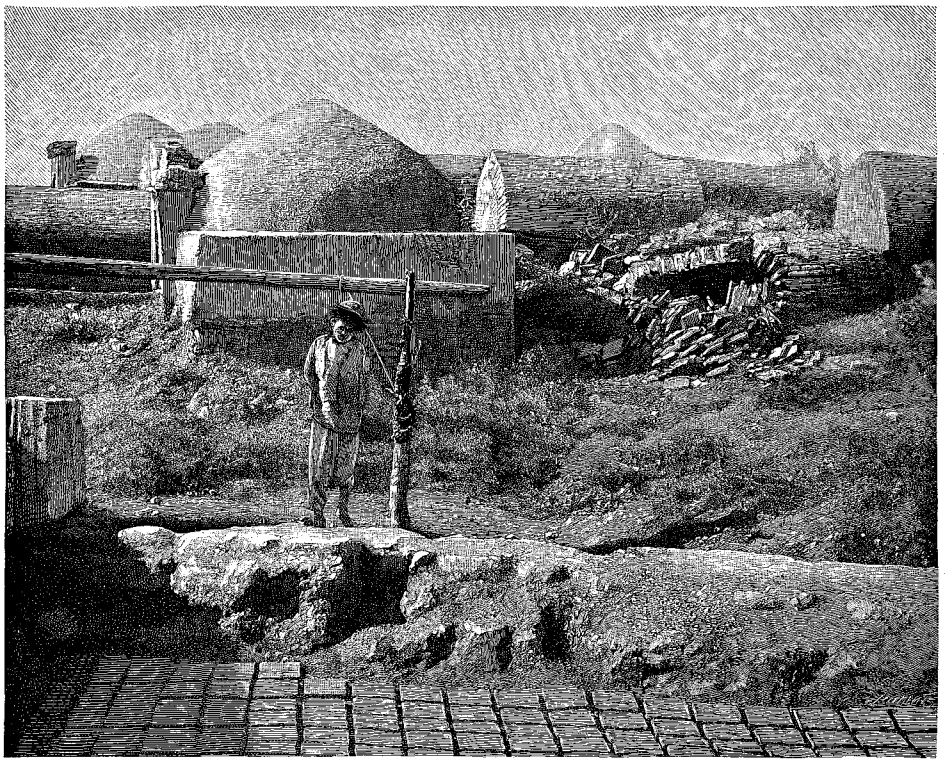

Cemetery, and Mode of Execution in Bokhara and Khiva.

hara, under compulsion from the Russians, had long been closed, and when I was at Charjui in 1882 I did not suspect the trade to be going on ; but that Persian girls were brought by the Turkomans and sold there I learned after my return to England, from Colonel Stewart, who had left eastern Persia only a few weeks previously, and I thereupon, with his consent, published his statement by way of confirmation of M. Stremoukhoff's letters to the St. Petersburg *Gazette*, stating that the odious trade was not completely stamped out in Bokhara.

It was a wise and humane policy, therefore, of the Russians to "advise" (which meant to command) the young Emir not merely to prohibit the trade, but to set at liberty those already bound, and to send special orders to the frontier towns that if any slaves were imported there, they should be immediately set at liberty. Thus, whatever may be said in disfavor of Russia's annexations, it should not be forgotten that she has by this last measure completed the extirpation of slavery from the shores of the Caspian to China.

On my previous visit to Bokhara it was the fashion for the Emir to send nightly, for the amusement of his guests, a troupe of *batchas*, or dancing boys, with musicians and buffoons. The men with tambourines sat near a charcoal fire in a brazier, over which, from time to time, they held their instruments, to tighten the parchment. The *batchas* were dressed, I remember, in red flowing robes and loose, wide trousers, but were unshod, their most striking peculiarity being their long hair, like that of girls. Their dances were interspersed with somersaults and other antics, while during a Persian song and dance whistles were introduced, the *batchas* snapping their fingers in time, and then striking in unison their wands.

To us the performance soon became wearisome ; but with the natives *batchas* represent their favorite amusement, often with demoralizing and vicious influ-

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Batchas or Dancing Boys with Musicians and Singers, Charjui.

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ences. One heard and read of the late Emir, when young, having in his harem a number of such boys, the keeping of whom was quite common throughout the Khanate. Colonel Tcharykow informed me, however, in answer to my question on the subject, that the new Emir, instead of providing boys, with their tambourine music, for the public entertainment of guests, as did his father, had forbidden *batchas* and ordered them to enlist in the army, though it might be that they were in some cases tolerated in private.

Something similar may be said with regard to prostitution in Bokhara; for whatever may be done secretly, the Muhammadan law regarding its prohibition remains in force, and a case having at the time of my visit recently come to light of two parents selling their daughter for an immoral purpose, the father's throat was cut and the mother shot, which in Bokhara is a common method of capital punishment for offences of this class.

The construction of the railway, I found, speedily made its influence felt on Bokhara trade, insomuch that articles of export doubled in price.

The residence, too, of a Russian officer in the capital rendered less impossible than before the compilation of trade statistics, which were kindly placed at my service, with the warning that, by reason of the difficulty of obtaining such data, the figures must be regarded as only approximate.

Exports from Bokhara.

	Tons.	Value in Pounds.
Bokharan trade with Russia.	19,446	1,250,000
Bokharan trade with Persia.	37	212,000
Bokharan trade with India..	34	42,000
	19,517	1,504,000

Imports to Bokhara.

	Tons.	Value in Pounds.
Bokharan trade with Russia.	10,182	1,060,000
Bokharan trade with Persia.	337	60,000
Bokharan trade with India..	1,607	547,500
	12,126	1,667,500

The amount of native capital in circulation in Bokhara is estimated approximately at £616,000; but besides native merchants there are Jews, Russians, Hindoos, and Afghans, the Russians paying two and one-half per cent. for export and import duties, and other foreigners double that amount. It would appear that Bokhara has foreign commercial relations with Persia through Merv; with Russia through Orenburg; and with Afghanistan and India through Kilif on the Oxus.

The products given me in 1888 as imported into Bokhara according to latest information were:

From Russia—

	Tons.
Iron and metal goods	3,809
Sugar and sweets	1,607
Earthenware	418
Black leather	112
Boxes of paper	225
Drugs	771
Manufactures (camel loads)	22,000

From Persia—

	Tons.
Manufactures (camel loads)	130
Skins (camel loads)	100
Hamadan leather (camel loads)	16
Green tea	154
Drugs	145

From India—

	Tons.
Green tea	1,125
Indigo	289
Drugs	13
Muslin (camel loads)	1,400
Chinkhob, or cloth of gold (pieces)	300
Ambasara (shawls) 250 pieces (or yards)	1,555

From Khokand—

	Tons.
Silk and stuffs	96
White felt	19
Native writing-paper	11

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On the other hand, the articles exported from Bokhara were:

	Tons.
Cotton	14,463
Wool	3,214
Silk	161
Dried fruits	321
Cotton piece goods	321
Mata, or coarse cotton cloth (yards)	933,000
Cotton and silk, native mixtures (yards)	18,660
Carpets	£4,500
Karakul lambskins (curly)	700,000
White sheepskins (cured)	800,000
Barana, or sheepskins	200,000
Danadav, or gray lambskins	20,000
Fox skins	50,000
Kunitza (skins)	500
Khalats, or robes	10,000
Sheeps' entrails (pieces)	800,000

On my second evening at the Amudaria Colonel Tcharykow gave a dinner, and invited to meet me the officers of the garrison and Captain Loewenhagen, the commander of the steamer Czar, then in course of construction on the river, as also an English engineer named Boots. It was a pleasant party, and we broke up at a sensible hour, the signal for departure being the evening muster of the soldiers, who, at the approaching shades of night, and in the midst of Muhammadan surroundings, softly sang their evening hymn and the national anthem, before retiring to rest, in view of an early rise for drill.

Next morning I went, by invitation of Captain Loewenhagen, to see the Czar, then lying below the bridge alongside of the barge, or lighter, she was intended to tow.

The Czar is a paddle steamer, 150 feet long, 22 feet broad, and 10 feet deep, with plates $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in thickness, drawing 2 feet of water when unladen, and 6 inches more when carrying 167 tons. Her engines are of 120 nominal and 500 indicated horse-power, steam being generated by naphtha. Naphtha costs here two shillings a hundredweight, thanks to carriage by the railway, which has thus solved one important obstacle to the Russians in navigating the Oxus, since the wood of the *saxaul*, the only other fuel available, is not to be had in large quantities, is very bulky, and costs nearly sixpence per hundredweight. On examining the furnaces, it was pointed out that the fires had to be lit with *saxaul*, and when thus started the naphtha was supplied in the form of spray from jets giving out upward of three hundredweight an hour, this fuel developing twice the heat of coal and giving little smoke.

This steamer was intended to ply on the Oxus between Petro Alexandrovsk and Kerki. To the former place I had floated in a barge from Charjui, and my journey is described in "Russian Central Asia," but Kerki is situated one hundred and forty miles from Charjui in the opposite direction. Its mud-walled fortress, entered by a square gateway with flanking towers of brick on either hand, stands on a lofty mound of earth, and in the eyes of Asiatics is considered a strong position. The occupation of this Bokhariot stronghold, by consent of the Emir, was a stroke of policy of General Rosenbach at the time of the Panjdeh affair, and the place continues to be the farthest advanced military post of the Russians on the Oxus southward; while, forty miles above Kerki, is Bosagha, near the Afghan frontier and inhabited by Ersari Turkomans. Farther still up the stream by forty miles is the historic Kilif, on the road to India, where Timur and Nadir Shah crossed with their armies, and up to which point or thereabouts British survey and intelligence officers advanced at the time of the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier.

Colonel Tcharykow kindly arranged that I should drive, on the morrow after my arrival, to the town of Charjui, and pay a complimentary call on the native Bek or Governor. I was well pleased thus to revisit a place that had interested me exceedingly, six years before, as a frontier outpost whence one looked into the desert toward Merv and longed to go but dared not, there being then no security for a foreigner's life.

In passing through the High Street one could see that contact with the Russians, and the vicinity of the railway, were producing their effects on the natives, since they were less curious and excited at sight of a foreigner; though among themselves they were keeping up rigorously their old-fashioned customs

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at the citadel, into which I was requested to ride on horseback. The antiquated entrance, with chambers above, is one of the best specimens I remember of a Central Asian portal, and, in time of siege, would present excellent facility for "speaking with the enemy in the gate" (Psalm cxxvii. 5.), or parleying as did Rab-shakeh with officers on the wall (II. Kings xviii. 27).

Outside the citadel, instead of inside, as one would expect, was arranged under a shed a very small park of old-fashioned artillery, which I suppose the Charjui natives used to fancy brought them abreast of the times. So vain, indeed, and so ignorant were they on my former visit that, on my thinking to surprise the young bek by describing our 110-ton guns and their enormous projectiles, he replied, "Yes, ours are like that too."

This young bek, a younger brother of the present Emir, and who when he received me had got himself up in a dandy turban and gorgeous robes, lost his post at his father's death; and his successor had now been summoned to court to take the place of the Kush-beggi's son, whom I had seen when calling on his father. I mentally dubbed him the greatest nincompoop in the kingdom. But this was not at all the estimate put upon him by his peers, for the new Emir had taken him to his cabinet as Divan-beggi, or Minister of Finance. Colonel Tcharykow also spoke well of him, saying that he had been a favorite with the people.

No small indignation, therefore, had been recently aroused when, the Divan-beggi taking a warrant for the sale of the goods of a man who had embezzled money, the culprit shot the Divan-beggi with two bullets, so that after lingering twenty hours he died, expressing a wish, however, that his murderer might not be put to death. But the Emir condemned the culprit, and handed him over to the dead man's relatives to do with him as they pleased. This was, first, to break his bones; next, to drag him through the donkey market (some said at the tail of an ass); thirdly, to behead him; and, lastly, to cast his body outside the city to the dogs.

On my present visit to Charjui I was received in the usual reception-room by the acting bek and his staff, robed in their gaily colored *khalats* and white turbans, and, after speaking of my former visit and partaking of light refreshment and sweetmeats, I returned toward the outer gateway between lines of soldiers and a native band.

Being anxious to revisit the prison, and remembering that it was under a chamber at the gate of the citadel, I stopped opposite the entrance and asked to be allowed to go in. My gaining admission six years previously was a great triumph, because they had done their best to keep me from seeing their prisons, and I then discovered at Charjui not only a near approach to the "black hole of Calcutta," but men wearing iron collars, through the ends of which was passed a chain to secure them all together, as well as a long beam wherein the prisoners' feet were made fast, and which was placed across the centre of the chamber.

This beam I could not help thinking was anciently an ordinary piece of furniture in prisons, similar, perhaps, to that in which the Philippian jailer thrust the feet of Paul and Silas (Acts xvi. 24), and I was anxious on the present occasion to take a photograph of it.

But the hot and fusty chamber, without windows or ventilation, and measuring only six paces by four, was too dark and the space too contracted to allow of operating satisfactorily; so, putting a bold face on the matter, I asked that the prisoners might be brought out into the yard, and the beam too, which was accordingly done, for the police-master looked afraid to refuse. Then I sent to the bazaar for refreshments, after eating which the prisoners were posed and photographed, much to their astonishment, but on terms they evidently liked.

In addition to the chamber already described, I found, on this visit, another on the opposite side of the citadel gateway, circular in form and measuring four paces across. In the former place were four prisoners chained by the neck together; in the latter were eight more, one of whom had been confined for a year, others for a longer period, together with a boy of thirteen whose tale

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was a pitiful one. His father had struck him, it appeared, after which the son, finding his parent asleep, retaliated by dealing him a blow which proved fatal. The young parricide had already been in confinement for nearly a year, but I could not make out what they intended to do with him.

On passing the gallows they told me that previous to the advent of the Russians they used to hang from five to six hundred Turkomans a year; but that state of things had now passed away.

Among sundry photographs kindly given me by Colonel Tcharykow is one of the gallows at Khiva, not as when I was there, in front of the Khan's palace, but in a cemetery, with a felon supposed to be suspended. His foot, however, is suspiciously near a mud wall, on which it looks as if the man might be posing for the photographer, but whether it be so or not, the picture illustrates the simple character of the Turkistan gallows, consisting simply of two posts and a lintel.

The distance from Charjui on the western frontier of the Khanate to the capital, by rail, is only seventy-three miles; and when my carriage arrived wherein to drive the nine miles between the station and the town of Bokhara, I recognized it as the calèche in which, six years previously, I was drawn by two artillery-horses from Kitab to Karshi. It was then the only carriage in the kingdom, and was a present from the Emperor Alexander II. to the Emir Muzaffar-ed-din. I recognized, too, one of the postilions, but not the line of country through which we were to drive on a beautiful spring morning, and which presented a very different aspect from the parched appearance of the Khanate as I had last seen it in autumn.

On arriving before the grim and sombre-looking walls and towers of Bokhara we were taken to what was formerly the harem or women's apartments of the house assigned to me in 1882, which the Emir had now lent for the Russian Residency, pending the building of a suitable dwelling for the Political Agent near the railway station.

The rooms I occupied before, in the principal court, were now inhabited by Colonel Tcharykow, and, in the same court, were the Treasury, guarded by Cossacks, and the apartments of Mr. Basil Oskapovitch Klemm, Secretary-dragoman to the Political Agency at Bokhara, and his family, with whom were staying Madame Klemm's mother and sister, Madame Olga and Mademoiselle Aphekhtine, on a visit from Moscow. There was lodging also on the premises a Russified native officer and interpreter named Mirbadaleff, whose brother had met me at Petro-Alexandrovsk. To complete the list of visitors must be added a Spanish gentleman and his wife, of whom mention had been made by the Governor at Baku as coming after me, who passed by the pseudonym of Juan de Chelva, from Valencia, but who were said to be in reality the brother of Don Carlos of Spain, and his wife, the Duchess of Montpensier.

An American fellow-traveller, once inviting me to come and stay at his house, added, "We will take you in, you know, boots and all;" and in this fashion on my first visit to the Khanate, from the moment of crossing the frontier, I was regarded as the Emir's guest, and supplied with lodging, servants, food, and even raiment, and all that was necessary for myself and attendants.

Something of the same sort was observed on this second visit, though I could not at first make out whether I was guest of the Emir or of the Russian Residency. The lunch brought daily to my room was of native preparation, but in the evening Madame Klemm entertained us at dinner; and, considering the difficulty of getting variety of food for European palates, and serving it in anything like Western fashion in the midst of a city where foreigners were so few, it was not an undeserved compliment the duchess paid one evening to our hostess in observing, "*Comment on mange bien, Madame, chez vous!*"

The paucity of Europeans in the town contributed largely toward making prisoners of the ladies of the Residency; for at first their appearance in the bazaar, unveiled, drew together a crowd to admire or to stare as the case might be, and this was intensified when Mademoiselle Aphekhtine appeared on horseback with a lady's saddle.

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Accustomed, like all Muhammadans, to degrade their own wives into drudges or toys, it seemed to the natives a bold thing for women thus to appear in public; and that these sentiments were not those of the vulgar only crept out on the day of the opening railway fête, when the Residency was decked out with flags and carpets, and the nobles of Bokhara were invited to dine with Russian officers and their wives, perceiving which, one of the Bokhariots high in dignity remarked that he thought the Russian ladies were not kept sufficiently in subjection!

On the birth of Madame Klemm's first baby there was much rejoicing and passing of compliments and presents, and the young boy was forthwith dubbed a "*bek*," in honor of having been born in "Bokhara the Noble;" but I could not gather that, even with the best of Russian desires to that end, there could be maintained anything like family intercourse or familiarity between Muscovite and Bokhariot ladies, so great was the ignorance of the latter, and so little did they understand each other's customs; added to which the natives were intensely suspicious that beneath every proffered kindness there lay concealed a snare.

To me these indications of suspicion were not new, for so rampant were they at the time of my previous visit that our deeds and words, and taking of notes especially, were reported to the Emir; and, to add to the joke, some of my retainers one day heard two of the spies reading over what they intended to report.

On this second visit I was less tightly in their grasp, but I recognized one of our old spies among three native officials, who remained on the premises nominally, and to a considerable extent really, to look after the Emir's guests, but also, of course, to espy.

On the day after our arrival, the Kush-beggi, or Prime Minister, sent a Karaul-beggi to show me the bazaar, where things were going on as of old. There sat the mender of broken china pursuing his calling with bow, drill, and spittle; and the baker flattening out his round cake of dough, placing it on a pillow, and then dabbing it against the side of the earthen oven, heated like a fiery furnace, to be roasted in a few minutes and come forth as daily bread, eaten new, and which costs only six *pul*, or the equivalent of a halfpenny. For those who longed after flesh, six small pieces of meat were being fixed in the cookshops on a skewer, roasted over the tiniest of fires in a brazier, and sold for one *pul;* but meat is not with everybody in Bokhara an article of everyday consumption.

Another feature common to Bokhara with other towns of Russian Turkistan, to be seen generally in the Potter's Street, was the potter at work with his wheel, fashioning vases, pots, and ewers, so absolutely alike, for rich and poor, as to suggest that the least variation, from generation to generation, would be counted as heresy.

From the bazaar the Karaul-beggi took me to the Kalan Minaret, said to have been built by the Arabs in the ninth century; and to the Great Mosque adjoining, out of which, before, I had been hurried, in fear lest I should be set upon as an unbeliever, whereas now I was allowed to examine everything at leisure, and even to photograph the *Mihrab*, or sanctuary toward which Muhammadans pray, and the *Sakkakhana* or place for drinking-water.

Had I brought a camera six years before, its use would undoubtedly have been forbidden, but now they had seen some of the Russians practising their "black art," which had to some extent softened prejudice, so that when in the mosque one of the natives was about to object, the Karaul-beggi overruled that I should be allowed to proceed. On another day, however, one old simpleton, and a great obstructionist on my first visit, after seeing me take a photograph of a tomb in the cemetery, thought the proceeding so mysterious and uncanny that he declared next day it had caused him a sleepless night.

I photographed this place of sepulture because the cemeteries of Bokhara and Khiva give the best illustration that I have seen how those possessed of devils (which in Bokhara would mean the insane) had their dwellings in the tombs (Matthew viii. 28). These tombs are built simply of clay, the ends pre-

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senting the form of a triangle with the sides bent out. Beneath this the corpse is laid, often on the surface of the ground, divested of all clothing, except a turban, and the tomb plastered up. In course of time, however, the heat of summer causes the clay to crack, and the ends being fallen, disclose dry bones and skulls within, but form a place wherein friendless maniacs, turned loose to provide for themselves (as I heard they sometimes were in Bokhara), might easily take refuge.

I had heard, on my previous visit, of the barbarous manner in which the insane were kept and treated, being beaten while prayers were read over from the Koran, and then picketed, like horses, to posts in the yard of a mullah called the Ishan; but I did not then succeed in witnessing it. This house of the Ishan, therefore, was one of the places I asked now to be taken to see.

It was an ordinary native dwelling, presided over by a sort of mullah-doctor, who was treating his insane patients as "possessed of the devil," and was dealing largely in charms for all comers, consisting of extracts from the Koran, placed in receptacles, to be worn on the afflicted part of the body. He sat in his room near a window, and outside was a little crowd of ignorant women, many of them said to be childless, who had come to consult this man in their troubles, and pay for his nostrums.

This was sad enough, but the sight of the maniacs was truly pitiable; in the case of one man especially, Akhmet Kul, from Karshi, who had been there six months, and was chained by the ankles, but who kept violently jumping and dancing about. Unlike some of the others, when I gave him money or sweets he threw them into the air, and appeared decidedly combative. Near him, chained to the wall, was a youth who had been there ten days only. "What is the matter with him?" I asked. "Oh!" said they, "he has a devil," whereupon I took from his legs the chains, which they allowed me to purchase.

Passing through a doorway I found myself in a stable where was a donkey, and, as little cared for, seemingly, two maniacs, one of whom was jumping and crying, the situation looking indescribably miserable, and filthily dirty. Sitting outside in the sun, but chained, was an Afghan, and another man of unknown nationality, who was evidently vain of his appearance, for, before a small looking-glass, he was continually combing his long and plentiful hair and beard. There were others on a loft who had been there three months, but some only fifteen days, but in all cases their stay was intended to be temporary.

Of course I wanted to photograph this sad and strange, but instructive, scene, for it connected itself in my mind with further characteristics of those we read of as possessed of devils. I accordingly began to put up my apparatus, the Ishan not expressing any objection. Some of his subordinates, however, did not like it, and, too timid to stop me, and thinking perhaps to escape responsibility themselves, let loose the Karshi maniac, who came dancing before the camera, crying out, as interpreted to me, "We don't want to be photographed, we don't want to be photographed," whereupon I desisted, and, by permission, returned a few days afterward to accomplish my purpose. On this second occasion there were ten patients, and Akhmet Kul, a man of middle age, but who told me he was three years old, made no objection to having his portrait taken, showing the charm he wore on his shoulder, which seemed to be the only thing they were applying for his recovery. Whether he had been beaten I have no record; some were so treated, and some, they said, beat themselves.

On turning my camera in the direction of the little crowd of women seeking the Ishan's assistance, all of whom were dressed for promenade and thickly veiled, looking like walking bundles of clothing rather than human beings, they beat a speedy retreat; but my disappointment was not irreparable since I obtained otherwise photographs of native women, in one case seemingly at an afternoon tea-party, and smoking the *chilim* or native pipe. Judging from this and other pictures, the Turkistan women are not nearly so pretty as the Jewesses living among them.

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I paid a third visit to the Ishan's house on my last Sunday in Bokhara, thinking to give the poor creatures a dinner of *pilau*, which when announced to the old obstructionist, he said, rightly or wrongly, the needed quantity of *pilau* could not be had in the bazaar at so short a notice. "Very well," I said, "then we will give them bread and sweets, as before;" which accordingly was done, much to the satisfaction of the patients; and the Ishan gave me, I suppose as a compliment, one of his charms or slips of writing.

On another day in Bokhara, accompanied by one of the Emir's officials, I revisited the Jews' synagogue, anxious to thoroughly overhaul a number of manuscripts and disused rolls of the law which, six years before, were stowed away in dust and disorder on a loft. But the spirit of church restoration had been abroad; the loft was removed, and the old rolls were now orderly arranged in niches in the walls and in cupboards.

On asking for the most ancient, a *Torah*, or copy of the Pentateuch, was shown, and said to have been given by Abdurrahman Kalan, the Israelite patron or founder of the synagogue, four or five hundred years ago. Just before my previous visit a woman in Bokhara had parted with a manuscript I met at Moscow, on its way to London, and which, when sold to the British Museum, turned out to be of importance both to textual criticism as well as to illustration of the art of Jewish illumination—to be pronounced, in fact, the most richly illuminated Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament extant.

On applying a few tests on this second visit to the form of certain letters, I could not make out that this oldest copy in the synagogue would be regarded by an expert as very ancient, or perhaps remarkable, though the writing was larger than usual and carefully penned.

On the next morning at sunrise I was taken again to the synagogue to witness a circumcision. Many men were assembled, wearing phylacteries and prayer-shawls or scarfs, called locally *sisid*, but in Hebrew *talith*, some of which were ornamented with strips of silver and gold. The congregation sat on the ground, but sprang to their feet at the repetition of the *Kodesh*, or Holy, Holy, Holy! and from time to time they turned toward Jerusalem.

After the usual daily morning prayers, which last for about three-quarters of an hour, two chairs were brought into the midst of the congregation near a stone lectern, said to be four hundred years old and covered with cloths of silk. The officiating rabbi or priest then took in his hand a silver rod, called the rod of Elijah, and the child was brought in by the father amid shouting and recitation of prayers by the congregation. A prayer was said by the rabbi, after which the infant, held by two aged men, was circumcised according to the law.

In Bokhara the Jews still labor under many restrictions. They may not wear a garment of silk, for instance, with a belt and a turban, but are compelled to wear a cotton *khalat* and black calico cap, and to be girded only with a piece of string. Again, they may not ride a horse in the city, and in the fields are made to dismount from an ass before a mounted Muhammadan, who, if he choose, may smite a Jew, but the Jew must not retaliate.

The boys, many of whom, like their mothers, were extremely good-looking, at first were terrified at me if only I patted them on the head. Meanwhile they showed themselves well disposed toward me, some of them remembering my former visit, especially one boy to whom I had given a Hebrew New Testament. Moreover, true to their character, the Jews were not above turning a penny where possible. The rabbi sold me a small manuscript roll of the Book of Esther, and coins and precious stones were brought for my selection, as also old embroidery, some of the last of which I was tempted to purchase and now value highly.

I had thought to persist in asking to be taken to Baha-ud-din, the tomb of the local patron Muhammadan saint outside the city. My guides had put me off from seeing it six years before, and seemed to place obstacles in my way now, upon hearing which a Jew advised me to desist, saying that there were at the shrine several fanatics, and that

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though the Emir's men might for the moment drive them into holes and corners for the hour of my visit, yet that they were likely enough in their bigotry to set upon me as an "infidel." Accordingly, to this disinterested advice I listened, remembering that it was at Baha-ud-din a man tried to kill that admirable writer on Russian Turkistan, the late Mr. Eugene Schuyler.

I expressed a strong desire to see also the Zindan, or city prison of Bokhara, which they asked me not to photograph. It was a wretched place, of which they might well be ashamed, consisting of two rooms, not too large for four persons, but into which they had crammed forty-seven. The first room was ten paces long, the ceiling almost within reach, and containing twenty-five prisoners, one poor fellow crying because sick, and apparently broken-hearted. The second chamber was six paces square, without boards or ceiling, the domed roof opening to the sky and containing twenty-two prisoners, of whom six were Persians.

There was no furniture in the rooms, unless, perhaps, a piece or two of matting on the bare earth, a water-vessel, and the most wretched sanitary arrangements. They said the man longest there had been imprisoned eighteen months; and it is proper to remember that imprisonment, as such, for a term of years for instance, is not a recognized form of punishment in Bokhara; but men are put in prison, rather, until their cases can be dealt with and disposed of in a summary fashion, which may be anything between a thrashing and being put to death.

Joseph, my servant, had brought an armful of bread, which I would not entrust to the keepers, but distributed myself, and on going again on a subsequent day for a similar purpose I perceived in the centre of the chamber open to the sky, a hole covered over with earth and sticks, which I learned was the entrance to the bottle-shaped dungeon into which prisoners could be lowered by cords.

Here it was, I make no doubt, that the English Colonel Stoddart at first was placed by Nasr-Ullah, the present Emir's grandfather, and afterward removed to another prison within the palace, where he and Captain Conolly were said to have been persecuted by sheepticks; but however that may be, I had heard from Colonel Tcharykow that, before he came to the Residency, it was hinted to the new Emir that such abominations could not be allowed in a city inhabited by a representative of the Czar, in deference to which desire of his friends, the Russians, the Emir had covered up the underground dungeon, and released or otherwise disposed of more than a hundred prisoners confined therein at the death of his father.

Another place I thought it might be a charity to visit was the lepers' quarter, which before, at Karshi, they refused to allow me to see; nor did I subsequently get more than a passing glimpse of it, and that by stealth, at Bokhara. I said, therefore, now, that I wished to give a dinner to the lunatics, the prisoners, and the lepers; and we rode out to a village where were reported to be two hundred persons, or houses of the infected. They were not congregated in any one building, so that all we could do was to gather a few together, ask for their head man, and give him some money to distribute. I heard of no hospital of any kind in Bokhara, though Dr. Heyfelder, on the railway staff of General Annenkoff, when resident in the city, had given the natives much medical assistance, and made many friends thereby.

It is not customary in Bokhara that visitors be admitted to the presence of the Emir until they have remained in the city a few days, at least three it was said on my former visit, during which time they would not let me, at Shahr-i-Sabz, go off the premises. On the present occasion the staying within was not exacted, but on the fifth day after my arrival my Spanish fellow-guest and I were to be presented to the Emir, who was staying in his summer palace at Shirbadan, a few miles out of the city.

His Highness sent repeated invitations to Mr. Klemm, desiring that he also would come. Accordingly, we drove in a calèche through the streets, preceded by a numerous cavalcade of outriders and servants, and after them,

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to do honor to the occasion, the Minister of Finance, lately Bek of Charjui. Added to this the people along the route were "*en fête*," keeping the Muhammadan New Year, the festivities of which had been postponed on account of the Emir's absence in March. As we approached Shirbadan the crowds increased, for they were expecting to scramble for presents, besides which soldiers were drawn up to salute.

The palace, with fairly good entrance, approached by four steps from the court and covered with an awning supported by two slender wooden columns, stands in a garden of one hundred acres, and the reception-hall, with its pool of water in front, is ornamented on the exterior with arabesque painting in no way remarkable. But it was otherwise with the ceiling within, which had been painted only a year before, and was, I think, the prettiest work of art we saw in Bokhara. The room had glazed windows, testifying to contact with Russia, as did also the three chairs placed for the visitors, and a fourth occupied by the Emir, but I remember no other furniture in the room, which was richly carpeted.

I had been requested not to ask permission to take His Highness's portrait, though I managed otherwise to secure his photograph in full dress, wearing a richly embroidered velvet *khalat* and trousers, with a sword and a highly ornamented turban, and attended by one of his ministers. On the present occasion he was less gorgeously dressed, and displayed the insignia of four or five Russian and Bokhariot orders.

It was pleasant for us that Mr. Klemm could speak to the Emir directly in Persian and thus kindly act as interpreter. After sundry remarks of a formal character, and passing of compliments, we attempted to interest him with the recital of some of our travels. But geography, if existent at all, occupies a poor place in the Muhammadan curriculum, and it was somewhat difficult to find subjects of conversation of mutual interest. I thought the present Emir, however, more intelligent than his father, and after a few more speeches he invited us to walk in his flower-garden, and take refreshment in an adjoining room.

This tea-room, as it was called, was said to be fifty years old. It was less brilliant than the one we left, and here was spread for us the usual *dostarkhan* of fruits and sweets and *pilau*, of which they pressed us hard to eat abundantly. Then we adjourned to the gardens, in no way beautiful to an English eye, after which we returned.

I did not see much, this time, of the commercial affairs of Bokhara. The wholesale merchants carry on their business in caravansaries, or warehouses, built in form of a hollow square, some of which we visited, as, for instance, the Russian caravansary, which had three stories. In the lowest stand the horses and carts and camels and their attendants, while higher, on a platform running round the court, and in alcoves or chambers giving thereon, are stored bales of goods and *charpoys*, or corded bedsteads, upon which to recline; while on the top story are dwelling-places for the Russian merchants or their agents, among whom, in the Nadejda caravansary, I found a man of British descent, named Jackson, who spoke English and appeared very much of a stranger in a strange land.

The same remark was true of all at the Residency, but it was interesting to see how important an influence was there established, and how well the Resident and his Secretary appeared suited to their posts, and that too without a very large outlay to the Russian Government. The Colonel struck me as an able diplomatist, and the Secretary as thoroughly industrious and better acquainted than most Russians I met with Oriental languages. Hence the people, whether Jews or natives, could come with their grievances, which they frequently did, hoping that the Russians would gain them redress. Slaves sometimes came asking to be freed, and some of the discontented occasionally were bold enough to ask that the Czar would take possession of the country.

It was not the policy of the Resident, however, to interfere more than is necessary in the domestic affairs of the Khanate, except when they related to Russian subjects; and as for annexing the Khanate, "why," as one asked of me,

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"should they do that?" To administer the country in Muscovite fashion would cost a great deal more than the taxes would pay for, and if the Russians want anything done, they have simply to nod to the Emir and he does it. They are much too wise, therefore, to annex Bokhara, but if need arises it can of course be done at any moment.

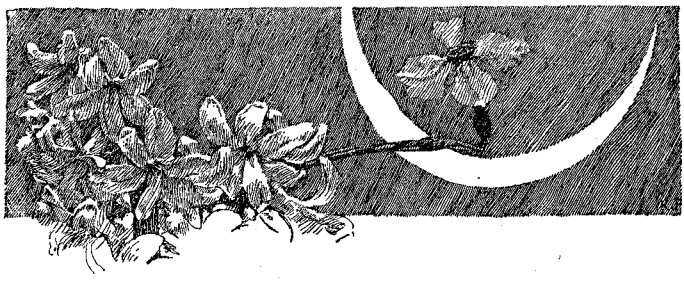
During our stay at Bokhara I went sometimes for a drive with Mr. Mirbadaleff, or for a ride with him and Mademoiselle Aphekhtine, which gave opportunities for seeing the town and noticing the curious customs of its narrow, old-fashioned streets. The Rhigistan appeared in no way altered since my visit there to the palace; and the steps around the pools, such as that of the Liabe house with its surrounding tea-shops, were covered as usual with loungers discussing the news, and water-carriers filling their skin bottles.

Going for the sake of curiosity to one of the bath-houses it was found similar to those of Constantinople, but not so clean. I visited some of the Medresses, or Colleges, of which that of the Divanbeggi, with its pool in front and shaded by mulberry-trees a century old, is one of the best. A smaller one, called Chuchugoim, near the Residency, was inhabited by thirteen students only. One had been there three years, and intended to stay much longer, but was so poor as to be thankful for alms, which my servant asked on his behalf, saying that the scholar could not beg. I gave, therefore, like a good Mussulman for the nonce, and in accordance with the teaching of the Koran, which prescribes giving not only "to him who asks" but "to him who is ashamed to ask"—a very good maxim for countries where primitive manners obtain and begging has not become a trade.

One cannot say much for the architectural remains of "Bokhara the Noble." In its palmy days the Khanate had a second capital in Samarkand, and there it is the native points for specimens of what were once the buildings of his country, among which none is more interesting than the Gur Emir, or Mausoleum of Tamerlane.

I could not do otherwise than revisit this interesting relic, and found it enclosed by a low wall of open brick-work. The structure is too far gone for an attempt at restoration to anything like its original beauty; but it was satisfactory on entering to find the interior cleaned, its marbles polished, and the whole kept in better condition than on my first visit.

Truly, the times are changed, and the savage conqueror who vanquished half of Asia, and made pyramids of the skulls of his foes, is now indebted to their children for the garnishing of his sepulchre!



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AT NOON.

By G. Santayana.

What god will choose me from this laboring nation
To worship him afar, with inward gladness,
At sunset and at sunrise, in some Persian
Garden of roses,

Or under the full moon, in rapturous silence,
Charmed by the trickling fountain, and the moaning
Of the death-hallowed cypress and the myrtle
Hallowed by Venus?

O for a chamber in an eastern tower,
Spacious and empty, roofed in odorous cedar,
A silken soft divan, a woven carpet,
Rich, many-colored,

A jug that, poised on her firm head, a negress
Fetched from the well, a window to the ocean,
Lest of the stormy world too deep seclusion
Make me forgetful!

Thence I might watch the vessel-bearing waters
Beat the slow pulses of the life eternal,
That bring of nature's universal travail
Infinite echoes.

And there at even I might stand and listen
To thrum of distant lutes and dying voices
Chanting the ditty an Arabian captive
Sang to Darius.

So would I dream a while, and ease a little
The soul long stifled and the straitened spirit,
Tasting new pleasures in a far-off country
Sacred to beauty.

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From "Michael Setting the Watch."
[Paradise Lost, Book IV.]
(From a tracing in chalk on gauze, made by Allston from a composition afterward destroyed.)

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was an altogether unique figure among the earlier American painters, not only by the character of his performance, but by the high intellectual and imaginative quality which he brought to the study of his art. A particularly deep and strong admiration of him, of the kind which is commonly found to have its root in a vigorous and vital individuality, has long prevailed among those of an earlier generation who knew him; and to anyone who looks into even the biographical material already accessible concerning him, this is easily explicable. His will be found to be, in other respects as well as in his relations to his art, a most interesting personality, in a time and surroundings in which these were not frequent. Among the chapters in recent biography which will remain long in their readers' memory, are those in Mr. Adams's "Life of Richard H. Dana, Jr.," which describe Allston's death, and incidentally give a glimpse of his ideals, methods, and but partially fulfilled accomplishment. A life of him by his nephew, Jared B. Flagg, soon to be published, will increase the means both for this estimate and for the definition of his stature and place among his contemporaries.

The outer facts of his life, in so far as they need to be recalled for readers unfamiliar with them, are these: He was born at Waccamaw, S. C., November 5, 1779, of mixed English and Huguenot descent; showed an early liking and talent for painting; and when sent to Newport to prepare for Harvard under a tutor, met there Malbone, the miniature painter (whose pupil he afterward became), and others who confirmed his inclinations. He was graduated at Harvard in 1800; and a year later, having then finally determined to be a painter, he went to England with Malbone, studied as a pupil of the Royal Academy (of which West, who befriended him, was then president), and spent the next seven or eight years there and in France and Italy, studying and painting. He returned to Boston in 1809, married a sister of William Ellery Channing, went back to Europe for another eight years' stay, and in 1818 (his wife having died several years before in London) returned permanently to America. Just after his departure from London he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. Till 1830 he lived in Boston; in that year he married again (a sister of Richard H. Dana, Sr.) and removed to Cam-

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bridgeport. During all these years his artistic activity was continuous, but varied; greatest in London and in Rome, less productive after his return to Boston; in his later years, in Cambridgeport, being chiefly restricted to a few great pictures, notably "Belshazzar's Feast." Leaving this picture still unfinished after years of work upon it, he died suddenly on July 9, 1843.

Among his friends, with many of whom his correspondence was constant during many years, were S. T. Coleridge, Benjamin West, C. R. Leslie, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Thomas Lawrence, William Collins, Wordsworth, and many more in England; and among Americans, Channing, Dana, Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, Gilbert Stuart, Vanderlyn, S. F. B. Morse, Greenough, Sully, Edward Everett, and, notwithstanding the retirement of his last years, many of the most prominent men of his time.

From the letters, reminiscences, and other unpublished papers relating to Allston, and to be included in his biography, a few extracts are here given. The most interesting portion of his life, in the light it throws upon his character, will probably always be that after his permanent return to America, when his powers were to a great degree recognized, but when he had entered on a phase very different from his prolific activity in London—concentrated upon a few large ideas and ambitions, living retired, contemplative, and absorbed with a few of the works which he hoped would be his masterpieces. So much has been written of him in this later aspect, that one is likely to forget how successful had been his part in a very active world, and how well-known and well-liked a figure he had been in London. Among the letters to and from him many glimpses may be had of his years there; but from this correspondence only one or two passages are taken. One, from a letter to a friend, Fraser, a young artist in Charleston—written in a thoroughly boyish spirit, and with opinions which he no doubt afterward revised on some of the magnates of English art—dates from his arrival.

"London, August 25, 1801.

"Were it in my power, I would certainly make an excuse for having so long delayed writing to you; but, as I have none to make, I shall throw myself on that candor which my short acquaintance with you has encouraged me to expect. You have no doubt anticipated much, and will, I apprehend, be not a little disappointed at the account of what I have seen.

"I landed in this country big with anticipation of every species of grandeur. No city, thought I then, to be compared with London, no people with its inhabitants. But I have found London but a city, and its inhabitants like the rest of the world, much in them to admire, more to despise, and still more to abhor.

"As to the country, it is beyond my expectation, beautiful and picturesque; and the appearance of the people, that of health and contentment; in short, every leaf seemed to embody a sentiment and every cottage to contain a Venus. But when I arrived in London, what a contrast! Figure to yourself the extremes of misery and splendor, and you will have a better idea of it than I can give you. Scarcely a luxury but you may command here; and scarcely a scene of wretchedness but you may witness at the corner of every street. Indeed, the whole city appears to be composed of princes and beggars. I had no idea before of pride unaccompanied by some kind of merit. But here no one has pride without fortune. Indeed, the most respectable among the middle ranks appear to have no consequence except in boasting of the acquaintance of someone in rank; and among the greater part, so shameful is their venality, they will condescend to flatter the most infamous for a penny.

"It is said in their defence that every man must live, and in so populous a country one must not be scrupulous about the means. But I can conceive of no necessity that should induce a man to degrade himself before those with whom he cannot but feel an equality, and whom he has too frequently occasion to despise. But it is time to conclude with this, for I know you must be

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impatient to read something about the arts.

"You will no doubt be surprised that among the many painters in London I should rank Mr. West as first. I must own I myself was not a little surprised to find him such. I left America strongly prejudiced against him; and indeed I even now think with good reason, for those pictures from which I had seen prints would do no credit to a very inferior artist, much less to one of his reputation. But when I saw his gallery and the innumerable excellences which it contained, I pronounced him one of the greatest men in the world. I have looked upon his understanding with indifference, and his imagination with contempt; but I have now reason to suppose them both vigorous in the highest degree. No fancy could have better conceived, and no pencil more happily embodied, the visions of sublimity than he has in his inimitable picture from Revelation. Its subject is the opening of the seven seals, and a more sublime and awful picture I never beheld. It is impossible to conceive anything more terrible than death on the white horse, and I am certain no painter has exceeded Mr. West in the fury, horror, and despair which he has represented in the surrounding figures. I could mention many others of similar merit, but were I particular on each I should not only weary you but write myself asleep.

"Of Fuseli I shall speak hereafter. I have seen but few of his pictures, therefore cannot so well judge at present. They are, however, sufficient to entitle him to immortality. Indeed, his 'Hamlet' alone, were it not for the picture I have just mentioned, would undoubtedly place him in the first seat among the English artists. Another picture also of his that I admire much represents 'Sin Separating Death and Satan.' The attitude of Satan is beyond improvement sublime, and the others are such as none but Fuseli could have painted. In short, it is the only picture I ever saw that was worthy of being joined with the name of Milton.

"Opie comes next in rank; as a bold and determinate delineator of character he has not a superior. He is surpassed, however, by Northcote in effect. But that is a subordinate excellence. Indeed, were it not, the English artists might well stand in competition with many of the ancient masters. You have seen a print from Northcote's 'Arthur.' The original, I must own, is a beautiful thing. But Opie has painted the same subject, and I assure you the two pictures will not bear a comparison. You may think I exaggerate when I say the head of Arthur is the divinest thing I ever beheld. But I assure you it is no less. His Hubert I do not like, it is not equal to Northcote's. But his two villains are such as the devil nourishes in the cradle. They have murder written on every feature; and I cannot but think that Opie, like Salvator Rosa, must have lived among banditti to have so admirably portrayed them.

"Are these all? you will ask. All indeed, I assure you, that are worth mentioning. I had forgot, however, the portrait painters. The two first are Lawrence and Sir William Beechy, but even Lawrence cannot paint so well as Stuart; and as for the rest they are the damnedest stupid wretches that ever disgraced a profession. But I do not include the miniature painters; that is a line I am but little acquainted with, therefore I am not able to judge. As far, however, as my judgment extends I can pronounce Mr. Malbone not inferior to the best among them. He showed a likeness he painted of me to Mr. West, who complimented him very highly. 'I have seldom seen,' said he, 'a miniature that pleased me more.' I would mention also some compliments which he paid me, but I should blush to repeat what I cannot think I deserve.

"Your friend White I like very much. He has a spice of literature about him which makes him not the less agreeable to me, who am about (*mirabile dictu*) to publish a book. By the by, how long do you suppose Trumbull was about his 'Gibraltar?' It is truly a charming picture; but he was a whole year about it, therefore it ought to have been better. I have no idea of a painter's laboring up to fame. When he ceases to obtain reputation without it, he becomes a mechanic. Trumbull is no portrait painter. By this picture alone he has gained credit. But it is indeed credit

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purchased at a most exorbitant interest.

"I have lately painted several pictures; but am now about one that will far surpass anything I have done before. The subject is from the passage of Scripture, 'And Christ looked upon Peter.' It contains twenty figures, which are about two feet in height, on the whole making the best composition I ever attempted. The two principal groups are Christ between two soldiers, who are about to bear him away, the high priests, etc., and Peter surrounded by his accusers. The other groups are composed of spectators, variously affected, men, women, and children.

"Next week I shall apply for admission into the Academy. The very first figure that I drew from plaster, Mr. West said, would admit me. It was from the 'Gladiator.' He was astonished when I told him it was my first, and paid a compliment (too pretty to be repeated) to the correctness of my eye. He also observed that I not only preserved the form, but, what few artists think of, the expression of my subject. You see by this account that I am not very modest. Indeed I despise the affectation of it. But my principal motive in being thus particular is to encourage you, by proving that much greater men than either you or I were once no better than ourselves. And could I convince you, by flattering myself, of the dignity of your powers, I would boast as much again. Believe me, sir, it is no proof of vanity that a man should suppose himself adequate to more than he has already performed. Confidence is the soul of genius. Great talents to a timid mind are of as little value to the owner as gold to a miser, who is afraid to use it. Great men rise but by their own exertions. It is the fool's and the child's pusillanimity alone that are boosted up to fame. How are we to learn our own powers without a trial? Accident will, indeed, sometimes discover them; but are we all to wait for accident? No, sir; the principle of self-love was implanted in us to excite emulation, and he violates a law of nature who yields to despair without a previous trial of his powers. A little seasonable vanity is the best friend we can have.

"Not that silly conceit founded on adventitious advantages, which exalts us but in our own imagination. But I mean the confidence which arises from a determination to excel, and is nourished by a hope of future greatness. The great Buffon thought there were but three geniuses in the world—two besides himself. And what was the consequence? His application was indefatigable. He was a genius and ought to surpass other men. He did surpass them. Cæsar, giving an account of his conquest, said 'Veni, vidi, vici.' No man, perhaps, had so great an opinion of his own strength, and no man was capable of more. When a man is thus confident he is not to be discouraged by difficulties. But his exertions rather strengthen as they increase. It was a saying of Alcibiades, and I believe a very just one, that 'When souls of a certain order did not perform all they wished, it was because they had not courage to attempt all they could.'

"Why, then, my friend, should you despair? You have talents; cultivate them—and it is not impossible that the name of Fraser may one day be as celebrated as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Resolve to shine, and, believe me, the little crosses of to-day will vanish before the more substantial joys of to-morrow.

"In the meantime let me advise you to beware of love. Love and painting are two opposite elements; you cannot live in both at the same time. Be wise in time, and let it not be said, when future biographers shall record your life, that 'Mr. Fraser promised much, his genius gave symptoms of expansion beyond mortality, but love, alas! untimely love had set a seal upon his fame. His soul, which was just about to grasp a world, is now imprisoned within the bosom of a girl.'

"'Where now are those mighty schemes which were to elevate him to the summit of fame? Where are those characters which were to inscribe the name of Fraser on the front of time? Alas! a woman's tears have washed them from his memory. No longer is he anxious to be distinguished from the

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crowd; no longer does the spirit of Michael Angelo point the way to heaven; he is blessed with a smile from his mistress, his ambition is contented; he seeks no other heaven than the bed of roses on her bosom.'

"No, Fraser, let this not be said of you. Love in its place I revere; but it is not at all times to be indulged. There are many beautiful girls in Charleston, but Raphael and Michael Angelo are still more beautiful than they.

"Believe me, with sincerity,

"Your friend,

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON."

The first of the two following letters from Coleridge, written on a journey to Italy, shows how early one of Allston's strongest friendships had grown to an intimacy. The second, nine years later, was written just after Mrs. Allston's death.

"MY DEAR ALLSTON: No want of affection has occasioned my silence. Day after day I expected Mr. Wallis. Benvenati received me with almost insulting coldness, not even asking me to sit down, neither could I, by any inquiry, find that he ever returned my call; and even in answer to a very polite note inquiring for letters, sent a verbal message that there was one, and I might call for it. However, within the last seven or eight days, he has called and made his amende honorable; he says he forgot the name of my inn, and called at two or three in vain. Whoo! I did not tell him that within five days I sent him a note in which the inn was mentioned, and that he sent me a message in consequence, and yet never called for ten days afterward. However, yester evening the truth came out. He had been bored by letters of recommendation, and, till he received a letter from Mr. Richardson, looked upon me as a bore—which, however, he might and ought to have got rid of in a more gentlemanly manner. Nothing more was necessary than the day after my arrival to have sent his card by his servant. But I forgive him from my heart. It should, however, be a lesson to Mr. Wallis, to whom, and for whom, he gives letters of introduction.

"I have been dangerously ill for the last fortnight, and unwell enough, heaven knows, previously; but about ten days ago, on rising from my bed, I had a manifest stroke of palsy along my right side and right arm; my head felt like another man's head, so dead was it, that I seemed to know it only by my left hand and a strange sense of numbness. Every attempt to move was accompanied by involuntary and terrific screams. Enough of it, continual vexations and preyings upon the spirit. I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me, for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance. But they pluck out the wing-feathers from the mind. I have not entirely recovered the sense of my side or hand, but have recovered the use. I am troubled by local and partial fevers. This day, at noon, we set off from Leghorn; all passage through the Italian states and Germany is little other than impossible for an Englishman, and heaven knows whether Leghorn may not be blockaded. However, we go hither, and shall go to England in an American ship. . . .

"My dear Allston, somewhat from increasing age, but more from calamity and intense, painful affections, my heart is not open to more than kind, good wishes in general. To you, and you alone, since I have left England, I have felt drawn, and had I not known the Wordsworths, should have esteemed and loved you first and most; and as it is, next to them I love and honor you. Heaven knows, a part of such a wreck as my head and heart is scarcely worth your acceptance.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"October 25, 1815.

"MY DEAR ALLSTON: I could have wished to have learnt more particulars from you respecting yourself. I have, perhaps, felt too great an awe for the sacredness of Grief. But those of our household know with how deep and recurrent a sympathy I have followed you: and *I* know what consolation it has been to *me* that you have in every sense the consolation and the undoubting Hopes of a Christian. Blessed indeed is that Gift from above, the characteristic oper-

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ation of which is to transmute the profoundest sources of our Sorrow into the most inexhaustible sources of our Comfort. The very Virtues that enforce the Tear of earthly regret, fill that Tear with a Light not earthly. There is a capaciousness in every *living* Heart which retains an aching vacuum, what and howsoever numerous its present Freight of worldly Blessings may be: and as God only can fill it, so must it needs be a sweet and gracious Incarnation of the Heavenly that what we deeply loved, but with fear and trembling, we must now love with a love of Faith that excludeth fear! love it in God, and God in it!

"From such thoughts none but an abrupt Transition is possible. I pass, therefore, at once, by an effort, to the sphere in which you are appointed, because highly *gifted*, to act; and in this I can but pour forth two earnest wishes. First, that *equal* to the best in composition, and I most firmly believe *superior* in the charm of coloring, you would commend your genius to the universally intelligible of your παγγλώσσης τέχνης—*Expression!* Second, that you never for any length of time absent yourself from Nature, and the communion with Nature: for to you alone of all contemporary Artists does it seem to have been given to know what Nature is—not the dead Shapes, the outward *Letter*, but the Life of Nature revealing itself in the Phœnomenon, or rather attempting to reveal itself. Now, the power of producing the true Ideals is no other, in my belief, than to learn the Will from the Deed, and then to take the Will for the Deed. The great Artist does what Nature would do, if only the disturbing Forces were abstracted.

"With regard to my MSS., I had no other wish, and had formed no higher expectation than this: that a Copyright, as exclusive as the American Law permits, should be vested in some one Bookseller who should have the Copy in time enough to get it printed in America two months before the work could arrive from England; that is to say, have it published in Boston or Philadelphia at the same time of its first publication in England, and that the Bookseller, in return for the Copy and Copyright, should secure to me some portion, say one-third, of his net profits. If this can be done, I shall think it worth while to continue the transcription, though the ultimate profits should be but from £20 to £0 0*s.* 0*d.* One volume of 900 pages octavo contains the History of my life and opinions; the second, my Poems, composed since 1795, *i.e.*, those not in my volume of 'Poems' already printed.

"In the 'Ode on the Death of General Ross,' if I ever finish it, I shall utter a voice of lamentation on the *moral* War between the Child and the Parent Country, a War laden with curses for unborn generations in both Countries! You may well believe, therefore, that I shall not make myself an accomplice directly or indirectly, by flattery or by abuse, in what I regard as a crime of no ordinary guilt, the feeding or palliating the vindictive antipathy of the one party, or the senseless, groundless, wicked Contempt and Insolence of the other. Even now it would not be too late, if the Spirit of Philosophy could be called down on Ministers and Governments. The true Policy is palpable and simple. A child, wearied out by undue exercise of parental authority, elopes, marries with an independent fortune, and sets up for himself. The matter is irrevocable; a reconciliation takes place, and the Parent himself is convinced that he had acted tyrannically and under false notions of the extent of his authority, and that in the same proportion his child had acted justifiably. What then would a good Parent do? Evidently, treat the child with the kindness of a Parent, but with additional respect and etiquette, as now a Householder, and himself the Master of a Family; and this he will show in the character of his Messengers, in the style of his letters, etc. But if in addition to the duties of family love, their two Trades or Estates played into each other's hands, so that they could not really prosper without increasing their Dealings with each other (suppose the Father a Shoemaker-finisher, and the Son a Tanner-currier), then common self-love would dictate the abandonment of every act and impulse of Jealousy. Were I Dictator, I would not only send

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to America men of the highest Rank and Talent, with more than usual Splendor, as Ambassadors, Ministers, etc.; but would throw open not only the West Indies, but the whole Colonial Trade to the Americans, confident that every new City that would thence arise in the United States would add a new street to some Town in G. Britain. Alas! that the Dictates of Wisdom should be but Dreams of Benevolence, to be interpreted by contraries! The malignant Witchcraft of evil Passions reads good men's Prayers backward! and I cannot help dreading that the hot heads of both Countries will go on to make folly beget folly, both the more wrong in proportion as each is right. How little then ought we to value Wealth and Power, seeing that every nation carries its only formidable enemy in its Bosom; and the vices that make its enemies elsewhere are but the Systole to its Diastole.

"I have received a most flattering letter from Lord Byron. Should my Tragedy be accepted (of which I have little doubt), I shall, God willing, see you about Christmas. Meantime may God bless you. Let me hear from you soon.

"S. T. Coleridge.

"P. S.—Friday last (20th) my forty-fourth birthday; and in *all* but the brain I am an old man! Such ravages do anxiety and mismanagement make."

The following letters from Allston to his friend and former pupil, C. R. Leslie, were written in the year following Allston's return to America:

From Allston to Leslie.

"Boston, November 15, 1819.

"Dear Leslie:

. . . . . .

"Your letter by the London packet, together with the prints, has been received. Tell Frank Collins I feel greatly obliged to him for hunting up the admirable print of Lieven's 'Lazarus,' which I value more than I should twenty of Lebrun's battles, fine as they are. Pray say to him that when he has collected for me to the amount of ten pounds, I wish him to stop, until I shall be a little more in cash, when I will write to request him to proceed. Thank him also for the present of his brother's print of the sea-coast; I am glad to have such a remembrance of the picture, and accept yourself my thanks for the print of your church. I like it exceedingly.

"The critiques on your 'Sir Roger' and my 'Jacob,' from the *New Monthly Magazine*, were republished here before I got the *Magazine* you sent. I find, as I supposed, they were written by Mr. Carey—indeed I thought they must have been by him, as there is not one of the London picture critics who could have done them half so well. Pray present him my best thanks for it. He has described your picture so well that I could almost copy it from the description. I heartily congratulate you on its success, and hope that it may prove a trusty pioneer for you to fame and fortune. The last, however, is only dreamt of by young painters; a dream which becomes dimmer and dimmer as we advance in life. But no matter, the art itself has so much intrinsic pleasures for its votaries that we ought to be satisfied if to that is added but enough of the Mammon to make the ends of the year meet. Indeed I often think, with Collins, that if a painter who really loved his art had together with fame, as much wealth as he wished, he would be too happy in this world ever to be in a suitable state of mind to leave it. I hope, notwithstanding, that Collins is getting money so as to lay up something at the end of each year; for a little more than we have, I trust, would do neither of us any harm; but everything is for the best so we do our duty to Heaven. Tell him I think and talk a great deal about him (as I do also about you), talk to those whom he has never seen, but who, in feeling an interest in all I love and esteem, require not the aid of sight to admit him and you among the number of their friends.

"How mysterious, when we ponder over it, is this communication by words, and how real and distinct an image do they create in our minds of objects far removed, even of those long buried in the grave, over which centuries have passed. Indeed, so familiar is the image

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of Sir Joshua to me, his manners, habits, modes of thinking, and even of speaking, created by the description of him, that I feel almost persuaded at times I had actually been acquainted with him. What a world is that of thought! And what a world does he possess whose thoughts are only of the beautiful, the pure, and holy. How fearful then is his, where the vindictive and base and sensual make the sum. 'As the tree falleth, so shall it lie.' . . .

"I write without order whatever comes uppermost, and consequently have left myself too little room to tell you all I wished. I have painted a small picture from Spenser, and a head of Beatrice, both just sold. I shall soon proceed with the 'Belshazzar,' then the hospital picture, and no more small pictures. Morse has spent the summer here, and has just finished a large whole-length portrait of a beautiful girl wandering amid the ruins of a Gothic abbey. 'Tis well drawn, composed, and colored, and would make a figure even at Somerset House. I always thought he had a great deal in him, if he would only bring it out by application, which you will be glad to hear he at length has acquired. Circumstances made him industrious, and being continued, his industry has grown a habit. He leaves town this week for Washington, where he is to paint a whole-length of the President for the City Hall, Charleston.

"I have written to Mr. Howard, the Secretary of the Royal Academy, enclosing to him a paper he sent me for my signature, and have requested him to deliver my diploma to you, which I will thank you to have put into a deal box, and to deliver to Captain Tracy, to bring out to me when he returns. Tell me all about the artists. What is Welles doing? Give my best and most affectionate regards to Irving, and tell him I will write by the next opportunity. His 'Sketch-Book' is greatly admired here. I like all the articles. Above all give my regards to Mr. West, to whom I have written a note enclosed to Mr. Howard.

"God bless you, yours ever,

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON."

From Allston to Leslie.

"BOSTON, May 20, 1821.

"DEAR LESLIE: So many things must have been done in the Art since you last wrote, that I begin to feel not a little impatient for some account of them; but as I have so long owed you a letter, I have no right to expect one from you till I pay my debts; so I must e'en, lazy as I am, write to you.

"Of you and Newton I occasionally hear from such of our countrymen as have met you in London; but they seldom give any distinct account of what either of you are doing; of which, however, the newspapers sometimes speak, after their manner, with more credit of their own judgment than distinctness in their criticism. The last account which I have seen of you in the latter was of your 'Gypsying Party,' which was almost a year back. I am pleased to find that Newton's last picture, 'The Importunate Author,' from Molière, was so generally admired. I can have little notion of the picture, it being a branch of art he has engaged in since I left London. But from the variety of notices, and all favorable, which I have seen of it, I conclude it must have been generally liked by the artists, from whom the newspaper critics, especially when they agree in praising, always take their tone. By the by, have you seen a criticism on Haydon's 'Entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem,' in an article on the 'State of the Arts in England,' in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review?* The praise it gives, I think just, but cannot say the same of all the censure; one point, however, in the latter seems well founded—the want of those subtle niceties and inflections in the outlines which make so great a part of the charm in some of the old masters; it was what I always felt the want of in nearly all the pictures of modern date. With respect to the rest of the review, it is but little better than a gross libel on the English school. The speculations of the writer seem to be those of a man who, in hunting after originality, runs down a common thought till it falls to pieces, then putting it again together, and by stitching on the head where the tail was, is astonished to find what an

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extraordinary animal he has been chasing. It is a dangerous thing for a writer to think of his own cleverness when he is engaged in the cause of truth; the interest of the cause is too apt to become subordinate to the *éclat* of the pleader's wit.

"But it is time that I say something of myself. Various circumstances have prevented me from recommencing with 'Belshazzar' till last September, since which I have, with one interruption, been constantly at work on it. On seeing it at a greater distance in my present room, I found I had got my point of distance too near, and the point of sight too high. It was a sore task to change the perspective in so large a picture; but I had the courage to do it, and by lowering the latter and increasing the former I find the effect increased a hundredfold. I have spared no labor to get everything that came within the laws of perspective correct, even the very banisters in the gallery are put in by rule. Now it is over I do not regret the toil, for it has given me a deeper knowledge of perspective than I ever had before, for I could not do that and many other things in the picture, which are seen from below, without pretty hard fagging at the 'Jesuit.'* I have, besides, made several changes in the composition, which are for the better, such as introducing two enormous flights of steps, beyond the table, leading up to an inner apartment. These steps are supposed to extend wholly across the hall, and the first landing-place is crowded with figures, which being just discoverable in the dark, have a powerful effect on the imagination. I suppose them to be principally Jews, exulting in the overthrow of the idols and their own restoration, as prophesied by Jeremiah, Isaiah, and others, which I think their action sufficiently explains. The gallery, too, is also crowded, the figures there foreshorthened as they would appear seen from below.

"I have written to Collins by this opportunity, and given him a list of what I have done since I have been here. Among the pictures mentioned I consider 'Jeremiah' and 'Miriam the Prophetess' the best I have done here: the last, I think, is one of the best I have ever painted, in the back of which is seen the shore of the Red Sea, and on it the wreck of Pharaoh's army. . . .

"I have a piece of news for you—no less than that I am engaged to be married. The finishing of 'Belshazzar' is all I wait for to be once more a happy husband.

"Believe me, affectionately your friend,

"W. ALLSTON."

* A standard work on perspective.

In 1830, when Allston was already settled in Cambridgeport, and was devoting himself almost exclusively to his "Belshazzar," a correspondence with Gulian C. Verplanck took place, which sought to draw his art into public service, and called out some characteristic letters.

Verplanck, who was a man of letters and a conspicuous figure in public life, was chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings of the House of Representatives.

From Verplanck to R. H. Dana.

"WASHINGTON, February 17, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have this moment written to Allston about a picture for our public buildings from his hand, which, as chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings, I hope to be able to get ordered by Congress and passed in our general bill for the buildings, etc., without any flourish, or limiting him to any subject of the day. I hope he will answer me without delay, and I must rely upon you to make him do so.

. . . . . .

"Before I leave Congress I trust to do the state some service by reducing the magnificent uselessness of our hall, and leaving it to my successors in a state where common-sense can be spoken and heard, and where a shrill voice or else the lungs of a stentor will not be the chief requisites of a congressional orator. In other words, I am very busy in studying both the theory and practice of acoustics for the purpose of improving the hall, and I am convinced that such a reform would do

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more for the legislature, as well as its taste and eloquence, than any law or constitutional amendment. I feel that I cannot fill my sheet with anything worth reading, and having begun with the benevolent intention of making you act as Allston's flapper according to the Laputan usage, must end by again urging upon you that duty.

"Yours truly,

"G. C. VERPLANCK."

From Allston to Verplanck.

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., March 1, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR: I did not get your letter of the 17th ult. until the night before last (Saturday), and I shall endeavor, agreeably to your wishes, to answer it in a business-like manner. Though I have, I fear, but little of that laconic spirit, so essential to it, which I used so much to admire in our excellent friend, S. Williams, of Finsbury Square. Without more flourish, then, you could not desire to be more heartily thanked than I thank you for this additional instance of the friendship with which you honor me. These are not words of courtesy, but of grateful truth, and yet I fear there are certain formidable, and to my present apprehension, insurmountable, obstacles to my profiting by your kindness. The subjects from which I am to choose, you say, are limited to American History. The most prominent of these, indeed the only ones that occur to me, are in our military and naval achievements. Herein lies my difficulty. I will not say that I doubt, I know that I have not any talent for battle pieces; and, perhaps, because they have always appeared to me, from their very nature, incapable of being justly represented; for to say nothing of the ominous prelude of silent emotion, when you take away the excessive movement, the dash of arms, the deadly roll of the drum, the blast of the trumpet, forcing almost a heart into a coward, the rush of cavalry, the thunder of artillery, and the still more fearful din of human thunder, giving a terrific life to the whole — and all this must be taken from the painter—what is there left for his canvas? It seems to me (at least in comparison with the living whole) *caput mortuum*. All these things, and indeed much more, can be made present to the imagination by words. In this the poet and historian have the advantage of the painter. I know not where, even among the great names of my art, to look for anything like the living mass of one of Cooper's battles; there are besides many circumstances connected with these subjects, such as monotony of color, of costume, of form, together with a smallness of parts (ever fatal to breadth and grandeur), that make them, at least to me, wholly untranslatable in the painter's language. The monotony of color alone would paralyze my hand. Such being my opinion, you will easily believe that I could have no hope of succeeding in subjects of this nature. Indeed, I know from past experience that I must fail when the subject is not of myself, that is, in relation to the powers of my art, essentially exciting. In a pecuniary view, it has been perhaps my misfortune to have inherited a patrimony; since it has lasted only just long enough to allow my mind to take its own course, till its habits of thought had become rigid and too fixed to be changed when change was desirable. To be more intelligible, having in the commencement of my art and for the greater part of my subsequent life, only the pleasure of its pursuit to consult, I of course engaged in nothing which had not that for its chief end, the realizing of my conceptions being my chief reward; for though the pecuniary profit was always an acceptable contingency, it was never at that time an exciting cause; so far from it, that I have in some instances undertaken works for less than I knew they would cost. As an artist, I cannot, in spite of many troubles, regret this freedom of action, since I feel of such that I owe to it whatever professional skill I may possess. But of late years, since the source of this liberty has been dried up, and the cold current of necessity has sprung up in its stead, I have sometimes, as a man, almost felt the possession to have been a misfortune, for necessity I find has no inspiration; she has not with me even the forcing power. Willingly, most willingly, would I have been driven by her, but it

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seems that at my age it cannot be; my imagination has become too fixed in its own peculiar orbit to be moved by anything extrinsic. In other words, it seems to me almost morally impossible to compose, much less to finish, a picture where the subject does not afford pleasurable excitement. I trust you know me too well to doubt my patriotism because I cannot be inspired to paint an American battle. I yield in love of country to no man; no one has gloried more in the success of her arms, or more sincerely honored the gallant spirits whose victories have given her a name among nations. But they need not my pencil to make their deeds known to posterity. Could I embody them as they deserve, or even make others feel what I have felt, as the fame of them came to me across the water, while I was in kind, hospitable old England (for such, even while a foe to my country, she ever was to me); could I send that hearty breeze from our gallant native land to their hearts, there would be no lack of inspiration. I would invest them with the grandeur of my art, or touch them not. But the power is not mine. I know you will not doubt the sincerity of this conviction, but you will better estimate the strength of it when I add, that at no time would the commission you propose be more acceptable to me in a pecuniary view than at present.

"But may there not be some eligible subject in our civil history? For myself I can think of none that would make a picture; of none, at least, that belongs to high art. But such a subject might possibly have occurred to you. If so, and I find it one from which I can make such a picture as you would have me paint, both for my own credit and that of the nation, be assured I will most gladly undertake it. I am persuaded, however, that you will agree with me in this, that no consideration of interest should induce me to accept any commission from the Government that will not tax my powers to their utmost. My best indeed may be all unworthy, but less than that my country shall not have. In the meantime, that is, till a practicable subject is found, I must beg you to suspend, if such is in progress, 'the order for a picture.' You will readily appreciate the motive for this request; namely, to avoid the censure which the good-natured world are ever too disposed to bestow on all those who seem wanting to their own interests. I know the world too well not to foresee that it would do me essential injury were it known that I declined such a commission. They would not understand the impracticability I have stated, were they even made acquainted with it. Neither would they believe how grievous to me was the necessity of declining it.

"There is another class of subject, however, in which, were I permitted to choose from it, I should find exciting matter enough, and more than enough, for my imperfect skill—that is, from Scripture. But I fear this is a forlorn hope. Yet why should it be? This is a Christian land, and the Scriptures belong to no country, but to man. The facts they record come home to all men, to the high and the low, the wise and simple; but I need not enlarge on this topic to you. Should the Government allow me to select a subject from them, I need not say with what delight I should accept the commission. With such a source of inspiration and the glory of painting for my country, if there be anything in me, it must come out. Would it might be so! But let us suppose it—well, supposing such a commission given, there's a subject already composed *in petto*, which I have long intended to paint as soon as I am at liberty: the three Marys at the tomb of the Saviour, the angel sitting on a stone before the mouth of the sepulchre. I consider this one of my happiest conceptions. The terrible beauty of the angel, his preternatural brightness, the varied emotions of wonder, awe, and bewilderment of the three women, the streak of distant daybreak lighting the City of Jerusalem out of the darkness, and the deep-toned spell of the chiaroscuro, mingling as it were the night with the day, I see now before me; I wish I could see them on the walls at Washington.

"Now as to the price, should such a dream, I will not call it hope, be realized, it would be eight thousand dollars, which I believe was the price given

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to Colonel Trumbull for each of his pictures. I should not indeed refuse ten thousand, should Uncle Sam take the generous fit upon him to offer it, but eight is my price for that particular composition, which would consist of four figures, seven feet high; the picture itself (an upright) twelve or thirteen feet high and ten or twelve wide. Were I to undertake a larger composition from another subject, and of the dimensions of Colonel Trumbull's, which I think are eighteen by twelve, the price would be then ten or twelve thousand. I fear this last sum would frighten some of your grave members; my conscience would, however, be quite safe in making the demand, were it even more. And I think I have already given the world sufficient proof that I am not mercenary.

"Pray do not let any part of this letter get into print. I beg you will not think from anything I have said, that I intend any disrespect to the painters of battles, or that I would under-rate such pictures. I meant only to express my own peculiar notions of them, as picturable subjects, *quoad*, myself. There are many of deserved reputation, which show great skill in their authors; and among those of modern date, it would be unjust not to mention, as holding the very first rank, Mr. West's 'Wolf' and the 'Death of Warren and Montgomery,' and the 'Sortie' by Colonel Trumbull.

"Truly you might say, our good friend's laconic mantle has not fallen on the writer of this epistle; I believe if I could write shorter letters, I should be a better correspondent, but I have not the secret.

"Ever most truly yours,
"W. ALLSTON."

From Verplanck to Allston.

"WASHINGTON, March 9, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter only convinces me the more that we must, if we can, have one specimen of 'high art' on the wall of the Capitol. By American history, mere revolutionary history is not meant. To Scripture, I fear we cannot go in the present state of public opinion and taste. But does our ante-revolutionary history present no subject? The landing of the pilgrims, a threadbare subject in some respects, has never been viewed with a poet's and painter's eye. What think you of that, or of any similar subject in our early history? Your townsman, Dr. Holmes, has recently published a very useful, though not important, book of 'Annals.' A hasty glance over the first volume of this would perhaps suggest some idea. If not, I still fall back upon the pilgrims. I have read your letter to Colonel Drayton, who fully agrees with me in honoring your feeling upon this subject, and still wishes to call upon your services in embellishing our national annals. Emulating our friend Williams, not from choice, but from the wish not to lose the mail, I will not turn over the leaf.

"Yours truly,
"G. C. VERPLANCK."

From Allston to Verplanck.

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, March 29, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your two letters of the ninth and twelfth have, as the business phrase is, duly come to hand; as you full well know that I cannot be insensible to such persevering kindness, I will not trouble you with a repetition of thanks, but proceed to answer them in as business-like a way as I can.

"To the first subject you propose, 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' (not unpicturesque), I have a personal objection. It has already been painted by an old friend of mine, Colonel Sargent, a high-minded, honorable man, to whom I would on no account give pain; which I could not avoid doing were I to encroach on what, at the expense of several years labor, he has a fair right to consider as his ground. I do not like rivalry in any shape; and my picture on the same subject would seem like it. Indeed, it would give me no pleasure to beat anyone. Nor do I consider this business of 'beating' as having any natural connection with excellence of any kind, which to be such must be intrinsic and independent of comparison. Nature never made two minds alike; and if the artist, whether poet or painter, has any of the *mens divinior* with the power of embodying it, his production must have a distinctive excellence,

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which not a hundred bad or good ones by another can either increase or diminish. I know this is not the doctrine of the Reviewing age, but I believe it to be true, nevertheless. Moreover, I doubt if competition was ever yet the cause of a great work. It is the love of excellence in the abstract, and for itself, that alone can produce excellence. And I believe that Raffaelle loved Michael Angelo because he thought him his superior, for that excellence which he could not reach himself. There may indeed be clever imitations, got up under more ignoble impulses, a kind of second-hand originality, as Edmund Dana calls them, that might pass for it; nay, the world is full of them, mocking each other, and sometimes mocking at, and how bitterly—But here I am wandering off, like Tangent in the play, I hardly know where. After this excursion I will not trouble you with my objections to the other subject, the 'Leave-taking of Washington,' lest I have no room for one of my own choosing, which I should be glad to have you approve, namely: 'The First Interview of Columbus with Ferdinand and Isabella,' at court after the discovery of America, accompanied by natives, and so forth, exhibited in evidence of his success. As you have read Irving's book it is unnecessary for me to describe the scene. Here is magnificence, emotion, and everything, the very triumph of 'matter' to task a painter's powers. The announcement and the proof of the birth of a new world. This is not thought of now for the first time. I have long cherished it as one of the dreams which the future, if the future were spared me, was one day to embody. But to business; the size of a picture from this would be not less than eighteen feet by twelve, perhaps twenty by fourteen; and the price fifteen thousand dollars. As to its class, I know not what subject could be said more emphatically to belong to America, and her history, than the triumph of her discoverer. We, who now enjoy the blessing of his discovery, cannot place him too high in that history which without him would never have been. Besides, the beautiful work of Irving has placed him as the presiding genius over the yet fresh, and we will hope, immortal, fountain of our national literature; the fame of which Columbus was so long defrauded is now restored to him, and it will endure, at least with every American heart. Pray excuse my heroics, I did not mean to get into them. May I venture to suggest one popular hint. The subject is from an American book, and a book, too, that any country might be proud of. Now I am going to take a liberty, for which I feel assured you will not require any apology. Could not a commission also be given to my friend Vanderlyn? He is truly a man of genius, who has powers, if opportunity is given to call them forth, that would do honor to his country. His 'Ariadne' has no superior in modern art; his 'Marius' also, though not equal to that, is still a noble work. Some persons have unjustly censured him for not having painted many such pictures. The wonder to me is how, circumstanced as he has been ever since I have known him, he could have attained to the knowledge and power in the art which those works show him to possess. For, I say it not in friendship, but in simple justice, Vanderlyn is a great artist. I have known him for many years, in France and Italy, intimately, and I never knew the time when he had not literally to struggle with poverty; the process of procuring his daily bread stifling powers that, if allowed freely to act, would have filled Europe with his name. I fear that like the subject of my last letter, he finds no inspiration in necessity. Let his country now call his genius forth, I know he will do her honor. With this opinion of him, I need hardly say that my own commission would be doubly welcome, should I hear at the same time that an equal commission was also given to Vanderlyn. And if Uncle Sam's generous mood would incline him, too, to commission Morse and Sully, I should then be thereby delighted. Morse I consider as a child of my own, and you know what I think of him. The quickening atmosphere which he is now breathing in Europe, will open some original and powerful seeds which I long ago saw in him. I am much mistaken if he has not that in him which will one day surprise. And Sully has historical powers, already

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Figures from "Jacob's Dream."

(Facsimile of a pen and ink drawing by Allston, from his painting.)

proved in his 'Crossing the Delaware,' of no common order.

"I am much gratified to learn the interest which Colonel Drayton does me the honor to take in my behalf. I knew him some years since in London, and I have met few persons with whom I have been so much pleased on so short an acquaintance. Pray present him my respects and thanks. Should the commission be given I hope they will not limit me as to time, as I have several engagements that must previously be fulfilled. My interest would, of course, preclude any unnecessary delay.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. ALLSTON."

Mr. Verplanck's bill failed to pass the house "owing to a pressure of other business," and the whole matter lapsed for several years. In 1836, however, the measure, never entirely dropped, was carried through; and a new correspondence, this time with Mr. Jarvis, of the committee, shows that in the interval he had incurred an obligation to finish his "Belshazzar," which weighed upon him to an almost morbid degree, and was now the leading motive of his refusal of an offer which, especially coupled with his need of money, must have presented great temptations to his mind.

Apart from Allston's own ambition to finish his great picture, it was to be paid for by a subscription of $1,000 each from ten gentlemen, and a part of the money had been already advanced.

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, June 24, 1836.

"DEAR JARVIS: I have just received your letter of the eighteenth inst., informing me of the passage of a bill by Congress for supplying the vacant panels in the Rotunda with pictures by American artists. For your friendly intention in my behalf, I beg you to accept my best thanks; but I regret to say, that under present circumstances it is not in my power to profit by them. I had anticipated this contingency, and had long since deliberately made up my mind on the subject. I am not a free man, nor shall I probably become one in less than three years; for after the completion of 'Belshazzar' (which I expect to resume in a few weeks) I have several other pictures engaged, which I am bound in honor to finish before I undertake any new work. An expected picture at an uncertain time is an incubus to my imagination; I have therefore, under this feeling, declined five

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commissions within the last eighteen months. Could you know but the twentieth part of what I have suffered from the (compelled) delay of 'Belshazzar,' you would readily believe that my peace of mind requires me to withstand to do. Even some who professed to be friendly could not forbear a hard word. I do not, however, believe there was any ill-nature in this; but words, if unjust, may be hard without ill-nature. I never quitted 'Belshazzar' at any time

Figures from "Jacob's Dream."

the present temptation, for temptation it certainly is; but he is safe who knows when he is tempted, seeing the end in the beginning. Were I free from my imperative engagements, nothing would delight me more than to fill one of the panels of the Rotunda. It has often been a pleasant dream to me; but I am not my own master and must dismiss all such dreams.

"I would not recall, much less repeat, the many injurious speeches that have been made about me for not finishing this picture, though it was a private affair, with which the public had nothing but when compelled to do so by debts contracted while engaged upon it, and which I could discharge only by painting small pictures; many of which, from being forced work, cost me treble the labor and time they otherwise would have done, and consequently left but a pittance of profit—nay, some hardly enough to cover their expenses, and of course without the means of returning to the larger work. You know that I have been unremitting in my labors. For years the Sabbath was the only time that I have been absent (except on business) from my painting-room, and I

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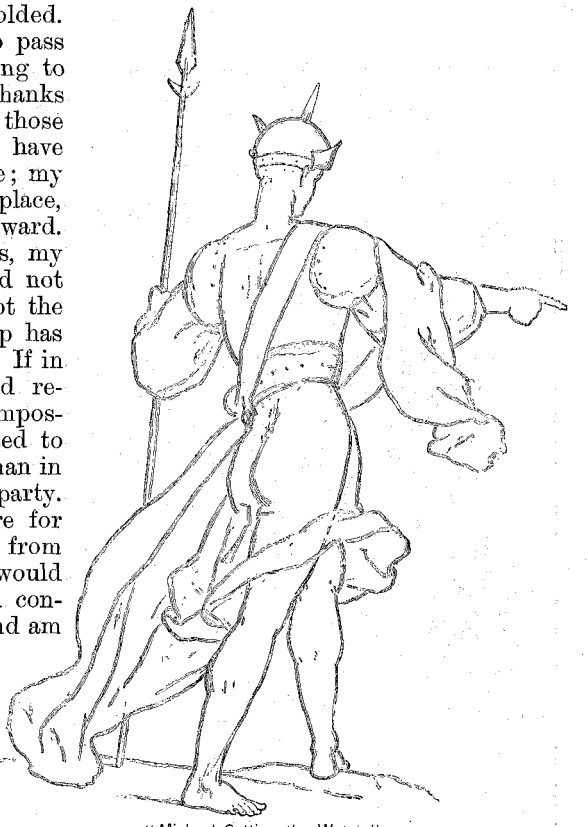
never sit there with my arms folded. That I have not brought more to pass was because I was like a bee trying to make honey in a coal-hole. But, thanks to some noble-hearted friends, those dark days are now past. They have taken me out of the squirrel cage; my foot no longer falls in the same place, but every step I take carries me onward. By the assistance of these friends, my mind is now at ease; but it would not long continue so were I to accept the commission which your friendship has so kindly labored to procure me. If in a private affair the public would reproach me for not performing an impossibility, they can hardly be expected to be more considerate when every man in the country might claim to be a party. 'Will he never finish that picture for Government?' might be asked from Castine to St. Louis. No money would buy off the fiends that such would conjure up. I am now an old man, and am besides too infirm of body to bear these things as some might; they would soon wear away the little flesh I have. A regard for my peace therefore will compel me to decline the Government commission, should it be offered me.



"Michael Setting the Watch."
(From a tracing in chalk.)

"But I must wind up this long epistle by again expressing my grateful thanks for your kindness, which I trust you know I most sincerely feel, though for the reasons assigned I cannot avail myself of it as you had hoped. That it might not be thought (from ignorance of my motives) that I had carelessly 'thrown fortune from me,' I wish you to show this letter in confidence to Mr. Preston. I have written freely to you as an old friend, what I could not have written to him, and it will save me the awkwardness of a more formal exposition of the reasons for declining the honor which the committee would confer on me. Pray present my respects to Mr. Preston.

"Give my best regards to Greenough and tell him that I shall be right glad to see him.

"Your old and faithful friend,

"W. ALLSTON."

Allston.

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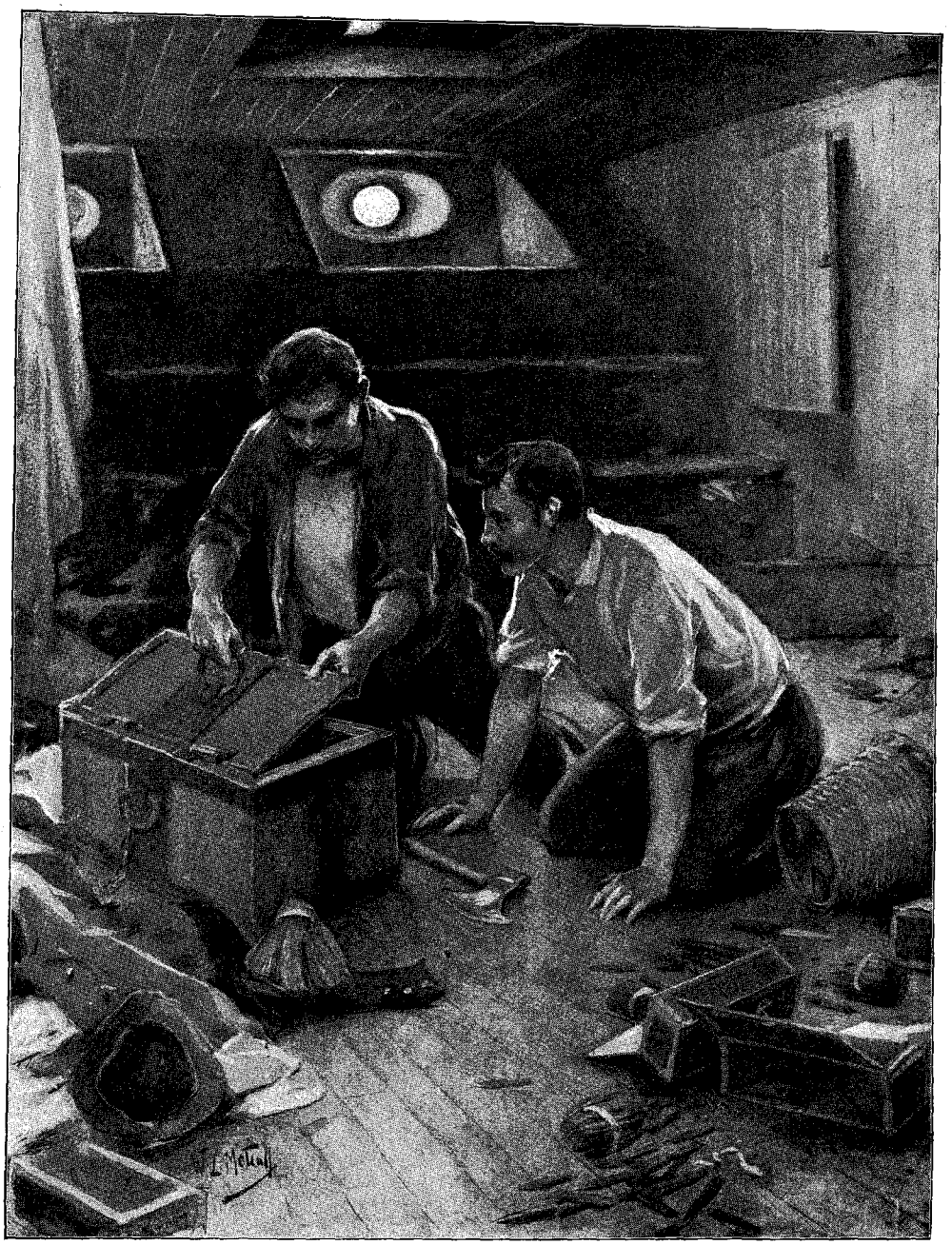

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"And lo! there was disclosed but a trayful of papers."—Page 86.

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THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CABIN OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

THE sun of the morrow had not cleared the morning bank: the lake of the lagoon, the islets, and the wall of breakers now beginning to subside, still lay clearly pictured in the flushed obscurity of early day, when we stepped again upon the deck of the *Flying Scud:* Nares, myself, the mate, two of the hands, and one dozen bright, virgin axes, in war against that massive structure. I think we all drew pleasurable breath; so profound in man is the instinct of destruction, so engaging is the interest of the chase. For we were now about to taste, in a supreme degree, the double joys of demolishing a toy and playing "Hide the handkerchief:" sports from which we had all perhaps desisted since the days of infancy. And the toy we were to burst in pieces was a deep-sea ship; and the hidden good for which we were to hunt was a prodigious fortune.

The decks were washed down, the main hatch removed, and a gun-tackle purchase rigged, before the boat arrived with breakfast. I had grown so suspicious of the wreck, that it was a positive relief to me to look down into the hold, and see it full, or nearly full, of undeniable rice packed in the Chinese fashion in boluses of matting. Breakfast over, Johnson and the hands turned to upon the cargo; while Nares and I, having smashed open the skylight and rigged up a windsail on deck, began the work of rummaging the cabins.

I must not be expected to describe our first day's work, or (for that matter) any of the rest, in order and detail as it occurred. Such particularity might have been possible for several officers and a draft of men from a ship of war, accompanied by an experienced secretary with a knowledge of shorthand. For two plain human beings, unaccustomed to the use of the broad-axe and consumed with an impatient greed of the result, the whole business melts, in the retrospect, into a nightmare of exertion, heat, hurry, and bewilderment; sweat pouring from the face like rain, the scurry of rats, the choking exhalations of the bilge, and the throbs and splinterings of the toiling axes. I shall content myself with giving the cream of our discoveries in a logical rather than a temporal order—the two indeed practically coincided—and we had finished our exploration of the cabin, before we could be certain of the nature of the cargo.

Nares and I began operations by tossing up pell-mell through the companion, and piling in a squalid heap about the wheel, all clothes, personal effects, the crockery, the carpet, stale victuals, tins of meat, and in a word, all movables from the main cabin. Thence, we transferred our attention to the captain's quarters on the starboard side. Using the blankets for a basket, we sent up the books, instruments, and clothes to swell our growing midden on the deck; and then Nares, going on hands and

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knees, began to forage underneath the bed. Box after box of Manilla cigars rewarded his search. I took occasion to smash some of these boxes open, and even to guillotine the bundles of cigars; but quite in vain—no secret *cache* of opium encouraged me to continue.

"By the yellow dog that bit the dicky!" exclaimed Nares, and turning round from my perquisitions, I found he had drawn forth a heavy iron box, secured to the bulkhead by chain and padlock. On this he was now gazing, not with the triumph that instantly inflamed my own bosom, but with a somewhat foolish appearance of surprise.

"By George, we have it now!" I cried, and would have shaken hands with my companion; but he did not see, or would not accept, the salutation.

"Let's see what's in it first," he remarked, dryly. And he adjusted the box upon its side, and with some blows of an axe burst the lock open. I threw myself beside him, as he replaced the box on its bottom and removed the lid. I cannot tell what I expected; a million's worth of diamonds might perhaps have pleased me; my cheeks burned, my heart throbbed to bursting; and lo! there was disclosed but a trayful of papers, neatly taped, and a cheque-book of the customary pattern. I made a snatch at the tray to see what was beneath; but the captain's hand fell on mine, heavy and hard.

"Now, boss!" he cried, not unkindly, "is this to be run shipshape? or is it a Dutch grab-racket?"

And he proceeded to untie and run over the contents of the papers, with a serious face and what seemed an ostentation of delay. Me and my impatience it would appear he had forgotten; for when he was quite done, he sat awhile thinking, whistled a bar or two, refolded the papers, tied them up again; and then, and not before, deliberately raised the tray.

I saw a cigar-box, tied with a piece of fishing-line, and four fat canvas-bags. Nares whipped out his knife, cut the line, and opened the box. It was about half full of sovereigns.

"And the bags?" I whispered.

The captain ripped them open one by one, and a flood of mixed silver coin burst forth and rattled in the rusty bottom of the box. Without a word, he set to work to count the gold.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the ship's money," he returned, doggedly, continuing his work.

"The ship's money?" I repeated. "That's the money Trent tramped and traded with? And there's his cheque-book to draw upon his owners? And he has left it?"

"I guess he has," said Nares, austerely, jotting down a note of the gold; and I was abashed into silence till his task should be completed.

It came, I think, to three hundred and seventy-eight pounds sterling; some nineteen pounds of it in silver: all of which we turned again into the chest.

"And what do you think of that?" I asked.

"Mr. Dodd," he replied, "you see something of the rumness of this job, but not the whole. The specie bothers you, but what gets me is the papers. Are you aware that the master of a ship has charge of all the cash in hand, pays the men advances, receives freight and passage-money, and runs up bills in every port? All this he does as the owner's confidential agent, and his integrity is proved by his receipted bills. I tell you, the captain of a ship is more likely to forget his pants than these bills which guarantee his character. I've known men drown to save them: bad men, too; but this is the shipmaster's honor. And here this Captain Trent—not hurried, not threatened with anything but a free passage in a British man-of-war—has left them all behind! I don't want to express myself too strongly, because the facts appear against me, but the thing is impossible."

Dinner came to us not long after, and we ate it on deck, in a grim silence, each privately racking his brain for some solution of the mysteries. I was indeed so swallowed up in these considerations, that the wreck, the lagoon, the islets, and the strident sea-fowl, the strong sun then beating on my head, and even the gloomy countenance of the captain at my elbow, all vanished from the field of consciousness. My mind was a blackboard, on which I scrawled and blotted out hypotheses;

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comparing each with the pictorial records in my memory: ciphering with pictures. In the course of this tense mental exercise I recalled and studied the faces of one memorial masterpiece, the scene of the saloon; and here I found myself, on a sudden, looking in the eyes of the Kanaka.

"There's one thing I can put beyond doubt, at all events," I cried, relinquishing my dinner and getting briskly afoot. "There was that Kanaka I saw in the bar with Captain Trent, the fellow the newspapers and ship's articles made out to be a Chinaman. I mean to rout his quarters out and settle that."

"All right," said Nares. "I'll lazy off a bit longer, Mr. Dodd; I feel pretty rocky and mean."

We had thoroughly cleared out the three after-compartments of the ship: all the stuff from the main cabin and the mate's and captain's quarters lay piled about the wheel; but in the forward state-room with the two bunks, where Nares had said the mate and cook most likely berthed, we had as yet done nothing. Thither I went; it was very bare; a few photographs were tacked on the bulkhead, one of them indecent; a single chest stood open, and like all we had yet found, it had been partly rifled. An armful of two-shilling novels proved to me beyond a doubt it was a European's: no Chinaman would have possessed any, and the most literate Kanaka conceivable in a ship's galley was not likely to have gone beyond one. It was plain, then, that the cook had not berthed aft, and I must look elsewhere.

The men had stamped down the nests and driven the birds from the galley, so that I could now enter without contest. One door had been already blocked with rice; the place was in part darkness, full of a foul stale smell and a cloud of nasty flies; it had been left, besides, in some disorder, or else the birds, during their time of tenancy, had knocked the things about; and the floor, like the deck before we washed it, was spread with pasty filth. Against the wall, in the far corner, I found a handsome chest of camphor wood bound with brass, such as Chinamen and sailors love, and indeed all of mankind that plies in the Pacific. From its outside view I could thus make no deduction; and strange to say, the interior was concealed. All the other chests, as I have said already, we had found gaping open and their contents scattered abroad; the same remark we found to apply afterwards in the quarters of the seamen; only this camphor-wood chest, a singular exception, was both closed and locked.

I took an axe to it, readily forced the paltry Chinese fastening, and, like a custom-house officer, plunged my hands among the contents. For some while I groped among linen and cotton. Then my teeth were set on edge with silk, of which I drew forth several strips covered with mysterious characters. And these settled the business, for I recognized them as a kind of bed-hanging popular with the commoner class of the Chinese. Nor were farther evidences wanting, such as night-clothes of an extraordinary design, a three-stringed Chinese fiddle, a silk handkerchief full of roots and herbs, and a neat apparatus for smoking opium, with a liberal provision of the drug. Plainly, then, the cook had been a Chinaman; and if so, who was Jos. Amalu? Or had Jos. stolen the chest before he proceeded to ship under a false name and domicile? It was possible, as anything was possible in such a welter; but regarded as a solution, it only led and left me deeper in the bog. For why should this chest have been deserted and neglected, when the others were rummaged or removed? and where had Jos. come by that second chest, with which (according to the clerk at the What Cheer) he had started for Honolulu?

"And how have *you* fared?" inquired the captain, whom I found luxuriously reclining in our mound of litter. And the accent on the pronoun, the heightened color of the speaker's face, and the contained excitement in his tones, advertised me at once that I had not alone to make discoveries.

"I have found a Chinaman's chest in the galley," said I, "and John (if there was any John) was not so much as at the pains to take his opium."

Nares seemed to take it mighty quietly. "That so?" said he. "Now,

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cast your eyes on that and own you're beaten!" And with a formidable clap of his open hand, he flattened out before me, on the deck, a pair of newspapers.

I gazed upon them dully, being in no mood for fresh discoveries.

"Look at them, Mr. Dodd," cried the captain, sharply. "Can't you look at them?" And he ran a dirty thumb along the title. "'*Sydney Morning Herald*, January 3d,' can't you make that out?" he cried, with rising energy. "And don't you know, sir, that not four days after this paper appeared in New South Pole, this ship we're standing in heaved her blessed anchors out of China? How did the *Sydney Morning Herald* get to Hong-Kong in four days? Trent made no land, he spoke no ship, till he got here. Then he either got it here or in Hong-Kong. I give you your choice, my son!" he cried, and fell back among the clothes like a man weary of life.

"Where did you find them?" I asked. "In that black bag?"

"Guess so," he said. "You needn't fool with it. There's nothing else but a lead-pencil and a kind of worked-out knife."

I looked in the bag, however, and was well rewarded.

"Every man to his trade, captain," said I. "You're a sailor, and you've given me plenty of points! but I am an artist, and allow me to inform you this is quite as strange as all the rest. The knife is a palette knife; the pencil, a Winsor & Newton, and a B B B at that. A palette-knife and a B B B on a tramp brig! It's against the laws of nature."

"It would sicken a dog, wouldn't it?" said Nares.

"Yes," I continued, "it's been used by an artist, too: see how it's sharpened—not for writing—no man could write with that. An artist, and straight from Sydney? How can he come in?"

"O, that's natural enough," sneered Nares. "They cabled him to come up and illustrate this dime novel."

We fell awhile silent.

"Captain," I said at last, "there is something deuced underhand about this brig. You tell me you've been to sea a good part of your life. You must have seen shady things done on ships, and heard of more. Well, what is this? is it insurance? is it piracy? what is it *about?* what can it be *for?*"

"Mr. Dodd," returned Nares, "you're right about me having been to sea the bigger part of my life. And you're right again, when you think I know a good many ways in which a dishonest captain mayn't be on the square, nor do exactly the right thing by his owners, and altogether be just a little too smart by ninety-nine and three-quarters. There's a good many ways, but not so many as you'd think; and not one that has any mortal thing to do with Trent. Trent and his whole racket has got to do with nothing—that's the bed-rock fact; there's no sense to it, and no use in it, and no story to it: it's a beastly dream. And don't you run away with that notion that landsmen take about ships. A society actress don't go around more publicly than what a ship does, nor is more interviewed, nor more humbugged, nor more run after by all sorts of little fussinesses in brass buttons. And more than an actress, a ship has a deal to lose; she's capital, and the actress only character—if she's that. The ports of the world are thick with people ready to kick a captain into the penitentiary, if he's not as bright as a dollar and as honest as the morning star; and what with Lloyd keeping watch and watch in every corner of the three oceans, and the insurance leeches, and the consuls, and the customs bugs, and the medicos, you can only get the idea by thinking of a landsman watched by a hundred and fifty detectives, or a stranger in a village Down East."

"Well, but at sea?" I said.

"You tire me," retorted the captain. "What's the use—at sea? Everything's got to come to bearings at some port, hasn't it? You can't stop at sea forever, can you?—No; the *Flying Scud* is rubbish; if it meant anything, it would have to mean something so almighty intricate that James G. Blaine hasn't got the brains to engineer it; and I vote for more axeing, pioneering, and opening up the resources of this phenomenal brig, and less general fuss," he added, arising. "The dime-museum

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symptoms will drop in of themselves, I guess, to keep us cheery."

But it appeared we were at the end of discoveries for the day; and we left the brig about sundown, without being further puzzled or further enlightened. The best of the cabin spoils—books, instruments, papers, silks, and curiosities—we carried along with us in a blanket, however, to divert the evening hours; and when supper was over, and the table cleared, and Johnson set down to a dreary game of cribbage between his right hand and his left, the captain and I turned out our blanket on the floor, and sat side by side to examine and appraise the spoils.

The books were the first to engage our notice. These were rather numerous (as Nares contemptuously put it) "for a lime-juicer." Scorn of the British mercantile marine glows in the breast of every Yankee merchant captain; as the scorn is not reciprocated, I can only suppose it justified in fact; and certainly the old country mariner appears of a less studious disposition. The more credit to the officers of the *Flying Scud*, who had quite a library, both literary and professional. There were Findlay's five directories of the world—all broken-backed, as is usual with Findlay, and all marked and scribbled over with corrections and additions—several books of navigation, a signal code, and an admiralty book of a sort of orange hue, called *Islands of the Eastern Pacific Ocean, Vol. III.*, which appeared from its imprint to be the latest authority, and showed marks of frequent consultation in the passages about the French Frigate Shoals, the Harman, Cure, Pearl, and Hermes Reefs, Lisiansky Island, Ocean Island, and the place where we then lay—Brooks or Midway. A volume of Macaulay's *Essays* and a shilling Shakespeare led the van of the *belles lettres;* the rest were novels; several Miss Braddons—of course, *Aurora Floyd*, which has penetrated to every isle of the Pacific, a good many cheap detective books, *Rob Roy*, Auerbach's *Auf der Höhe* in the German, and a prize temperance story, pillaged (to judge by the stamp) from an Anglo-Indian circulating library.

"The admiralty man gives a fine picture of our island," remarked Nares, who had turned up Midway Island. "He draws the dreariness rather mild, but you can make out he knows the place."

"Captain," I cried, "you've struck another point in this mad business. See here," I went on eagerly, drawing from my pocket a crumpled fragment of the *Daily Occidental* which I had inherited from Jim: "'misled by Hoyt's Pacific Directory?' Where's Hoyt?"

"Let's look into that," said Nares. "I got that book on purpose for this cruise." Therewith he fetched it from the shelf in his berth, turned to Midway Island, and read the account aloud. It stated with precision that the Pacific Mail Company were about to form a depot there, in preference to Honolulu, and that they had already a station on the island.

"I wonder who gives these Directory men their information," Nares reflected. "Nobody can blame Trent after that. I never got in company with squarer lying; it reminds a man of a presidential campaign."

"All very well," said I. "That's your Hoyt, and a fine, tall copy. But what I want to know is, where is Trent's Hoyt?"

"Took it with him," chuckled Nares. "He had left everything else, bills and money and all the rest; he was bound to take something, or it would have aroused attention on the *Tempest:* 'Happy thought,' says he; 'let's take Hoyt.'"

"And has it not occurred to you," I went on, "that all the Hoyts in creation couldn't have misled Trent, since he had in his hand that red admiralty book, an official publication, later in date, and particularly full on Midway Island?"

"That's a fact!" cried Nares; "and I bet the first Hoyt he ever saw was out of the mercantile library in San Francisco. Looks as if he'd brought her here on purpose, don't it? But then that's inconsistent with the steam-crusher of the sale. That's the trouble with this racket; any one can make half a dozen theories for sixty or seventy per cent. of it; but when they're made, there's always a fathom or two of slack hanging out of the other end."

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I believe our attention fell next on the papers, of which we had altogether a considerable bulk. I had hoped to find among these matter for a full-length character of Captain Trent; but here I was doomed, on the whole, to disappointment. We could make out he was an orderly man, for all his bills were docketed and preserved. That he was convivial, and inclined to be frugal even in conviviality, several documents proclaimed. Such letters as we found were, with one exception, arid notes from tradesmen. The exception, signed Hannah Trent, was a somewhat fervid appeal for a loan. "You know what misfortunes I have had to bear," wrote Hannah, "and how much I am disappointed in George. The landlady appeared a true friend when I first came here, and I thought her a perfect lady. But she has come out since then in her *true colors;* and if you will not be softened by this last appeal, I can't think what is to become of your affectionate—" and then the signature. This document was without place or date, and a voice told me that it had gone likewise without answer. On the whole, there were few letters anywhere in the ship; but we found one before we were finished, in a seaman's chest, of which I must transcribe some sentences. It was dated from some place on the Clyde. "My dearist son," it ran, "this is to tell you your dearist father passed away, Jan twelft, in the peace of the Lord. He had your photo and dear David's lade upon his bed, made me sit by him. Let's be a' thegither, he said, and gave you all his blessing. O my dear laddie, why were nae you and Davie here? He would have had a happier passage. He spoke of both of ye all night most beautiful, and how ye used to stravaig on the Saturday afternoons, and of *auld Kelvinside*. Sooth the tune to me, he said, though it was the Sabbath, and I had to sooth him Kelvin Grove, and he looked at his fiddle, the dear man. I cannae bear the sight of it, he'll never play it mair. O my lamb, come home to me, I'm all by my lane now." The rest was in a religious vein and quite conventional. I have never seen any one more put out than Nares, when I handed him this letter; he had read but a few words, before he cast it down; it was perhaps a minute ere he picked it up again, and the performance was repeated the third time before he reached the end.

"It's touching, isn't it?" said I.

For all answer, Nares exploded in a brutal oath; and it was some half an hour later that he vouchsafed an explanation. "I'll tell you what broke me up about that letter," said he. "My old man played the fiddle, played it all out of tune: one of the things he played was *Martyrdom*, I remember — it was all martyrdom to me. He was a pig of a father, and I was a pig of a son; but it sort of came over me I would like to hear that fiddle squeak again. Natural," he added; "I guess we're all beasts."

"All sons are, I guess," said I. "I have the same trouble on my conscience: we can shake hands on that." Which (oddly enough, perhaps) we did.

Amongst the papers we found a considerable sprinkling of photographs; for the most part either of very debonair-looking young ladies or old women of the lodging-house persuasion. But one among them was the means of our crowning discovery.

"They're not pretty, are they, Mr. Dodd?" said Nares, as he passed it over.

"Who?" I asked, mechanically taking the card (it was a quarter-plate) in hand, and smothering a yawn; for the hour was late, the day had been laborious, and I was wearying for bed.

"Trent and Company," said he. "That's a historic picture of the gang."

I held it to the light, my curiosity at a low ebb: I had seen Captain Trent once, and had no delight in viewing him again. It was a photograph of the deck of the brig, taken from forward; all in apple-pie order; the hands gathered in the waist, the officers on the poop. At the foot of the card was written, "Brig Flying Scud, Rangoon," and a date; and above or below each individual figure the name had been carefully noted.

As I continued to gaze, a shock went through me; the dimness of sleep and fatigue lifted from my eyes, as fog lifts in the channel; and I beheld with startled clearness, the photographic

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presentment of a crowd of strangers. "I. Trent, Master" at the top of the card directed me to a smallish, weazened man, with bushy eyebrows and full white beard, dressed in a frock coat and white trousers; a flower stuck in his buttonhole, his bearded chin set forward, his mouth clenched with habitual determination. There was not much of the sailor in his looks, but plenty of the martinet: a dry, precise man, who might pass for a preacher in some rigid sect; and whatever he was, not the Captain Trent of San Francisco. The men, too, were all new to me; the cook, an unmistakable Chinaman, in his characteristic dress, standing apart on the poop steps. But perhaps I turned on the whole with the greatest curiosity to the figure labelled "E. Goddedael, 1st off." He whom I had never seen, he might be the identical; he might be the clue and spring of all this mystery; and I scanned his features with the eye of a detective. He was of great stature, seemingly blond as a viking, his hair clustering round his head in frowsy curls, and two enormous whiskers, like the tusks of some strange animal, jutting from his cheeks. With these virile appendages and the defiant attitude in which he stood, the expression of his face only imperfectly harmonized. It was wild, heroic, and womanish looking; and I felt I was prepared to hear he was a sentimentalist, and to see him weep.

For some while I digested my discovery in private, reflecting how best, and how with most of drama, I might share it with the captain. Then my sketch-book came in my head; and I fished it out from where it lay, with other miscellaneous possessions, at the foot of my bunk and turned to my sketch of Captain Trent and the survivors of the British brig *Flying Scud* in the San Francisco bar-room.

"Nares," said I, "I've told you how I first saw Captain Trent in that saloon in 'Frisco? how he came with his men, one of them a Kanaka with a canary-bird in a cage? and how I saw him afterwards at the auction, frightened to death, and as much surprised at how the figures skipped up as anybody there? Well," said I, "there's the man I saw" —and I laid the sketch before him— "there's Trent of 'Frisco, and there are his three hands. Find one of them in the photograph, and I'll be obliged."

Nares compared the two in silence. "Well," he said, at last, "I call this rather a relief: seems to clear the horizon. We might have guessed at something of the kind from the double ration of chests that figured."

"Does it explain anything?" I asked.

"It would explain everything," Nares replied, "but for the steam-crusher. It'll all tally as neat as a patent puzzle, if you leave out the way these people bid the wreck up. And there we come to a stone wall. But whatever it is, Mr. Dodd, it's on the crook."

"And looks like piracy," I added.

"Looks like blind hookey!" cried the captain. "No, don't you deceive yourself; neither your head nor mine is big enough to put a name on this business."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CARGO OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

In my early days I was a man, the most wedded to his idols of my generation. I was a dweller under roofs: the gull of that which we call civilization; a superstitious votary of the plastic arts: a cit; and a prop of restaurants. I had a comrade in those days, somewhat of an outsider, though he moved in the company of artists, and a man famous in our small world for gallantry, knee breeches, and dry and pregnant sayings. He, looking on the long meals and waxing bellies of the French, whom I confess I somewhat imitated, branded me as "a cultivator of restaurant fat." And I believe he had his finger on the dangerous spot; I believe, if things had gone smooth with me, I should be now swollen like a prize-ox in body, and fallen in mind to a thing perhaps as low as many types of *bourgeois*—the implicit or exclusive artist. That was a home word of Pinkerton's, deserving to be writ in letters of gold on the portico of every school of art: "What I can't see is why you should want to do nothing else." The dull man is made, not by the nature, but by the degree of his immersion in a single business. And all

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the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. More than one-half of him will then remain unexercised and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of rooms. And I have often marvelled at the impudence of gentlemen, who describe and pass judgments on the life of man, in almost perfect ignorance of all its necessary elements and natural careers. Those who dwell in clubs and studios may paint excellent pictures or write enchanting novels. There is one thing that they should not do: they should pass no judgment on man's destiny, for it is a thing with which they are unacquainted. Their own life is an excrescence of the moment, doomed, in the vicissitude of history, to pass and disappear: the eternal life of man, spent under sun and rain and in rude physical effort, lies upon one side, scarce changed since the beginning.

I would I could have carried along with me to Midway Island all the writers and the prating artists of my time. Day after day of hope deferred, of heat, of unremitting toil; night after night of aching limbs, bruised hands, and a mind obscured with the grateful vacancy of physical fatigue: the scene, the nature of my employment; the rugged speech and faces of my fellow-toilers, the glare of the day on deck, the stinking twilight in the bilge, the shrill myriads of the ocean-fowl: above all, the sense of our immitigable isolation from the world and from the current epoch; —keeping another time, some eras old; the new day heralded by no daily paper, only by the rising sun; and the state, the churches, the peopled empires, war, and the rumors of war, and the voices of the arts, all gone silent as in the days ere they were yet invented. Such were the conditions of my new experience in life, of which (if I had been able) I would have had all my confrères and contemporaries to partake: forgetting, for that while, the orthodoxies of the moment, and devoted to a single and material purpose under the eye of heaven.

Of the nature of our task, I must continue to give some summary idea. The forecastle was lumbered with ship's chandlery, the hold nigh full of rice, the lazarette crowded with the teas and silks. These must all be dug out; and that made but a fraction of our task. The hold was ceiled throughout; a part, where perhaps some delicate cargo was once stored, had been lined, in addition, with inch boards; and between every beam there was a movable panel into the bilge. Any of these, the bulkheads of the cabins, the very timbers of the hull itself, might be the place of hiding. It was therefore necessary to demolish, as we proceeded, a great part of the ship's inner skin and fittings, and to auscultate what remained, like a doctor sounding for a lung disease. Upon the return, from any beam or bulkhead, of a flat or doubtful sound, we must up axe and hew into the timber: a violent and—from the amount of dry rot in the wreck—a mortifying exercise. Every night saw a deeper inroad into the bones of the *Flying Scud*,—more beams tapped and hewn in splinters, more planking peeled away and tossed aside, —and every night saw us as far as ever from the end and object of our arduous devastation. In this perpetual disappointment, my courage did not fail me, but my spirits dwindled; and Nares himself grew silent and morose. At night, when supper was done, we passed an hour in the cabin, mostly without speech: I, sometimes dozing over a book; Nares, sullenly but busily drilling sea-shells with the instrument called a Yankee Fiddle. A stranger might have supposed we were estranged; as a matter of fact, in this silent comradeship of labor, our intimacy grew.

I had been struck, at the first beginning of our enterprise upon the wreck, to find the men so ready at the captain's lightest word. I dare not say they liked, but I can never deny that they admired him thoroughly. A mild word from his mouth was more valued than flattery and half a dollar from myself; if he relaxed at all from his habitual attitude of censure, smiling alacrity surrounded him; and I was led to think his theory of captainship, even if pushed to excess, reposed upon some ground of reason. But even terror and admiration of the captain failed us before the end. The men wearied of the hopeless,

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unremunerative quest, and the long strain of labor. They began to shirk and grumble. Retribution fell on them at once, and retribution multiplied the grumblings. With every day it took harder driving to keep them to the daily drudge; and we, in our narrow boundaries, were kept conscious every moment of the ill-will of our assistants.

In spite of the best care, the object of our search was perfectly well known to all on board; and there had leaked out besides some knowledge of those inconsistencies that had so greatly amazed the captain and myself. I could overhear the men debate the character of Captain Trent, and set forth competing theories of where the opium was stowed; and as they seemed to have been eavesdropping on ourselves, I thought little shame to prick up my ears when I had the return chance of spying upon them, in this way. I could diagnose their temper and judge how far they were informed upon the mystery of the *Flying Scud*. It was after having thus overheard some almost mutinous speeches, that a fortunate idea crossed my mind. At night, I matured it in my bed, and the first thing the next morning, broached it to the captain.

"Suppose I spirit up the hands a bit," I asked, "by the offer of a reward?"

"If you think you're getting your month's wages out of them the way it is, I don't," was his reply. "However, they are all the men you've got, and you're the supercargo."

This, from a person of the captain's character, might be regarded as complete adhesion; and the crew were accordingly called aft. Never had the captain worn a front more menacing. It was supposed by all that some misdeed had been discovered, and some surprising punishment was to be announced.

"See here, you!" he threw at them over his shoulder as he walked the deck, "Mr. Dodd, here, is going to offer a reward to the first man who strikes the opium in that wreck. There's two ways of making a donkey go; both good, I guess: the one's kicks and the other's carrots. Mr. Dodd's going to try the carrots. Well, my sons,"—and here he faced the men for the first time with his hands behind him—"if that opium's not found in five days, you can come to me for the kicks."

He nodded to the present narrator, who took up the tale. "Here is what I propose, men," said I; "I put up one hundred and fifty dollars. If any man can lay hands on the stuff right away, and off his own club, he shall have the hundred and fifty down. If any one can put us on the scent of where to look, he shall have a hundred and twenty-five, and the balance shall be for the lucky one who actually picks it up. We'll call it the Pinkerton Stakes, captain," I added, with a smile.

"Call it the Grand Combination Sweep, then," cries he. "For I go you better. Look here, men, I make up this jack-pot to two hundred and fifty dollars, American gold coin."

"Thank you, Captain Nares," said I; "that was handsomely done."

"It was kindly meant," he returned.

The offer was not made in vain; the hands had scarce yet realized the magnitude of the reward, they had scarce begun to buzz aloud in the extremity of hope and wonder, ere the Chinese cook stepped forward with gracious gestures and explanatory smiles.

"Captain," he began, "I serv-um two year Melican navy; serva-um six year mail-boat steward. Sav-v-y plenty."

"Oho!" cried Nares, "you sav-v-y plenty, do you? (Beggar's seen this trick in the mail-boats, I guess.) Well, why you no sav-v-y a little sooner, sonny?"

"I think bimeby make-um reward," replied the cook, with smiling dignity.

"Well, you can't say fairer than that," the captain admitted, "and now the reward's offered, you'll talk? Speak up, then. Suppose you speak true, you get reward. See?"

"I think long time," replied the Chinaman. "See plenty litty mat lice; too-muchy plenty litty mat lice; sixty ton, litty mat lice. I think all-e-time: perhaps plenty opium plenty litty mat lice?"

"Well, Mr. Dodd, how does that strike you?" asked the captain. He may be right, he may be wrong. He's likely to be right: for if he isn't, where can the stuff be? On the other hand, if he's wrong, we destroy a hundred and

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fifty tons of good rice for nothing. It's a point to be considered."

"I don't hesitate," said I. "Let's get to the bottom of the thing. The rice is nothing; the rice will neither make nor break us."

"That's how I expected you to see it," returned Nares.

And we called the boat away and set forth on our new quest.

The hold was now almost entirely emptied; the mats (of which there went forty to the short ton) had been stacked on deck, and now crowded the ship's waist and forecastle. It was our task to disembowel and explore six thousand individual mats, and incidentally to destroy a hundred and fifty tons of valuable food. Nor were the circumstances of the day's business less strange than its essential nature. Each man of us, armed with a great knife, attacked the pile from his own quarter, slashed into the nearest mat, burrowed in it with his hands, and shed forth the rice upon the deck, where it heaped up, overflowed, and was trodden down, poured at last into the scuppers, and occasionally spouted from the vents. About the wreck, thus transformed into an overflowing granary, the sea-fowl swarmed in myriads and with surprising insolence. The sight of so much food confounded them; they deafened us with their shrill tongues, swooped in our midst, dashed in our faces, and snatched the grain from between our fingers. The men—their hands bleeding from these assaults—turned savagely on the offensive, drove their knives into the birds, drew them out crimsoned, and turned again to dig among the rice, unmindful of the gawking creatures that struggled and died among their feet. We made a singular picture: the hovering and diving birds; the bodies of the dead discoloring the rice with blood; the scuppers vomiting breadstuff; the men, frenzied by the gold hunt, toiling, slaying, and shouting aloud: over all, the lofty intricacy of rigging and the radiant heaven of the Pacific. Every man there toiled in the immediate hope of fifty dollars; and I, of fifty thousand. Small wonder if we waded callously in blood and food.

It was perhaps about ten in the forenoon when the scene was interrupted. Nares, who had just ripped open a fresh mat, drew forth, and slung at his feet among the rice, a papered tin box.

"How's that?" he shouted.

A cry broke from all hands: the next moment, forgetting their own disappointment, in that contagious sentiment of success, they gave three cheers that scared the sea-birds; and the next, they had crowded round the captain, and were jostling together and groping with emulous hands in the new-opened mat. Box after box rewarded them, six in all; wrapped, as I have said, in a paper envelope, and the paper printed on, in Chinese characters.

Nares turned to me and shook my hand. "I began to think we should never see this day," said he. "I congratulate you, Mr. Dodd, on having pulled it through."

The captain's tones affected me profoundly; and when Johnson and the men pressed round me in turn with congratulations, the tears came in my eyes.

"These are five-tael boxes, more than two pounds," said Nares, weighing one in his hand. "Say two hundred and fifty dollars to the mat. Lay into it, boys! We'll make Mr. Dodd a millionnaire before dark."

It was strange to see with what a fury we fell to. The men had now nothing to expect; the mere idea of great sums inspired them with disinterested ardor. Mats were slashed and disembowelled, the rice flowed to our knees in the ship's waist, the sweat ran in our eyes and blinded us, our arms ached to agony; and yet our fire abated not. Dinner came; we were too weary to eat, too hoarse for conversation; and yet dinner was scarce done, before we were afoot again and delving in the rice. Before nightfall not a mat was unexplored, and we were face to face with the astonishing result.

For of all the inexplicable things in the story of the *Flying Scud*, here was the most inexplicable. Out of the six thousand mats, only twenty were found to have been sugared; in each we found the same amount, about twelve pounds of drug; making a grand total of two hundred and forty pounds. By the last San Francisco quotation, opium was

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selling for a fraction over twenty dollars a pound; but it had been known not long before to bring as much as forty in Honolulu, where it was contraband.

Taking, then, this high Honolulu figure, the value of the opium on board the *Flying Scud* fell considerably short of ten thousand dollars, while at the San Francisco rate, it lacked a trifle of five thousand. And fifty thousand was the price that Jim and I had paid for it. And Bellairs had been eager to go higher! There is no language to express the stupor with which I contemplated this result.

It may be argued we were not yet sure; there might be yet another cache, and you may be certain in that hour of my distress the argument was not forgotten. There was never a ship more ardently perquested; no stone was left unturned, and no expedient untried; day after day of growing despair, we punched and dug in the brig's vitals, exciting the men with promises and presents; evening after evening Nares and I sat face to face in the narrow cabin, racking our minds for some neglected possibility of search. I could stake my salvation on the certainty of the result: in all that ship there was nothing left of value but the timber and the copper nails. So that our case was lamentably plain; we had paid fifty thousand dollars, borne the charges of the schooner, and paid fancy interest on money; and if things went well with us, we might realize fifteen per cent. of the first outlay. We were not merely bankrupt, we were comic bankrupts: a fair butt for jeering in the streets. I hope I bore the blow with a good countenance; indeed, my mind had long been quite made up, and since the day we found the opium I had known the result. But the thought of Jim and Mamie ached in me like a physical pain, and I shrank from speech and companionship.

I was in this frame of mind when the captain proposed that we should land upon the island. I saw he had something to say, and only feared it might be consolation; for I could just bear my grief, not bungling sympathy; and yet I had no choice but to accede to his proposal.

We walked awhile along the beach in silence. The sun overhead reverberated rays of heat; the staring sand, the glaring lagoon, tortured our eyes; and the birds and the boom of the far-away breakers made a savage symphony.

"I don't require to tell you the game's up?" Nares asked.

"No," said I.

"I was thinking of getting to sea tomorrow," he pursued.

"The best thing you can do," said I.

"Shall we say Honolulu?" he inquired.

"O yes; let's stick to the programme," I cried. "Honolulu be it!"

There was another silence, and then Nares cleared his throat.

"We've been pretty good friends, you and me, Mr. Dodd," he resumed. "We've been going through the kind of thing that tires a man. We've had the hardest kind of work, we've been badly backed, and now we're badly beaten. And we've fetched through without a word of disagreement. I don't say this to praise myself: it's my trade; it's what I'm paid for, and trained for, and brought up to. But it was another thing for you; it was all new to you; and it did me good to see you stand right up to it and swing right into it, day in, day out. And then see how you've taken this disappointment, when everybody knows you must have been taughtened up to shying-point! I wish you'd let me tell you, Mr. Dodd, that you've stood out mighty manly and handsomely in all this business, and made every one like you and admire you. And I wish you'd let me tell you, besides, that I've taken this wreck business as much to heart as you have; something kind of rises in my throat when I think we're beaten; and if I thought waiting would do it, I would stick on this reef until we starved."

I tried in vain to thank him for these generous words, but he was beforehand with me in a moment.

"I didn't bring you ashore to sound my praises," he interrupted. "We understand one another now, that's all; and I guess you can trust me. What I wished to speak about is more important, and it's got to be faced. What are we to do about the *Flying Scud* and the dime novel?"

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"I really have thought nothing about that," I replied. "But I expect I mean to get at the bottom of it; and if the bogus Captain Trent is to be found on the earth's surface, I guess I mean to find him."

"All you've got to do is talk," said Nares; "you can make the biggest kind of boom; it isn't often the reporters have a chance at such a yarn as this; and I can tell you how it will go. It will go by telegraph, Mr. Dodd; it'll be telegraphed by the column, and headlined, and frothed up, and denied by authority; and it'll hit bogus Captain Trent in a Mexican bar-room, and knock over bogus Goddedael in a slum somewhere up the Baltic, and bowl down Black and Jones in sailors' music halls round Greenock. O, there's no doubt you can have a regular domestic Judgment Day. The only point is whether you deliberately want to."

"Well," said I, "I deliberately don't want one thing: I deliberately don't want to make a public exhibition of myself and Pinkerton: so moral—smuggling opium; such damned fools—paying fifty thousand for a 'dead horse!'"

"No doubt it might damage you in a business sense," the captain agreed. "And I'm pleased you take that view; for I've turned kind of soft upon the job. There's been some crookedness about, no doubt of it; but, Law bless you! if we dropped upon the troupe, all the premier artists would slip right out with the boodle in their grip-sacks, and you'd only collar a lot of old mutton-headed shell-bucks that didn't know the back of the business from the front. I don't take much stock in Mercantile Jack, you know that; but, poor devil, he's got to go where he's told; and if you make trouble, ten to one it'll make you sick to see the innocents who have to stand the racket. It would be different if we understood the operation; but we don't, you see: there's a lot of queer corners in life; and my vote is to let the blame' thing lie."

"You speak as if we had that in our power," I objected.

"And so we have," said he.

"What about the men?" I asked. "They know too much by half; and you can't keep them from talking."

"Can't I?" returned Nares. "I bet a boarding-master can! They can be all half-seas over, when they get ashore, blind drunk by dark, and cruising out of the Golden Gate in different deep-sea ships by the next morning. Can't keep them from talking, can't I? Well, I can make 'em talk separate, leastways. If a whole crew came talking, parties would listen; but if it's only one lone old shell-back, it's the usual yarn. And at least, they needn't talk before six months, or—if we have luck, and there's a whaler handy—three years. And by that time, Mr. Dodd, it's ancient history."

"That's what they call Shanghaiing, isn't it?" I asked. "I thought it belonged to the dime novel."

"Oh, dime novels are right enough," returned the captain. "Nothing wrong with the dime novel, only that things happen thicker than they do in life, and the practical seamanship is off-color."

"So we can keep the business to ourselves," I mused.

"There's one other person that might blab," said the captain. "Though I don't believe she has anything left to tell."

"And who is *she?*" I asked.

"The old girl there," he answered, pointing to the wreck. "I know there's nothing in her; but somehow I'm afraid of some one else—it's the last thing you'd expect, so it's just the first that'll happen—some one dropping into this God-forgotten island where nobody drops in, waltzing into that wreck that we've grown old with searching, stooping straight down, and picking right up the very thing that tells the story. What's that to me? you may ask, and why am I gone Soft Tommy on this Museum of Crooks? They've smashed up you and Mr. Pinkerton; they've turned my hair gray with conundrums; they've been up to larks, no doubt; and that's all I know of them—you say. Well, and that's just where it is. I don't know enough; I don't know what's uppermost; it's just such a lot of miscellaneous eventualities as I don't care to go stirring up; and I ask you to let me deal with the old girl after a patent of my own."

"Certainly—what you please," said I, scarce with attention, for a new thought

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now occupied my brain. "Captain," I broke out, "you are wrong; we cannot hush this up. There is one thing you have forgotten."

"What is that?" he asked.

"A bogus Captain Trent, a bogus Goddedael, a whole bogus crew, have all started home," said I. "If we are right, not one of them will reach his journey's end. And do you mean to say that such a circumstance as that can pass without remark?"

"Sailors," said the captain, "only sailors! If they were all bound for one place, in a body, I don't say so; but they're all going separate—to Hull, to Sweden, to the Clyde, to the Thames. Well, at each place, what is it? Nothing new. Only one sailor man missing: got drunk, or got drowned, or got left; the proper sailor's end."

Something bitter in the thought and in the speaker's tones struck me hard. "Here is one that has got left!" I cried, getting sharply to my feet; for we had been some time seated. "I wish it were the other. I don't—don't relish going home to Jim with this!"

"See here," said Nares, with ready tact, "I must be getting aboard. Johnson's in the brig annexing chandlery and canvas, and there's some things in the *Norah* that want fixing against we go to sea. Would you like to be left here in the chicken-ranch? I'll send for you to supper."

I embraced the proposal with delight. Solitude, in my frame of mind, was not too dearly purchased at the risk of sunstroke or sand-blindness; and soon I was alone on the ill-omened islet. I should find it hard to tell of what I thought—of Jim, of Mamie, of our lost fortune, of my lost hopes, of the doom before me: to turn to at some mechanical occupation in some subaltern rank, and to toil there, unremarked and unamused, until the hour of the last deliverance. I was, at least, so sunk in sadness, that I scarce remarked where I was going; and chance (or some finer sense that lives in us, and only guides us when the mind is in abeyance) conducted my steps into a quarter of the island where the birds were few. By some devious route, which I was unable to retrace for my return, I was thus able to mount, without interruption, to the highest point of land. And here I was recalled to consciousness by a last discovery.

The spot on which I stood was level, and commanded a wide view of the lagoon, the bounding reef, the round horizon. Nearer hand I saw the sister islet, the wreck, the *Norah Creina*, and the *Norah's* boat already moving shoreward. For the sun was now low, flaming on the sea's verge; and the galley chimney smoked on board the schooner.

It thus befell that though my discovery was both affecting and suggestive, I had no leisure to examine further. What I saw was the blackened embers of fire—of wreck. By all the signs, it must have blazed to a great height and burned for days; from the scantling of a spar that lay upon the margin only half consumed, it must have been the work of more than one; and I received at once the image of a forlorn troop of castaways, houseless in that lost corner of the earth, and feeding there their fire of signal. The next moment a hail reached me from the boat; and bursting through the bushes and the rising sea-fowl, I said farewell (I trust forever) to that desert isle.

(To be continued.)

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BAYREUTH REVISITED.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

For a month last summer Bayreuth, in Bavaria, was overrun by tourists. By simply going to the Wagner Theatre a traveller from the United States was as sure to meet a score of acquaintances from home any day as he was, a few weeks later, at the Louvre, when the current of return travel whirled in the annual Parisian eddy. Between the acts the victims of the opera habit were kept as busy greeting friends in that far-away Franconian town as if the New York or London season were at its height and they seated in box or stall at the Metropolitan Opera House or Covent Garden. The French contingent seemed to come remittently, attracted by "Tristan und Isolde" rather than by "Parsifal;" but to the members of the General Richard Wagner Verein, who had delayed the purchase of tickets until it was too late, the American contingent was a plague of locusts. Bayreuth was not privileged this year to sun itself in the presence of German King or Kaiser, but there were princes and dukes in plenty, and every railway train that crawled grunting down the two sides of the triangle from Schnabelwaid and Weiden carried enough American monarchs to be considered thrice royal. At the Fantasie, one day, I looked up from my wine to see two ex-cabinet ministers of the United States shaking hands, and when I went to Angermann's for my beer in the evening, I found a place at a table around which a publisher, novelist, poet, painter, and critic had gathered. They had forgotten their natural antagonisms and were discussing the ethical problem set by "Parsifal" as earnestly as if it had a more vital bearing on American literature and art than either McKinley or Copyright Bill. An itinerant essayist and peripatetic humorist, of whom I had caught furtive glimpses, were not in the party. The former had probably not recovered from the fatigue caused by his carrying home the keys with which he had been invested by his lodgings keeper on his arrival. Those keys were too large for his pockets; so he carried them in his hands and exhibited them proudly as antiquities dating back to the period of Bayreuth's splendor under the old Margraves. "This, to the door of my lodgings; this to the gates of the town!" As for the humorist, he was "doing" Bayreuth with enough impedimenta in gowns to keep him supernaturally solemn, and at a pace which did not allow his feet to come in contact with the ground.

The visitors who came and went during the month numbered, let me say, about 25,000, of whom 24,500 had tickets for the festival plays in their pockets, bought in advance at the rate of five dollars for each representation. The ticketless five hundred "chanced it," either buying the precious pasteboards from speculative headwaiters at prices ranging from seven dollars and a half to twenty dollars, or waiting for an opportunity to be booked for the gallery above the lamps, for which privilege the management, most uncompromisingly democratic in this particular, exacted five dollars a seat. The sum which these patient pilgrims paid into the exchequer of the Richard Wagner Theatre is reported at between $165,000 and $200,000.

"Tannhäuser" was this year added to the Bayreuth list, being associated

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with "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde." The old opera was decked out with brave clothes, at a cost, it is said (the statement is calculated to stretch even a Wagnerite's credulity), of $125,000. Felix Mottl and his forces did some extraordinary things with its music—things that were more extraordinary than excellent, indeed — and Madame Wagner disclosed some of her ideas touching the familiar work. For the chief impersonator of the sainted Elizabeth of the play, she brought forward a young woman who was certified to the public as just the age which one should be who would represent the heroine. Just how old the representative of Elizabeth was, I did not take the trouble to learn. It was obvious enough that she was young and inexperienced, and we have Madame Wagner's word for it that she was gifted with the lack of years and experience which Elizabeth had when she became infatuated with the renegade lover of Dame Venus. The care bestowed in searching out Fräulein Wiborg's physical qualifications was calculated to make one forget Wagner's hunt for "Rheingold" giants sixteen years ago. Unhappily, Madame Wagner forgot consistency when she cast the other tragedy. Kurwenal's chief representative had avoirdupois for two squires, and the actor who essayed the part of Tristan lacked at least six inches of the stature essential to belief in the story that he could worst a score of King Mark's knights and contumeliously apply his sword "flatlings," as Sir Thomas Malory says, to that monarch's person.

But in spite of the things which to the common eye seemed to make for the greatest success ever achieved at Bayreuth, the Inner Brotherhood at Angermann's, and the Mahatmas from Leipsic and elsewhere, shook their heads mournfully and said that for Bayreuth, Ragnarök was not far away. Since then they have printed their plaints. And thereby hangs a tale.

As a rule, the writers for the press who attend the festivals at Bayreuth are admirers of the dramas of Richard Wagner and upholders of his artistic principles. If it were not for this fact, the significance of which is obvious in view of the disaffection aroused by the last festival, the world would not hear as much as it does about the latter-day representations in the out-of-the-way town. Fifteen years ago the spectacle presented by the first festival was so unique and extraordinary in the history of music and the drama, that it was only the performance of an obvious and imperative journalistic duty to care for the curiosity and interest which had been excited throughout the cultured world. In 1882 the desire to report upon the last drama created by the poet-composer, was an equally potent incentive to the journalistic fraternity. With the reports upon "The Nibelung's Ring" and "Parsifal," however, the demands of necessity were satisfied, and since then only love for the works of Wagner, or a desire to study phases of artistic development which the festivals disclose, has sent the professional reviewer for the press to Bayreuth. If then a grave doubt touching the present value of the festival enterprise has entered the minds of the German critics, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such a phenomenon. Such doubts have been expressed. To the casual observer they seem to stand in a paradoxical relationship with their alleged causes. Elements which, at first blush, would seem to make for good, are looked upon as in the highest degree disturbing. Such elements are the financial success of the festivals; the ever-growing popular interest in them, especially among the people of the United States and Great Britain; the influence of Wagner's principles of construction on contemporaneous composition, even in France and Italy. Practically, anti-Wagnerism is only a phrase; it stands for nothing. There is no longer an effective opposition to Wagner. Its last bulwark, the chauvinism of the Parisians, has gone down before "Lohengrin." Criticism of his principles and methods continues to be written; but the sanest and best of it fails to arrest the current of Wagner's popularity, or check his influence among music students. In this we have but a repetition of the spectacle, which is as old as the world, of the impotence of obstructive argu-

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ment, of all criticism, indeed, in the presence of a vital art-work. Wagner's influence for good in the encouragement of sincerity of purpose and truthfulness of representation is universally conceded; his influence in emancipating the lyric drama from silly conventions, which long stood in the way of naturalness and truth, may be seen in the compositions which come from Vienna, Paris, Milan, London, and St. Petersburg. Think of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Italy, twenty years ago! The one unsolved question in the case goes to the value of Wagner as a model of style. Here there is room for controversy, and one might go so far as to say that the effect of his example has been, not only to stifle spontaneity and put reflection in its place, but even to put a clog upon all creative activity in the field of the lyric drama, without being a traitor to the Wagnerian cause. The bow of Ulysses is not to be bent by every suitor for the hand of Penelope. It is sometimes hard to find the boundary line between spontaneous invention and the fruit of reflection in Wagner's works; they often overlap each other. In "Tristan und Isolde" the music sounds most spontaneous when he is hewing most closely to the line of his constructive theories. Besides, all creative geniuses are not good models. Bismarck's diplomatic methods, Carlyle's diction, cannot be imitated successfully by men of less original strength. But peers ought not and will not be imitators. Wagner's only worthy successor must be one as original as he; for him the world must wait.

The feeling of unrest, among some of the most aggressive friends of Wagner's art, which has been visible of late was not born in Bayreuth, last summer. It is much older. Nor has the full extent of the disaffection found vent in open utterance and conduct. Many eminent men who were identified closely with the Bayreuth enterprise while Wagner was living, are inactive in the premises now. In one instance, doubly noteworthy because of the reputation of the man and the violence of both manifestations, a most energetic champion was transformed into a recklessly virulent opponent. In 1876, Frederich Nietzsche, formerly Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Basel, considered Wagner not merely the discoverer of a new art, but of art itself and its true relation to human society. He was a philosopher, historian, æsthetician, critic, master of language, "mythologist and mytho-poet." It seemed at least a debatable point in the mind of the enthusiastic professor, whether a visit to Bayreuth was not enough in itself to furnish an affirmative answer to the question whether life was at all worth living. In 1888, the same man doubted whether Wagner was either dramatist or musician. He did not know whether or not the god of his previous idolatry was entitled to be called a German, or even a man (*Mensch*). He was sure however, that he was "a modern Cagliostro" who had "made music ill," a "master of hypnotic tricks." His music was "endlessness without melody," the "gymnastics of ugliness on the tight-rope of unharmony," his characters a "gallery of invalids." Bayreuth was "grand opera, and not even good grand opera." In this instance, a discrediting personal equation was too obvious to require demonstration, but the violence with which Professor Nietzsche proclaimed his apostasy remained inexplicable, until the news of his mental derangement followed hard on the heels of his book, "Der Fall Wagner." To complete the spectacle, a critic who had been relegated by the Wagnerites to the ranks of their enemies, now came forward as the champion of Wagner against Nietzsche. It was an easy task for Eduard Kulke to show that the book of 1888 was as illogical as the book of 1876.

Some other noteworthy instances have been in a different case. Five years ago Moritz Wirth, an enthusiastic adherent of the Wagnerian cause, said that Bayreuth was doomed. To save what he conceived it to represent, he urged the establishment of five theatres, in as many European cities, for the purpose of giving model representations of Wagner's dramas. Herr Wirth was again at Bayreuth last summer, and at the meeting of the General Richard Wagner Verein, he was the most uncompromising of the critics of the festival man-

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agement. He is probably engaged now in the preparation of the pamphlet which at the meeting he threatened to publish, the character of which may be guessed from the title: "The Circus at Bayreuth." In a pamphlet written by Dr. Paul Marsop, another eminent disciple of Wagner, it is argued that the Bayreuth festivals are worthless and needless. In the true spirit of pessimism, Dr. Marsop urges that nothing be done to prevent them from hastening on to that Nirvâna which, in the philosophy held by Wagner, is the true goal of all things.

These three men illustrate three of the view-points of Bayreuth criticism, the personal and physical, the artistic, and the philosophical. The most thoroughly consistent, perhaps, is the last. The popularity of Wagner's works means nothing to Dr. Marsop, for it is a phenomenon which is paralleled by the popularity of "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen." In this reflection Wagner anticipated him, using the same illustration. Had he lived to see the rise of Mascagni, he would have had even a more striking instance to advance. Marsop is simply a Tolstoi in music—there is nothing to do except to wait for the end of all things. Here, too, he is a true disciple of his master in his latter days, who writing to Friedrich Schön in the last year of his life, used this extraordinary language: "I no longer believe in music, and when I meet it I turn away as a matter of principle. If the prediction of our friend, Count Gobineau, should be fulfilled, Europe be overrun in ten years by Asiatic hordes, and all our civilization and culture be destroyed, I would not twitch an eye; for then I might believe that, before anything else, our present music-making would go by the board."

Herr Wirth's pugnacity is due to the strained relations between the representatives of Wagner, the man, and several of the Richard Wagner societies, especially that at Leipsic, of which Herr Wirth is an influential member. Madame Wagner and Councillor Gross have assumed the artistic and business management of the festivals, and carry them on as a private enterprise. The theatre, built by the gifts of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria and the contributions of the old Society of Patrons, they say, is the personal property of Wagner's heirs; whatever interest the Society may once have had, was extinguished by its failure to rescue Wagner from the financial dilemma in which the festival of 1876 left him. The present General Richard Wagner Verein, which is the successor of the Society of Patrons, organized on a plan proposed by Wagner for the purpose of building the theatre and producing "The Nibelung's Ring," has been informed by Madame Wagner that it has nothing to do with the festivals, which belong now to the public; it lives to disseminate the ideas embodied in the writings of Wagner. The Society has a different view of its mission, derived from Article I. of its constitution, and the fact that it sends thirty-five per centum of all money collected by it to Bayreuth, to be applied to the payment of the expenses of impecunious musicians who wish to attend the festivals. For its own tickets the Society in effect pays three times as much as the tourist, who "does" the festival in the same spirit as he "does" a bull-fight in Spain.

A decadence in the festival may be charged, and its nature inquired into, without going so far as to charge that the mission of Bayreuth has been sunk in the desire to transform it into a money-making institution for the family of Wagner. The festivals have indeed changed in purpose since 1876, but the change was suggested by Wagner. They have degenerated artistically, but this decadence, inevitable as soon as the death of Wagner removed him from the artistic management, has been hastened by the assumption of supreme authority on the part of his widow. The bond between Wagner and the Society which for a decade helped him to execute his vast scheme, was a sentimental one. So far as that bond seemed to imply a privileged relationship of the Society toward his institution, Wagner severed it when he began his preparations for the second festival. Whether by his own fiat he could relieve himself of the great obligation under which he rested, need not be discussed here. He exacted, not only devotion to his principles, but also affection for his per-

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son, from those whom he called his friends, and he received both in generous measure. He is still receiving both devotion and affection, though some of those friends think that ingratitude, as well as incompetency, is undermining the fabric which they helped him to build. All this has less bearing on the artistic question involved than the fact that, with the accomplishment in 1876 of the purpose which had animated him for over a quarter of a century, Wagner entered upon a course in which it is scarcely possible to avoid seeing a loss in consistency of conduct, as well as ideality of purpose. The story of that change seems to point the old moral, that suffering is essential to true artistic production. Even Wagner was no exception to the rule that worldly prosperity is subversive of ideality in art.

The festival project is contemporaneous in origin with "The Nibelung's Ring." Strictly speaking, it is a little older, for when he first conceived a performance of his work under artistic conditions like those which prevailed at Bayreuth in 1876, Wagner had only a single drama, "Siegfried's Death," in mind. In a letter written to his friend Uhlig, in September, 1850, he sets down the completion of that work and its performance as the conscious mission of his life. He wanted ten thousand thalers. With this sum he would build a rough theatre at Zurich (where he was then living in exile), furnish it with the necessary scenery and machines, organize a chorus of amateurs, invite orchestral musicians, select his singers, and invite the world to a dramatic festival. All who would show enough interest to come to Zurich should be admitted without money or price, but a special invitation was to issue to the young people of Zurich, the university, and the choral unions. After three performances of "Siegfried's Death" had been given in one week, the theatre was to be torn down, and the score of the drama burnt. "To those who had been pleased with the thing I should then say: 'Now do likewise.' But if they wanted something new from me, I should say: '*You* get the money.'" For the next few years his mind is full of the plan. His single drama grows into a tetralogy, and with it the scope of his festival. To attain his end of creating what he conceives to be an ideal work and giving it an ideal representation, he longs to sever all connection with the contemporary stage. To "do things by halves" becomes "a martyrdom;" with his new conception, he withdraws "entirely from all connection with our theatre and public of to-day," breaks "decisively and forever with the formal present." His earlier works were now intolerable to his thoughts. He asked nothing from them, save that they should bring him money; the desire of managers to produce them was to him "disgusting;" his consent to yield them up to commonplace performance for gain he called his "prostitution."

That was Wagner's ideal in the day of his adversity, nor did it change after the favor of King Ludwig told him to hope for its realization. Artistic necessity was still to determine everything. The theatres of Germany had degenerated under foreign influences till they could not do justice to a work of strong native originality. The corrupted taste of the ignorant public was tending to the demoralization of the theatres. A festival performance of "The Nibelung's Ring" was therefore a necessity. Such a consummation, however, was possible only with the help of the friends who loved him. He called for the organization of a Society of Patrons, and it came into being. The theatre was built, the first festival given. It left him in debt, and he was disappointed in his expectation that the Imperial Government would establish the theatre firmly by granting it a subvention as a national institution. He abandoned his plan to repeat the festival and surrendered the tetralogy to the theatres which in his opinion could not do justice to it. In a review of the festival he laid stress upon the failure of his plan to prevent the sale of tickets "just as they are at any opera-house," or to give him a public different from the ordinary "opera public" with the usual admixture of the critics, who to him were an abomination. Yet an overwhelming majority of the visitors of 1876 were the friends who had strained every nerve to enable Wagner to perform his miracle.

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In 1880 Wagner has other notions in his head. His tetralogy has been sacrificed to the theatres, but he has a theatre of his own and the prestige of having accomplished all that he had dreamed of twenty-five years before and more. He now conceives the plan of a series of festivals at which all of his works are to be performed, and as a first step he forgets his antipathy to the general public. Upon the success of the performances, to be confined for the present to "Parsifal," the procurement of the means for producing gradually all his works is to be left dependent, and a faithful company of patrons is to assume the duty of preserving the correct spirit of the performances for the friends of his art, even after his death. He confessed his obligation to the Society of Patrons for having founded his enterprise, which he felt he could now continue by appealing in the ordinary manner to the public. Two reasons led him to take this step with "Parsifal:" the reservation of the work for Bayreuth would guarantee its profitableness. That was an external reason; but there was also an internal one: "Parsifal" was a work of such unique character that the festivals would have an educational value: by participating in them, young singers would learn the elements of the new style of lyrico-dramatic representation, and would escape the danger which lay in their precipitation into a field already spoiled by bad habits — the field, for instance, occupied by his older operas, whose manner of representation was subject to the ordinary operatic régime. For himself he was unwilling to attempt the task of preparing model performances of his older works; experience had taught him that the exertion would be useless. To the Society of Patrons he suggested a reorganization which would limit its direct connection with the festival to the provision of means to save the poorer portion of the public from exclusion by the rich, a contingency which he foresaw would result from the adoption of the ordinary showman's methods against which he had railed after the festival of 1876. The organized patrons of his art-work were now to become organized patrons of the public — a Charity Society.

In one respect Madame Wagner has been harshly accused. I am unable to see that she has done aught with the mission of Bayreuth than administer the trust bequeathed to her by her husband. How she has administered it is another question. After the manifestations of last summer I can see only a speedy collapse of the proud edifice; but the seeds of destruction are not all of her sowing; Wagner scattered them broadcast when he set a new purpose for the festivals and —— died. All would be different were he still alive. His participation would insure a standard of representation so high that competition with the operatic establishments of the world, in the performance of works open to them all, would benefit rather than injure the festivals. His death threw the directors and performers on tradition as the conservator of his artistic intentions. Tradition is a weak reed in the best of cases, and peculiarly liable to become treacherous when a person of strong individuality, like Madame Wagner, constitutes herself its sole repository and oracle. An early effect was seen in the estrangement of Hans Richter, Wagner's ablest and most zealous coadjutor in the early festivals, because of disagreements with the widow concerning *tempi*. Another effect was seen last summer in the representations of "Tannhäuser." This opera was always the most beloved of Wagner's older brain-children. Doubtless much of the favoritism with which he regarded it was due to the abuse which it received in the German opera-houses. In its performance he exacted so much that, as late as 1870, he said that he knew of no capable representative of the titular rôle. The performance at Bayreuth last summer was a delight to the eye. There were pretty pictures in plenty. But if pretty pictures make "Tannhäuser," Wagner's despair at ever seeing a correct performance was hypocritical, and his criticisms of the Parisian performance of 1861 dishonest. There are settings of "Tannhäuser" in Dresden and Vienna to-day which compare favorably with the new ones at Bayreuth. In producing the opera last summer, Madame Wagner essayed a task from which her

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husband shrunk in 1882. She measured her talent with his genius, and the result cannot be summed up more truthfully or sententiously than in the words which came, three years ago, from the embittered and deranged mind of Friedrich Nietzsche: "Tannhäuser" was grand opera, and not even good grand "opera." Not one of the spiritual wants which Wagner deplored, even in the representations superintended by himself, was supplied. A crude and wofully materialistic interpretation was given to the suggestions contained in his brochure "On the Representation of Tannhäuser." The *tempi* were dragged till one's patience was tried to the extreme verge of endurance; the players on wind instruments in the orchestra vied with the singers on the stage in tearing the musical phrases to tatters, in the belief that thereby they were heeding Wagner's advice to phrase vocally. In a composition written to a great extent in the old-fashioned lyric vein, Madame Wagner compelled her fledglings to declaim in the manner contemplated by Wagner in "Parsifal," which, in her conception, seemed to mean the pursuit of every consonant to the death. Faithful friends of Wagner were amazed and aggrieved. Musicians who had come to learn were disgusted by these things, while the careless tourists from afar were set to wondering what they had come out for to see. For the first time in the history of the festivals, Wagner's friends had to hear comparisons between Bayreuth and the contemned court and municipal theatres of Germany. Such comparisons are a deathblow to the interest represented by the tourists. It is said that the managers of the German opera-houses have threatened to withhold from their singers the privilege of singing at Bayreuth. Such a step would be foolish, because useless. Bayreuth will no longer be a rival to their establishments the moment it becomes one. Which is another paradox like the proof of Bayreuth's decadence in the signs of her prosperity.

ARMISTICE.

By Ellen Burroughs.

THE water sings along our keel,
The wind falls to a whispering breath;
I look into your eyes and feel
No fear of life or death;
So near is love, so far away
The losing strife of yesterday.

We watch the swallows skim and dip;
Some magic bids the world be still;
Life stands with finger upon lip;
Love hath his gentle will;
Though hearts have bled, and tears have burned,
The river floweth unconcerned.

We pray the fickle flag of truce
Still float deceitfully and fair;
Our eyes must love its sweet abuse;
This hour we will not care,
Though just beyond to-morrow's gate,
Arrayed and strong, the battle wait.

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THE LAMP IN THE POOL.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Far down in the deep, black water
A golden lanthorn swings,
Whose lustre widens and trembles
As tremble the water rings.

Above, on the purple twilight
The moon in her glory shows,
But still with a mellower splendor
The lamp in the water glows.

Like a love-lamp set in a window
On a starless summer night,
Steadfast it gleams and beckons,
A jewel of amber light.

Steadfast it points and beckons,
And ever the self-same way,
For it hangs at the gate of a palace
That knows not the light of day.

The great elms' leafy branches
Stretch over the water's brink,
Where deep in their sheltering hollows
The shadows in shadows sink.

But the gold lamp in the water
It glimmers and beckons bright,
Like a love-lamp set in a window
On a murky summer night.

For him who would rise and follow
Full smooth is the path, and straight,
The way through the glistening water
That leads to the palace gate.

And he who shall cross the threshold
No more shall he strive nor weep,
Being come to the Tower of Silence,
In the Valley of Endless Sleep.

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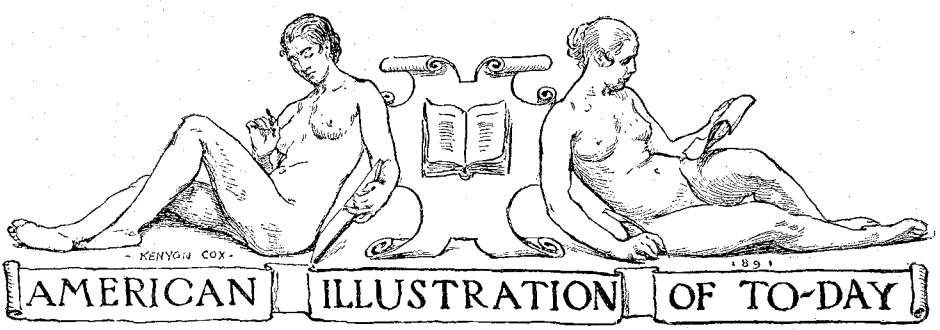

By William A. Coffin.

FIRST PAPER.

ILLUSTRATIONS may be divided into two groups: first, those which depict manners and customs and the life of men and beasts; second, those in which men's thoughts and creations already given to the world in another form, as in literature and tradition, are taken and used as subjects by the artist. The earliest illustrations are as old as writing, and are indeed symbolic writings recording the social, religious, and political life of the people. The Egyptian and Phœnician figures carved on blocks of stone, the pictures on Greek vases, and the wall-paintings at Pompeii are illustrations. All these belong in the first group.

What we mean when we speak of illustrations to-day are included in the second group, and, unlike the earlier works which exist only in a single example, the artists' designs are multiplied a thousand-fold by the various processes of reproduction. Du Halde is authority for the statement that the Chinese printed pictures from plates or blocks as early as 1120 B.C. In the West we find the Italians printing from blocks in 1285, the Germans making prints of saints at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Finiguerra using copper plates in Florence in 1461. The painter Botticelli gave his attention to copper-plate engraving, and others followed his example. Since the days of Albert Dürer and the Italian Renaissance, painters have been drawing for reproduction, until at the present time half of all those who use the brush have worked more or less in the field of illustration, as we use the term, and some have made in it reputations that outshine those gained in painting pictures. We have many worthy artists who do nothing but illustrations, and who rarely paint a picture or draw in color. In the United States great progress has been made in the past twelve or fifteen years. Some of the best of our painters have devoted a large part of their time to illustration, and the work done by the "illustrators"—the artists who work almost exclusively in black and white for the magazines and illustrated journals—has steadily improved in quality. To-day illustration is the regular profession of a host of men and women, the *gagne-pain* of a number of painters, who find in it a source of income that permits them to paint pictures according to their individual tastes, without regard to the question of popularity with the public; and the serious occupation of others who find in some work of poetry or fiction subjects with which their temperament is in sympathy, and an opportunity to make drawings that are in no sense to be confounded with what is known as "hack work," even when it is of such excellence that it seems unjust to apply to it a name that suggests in itself a lack of true artistic interest.

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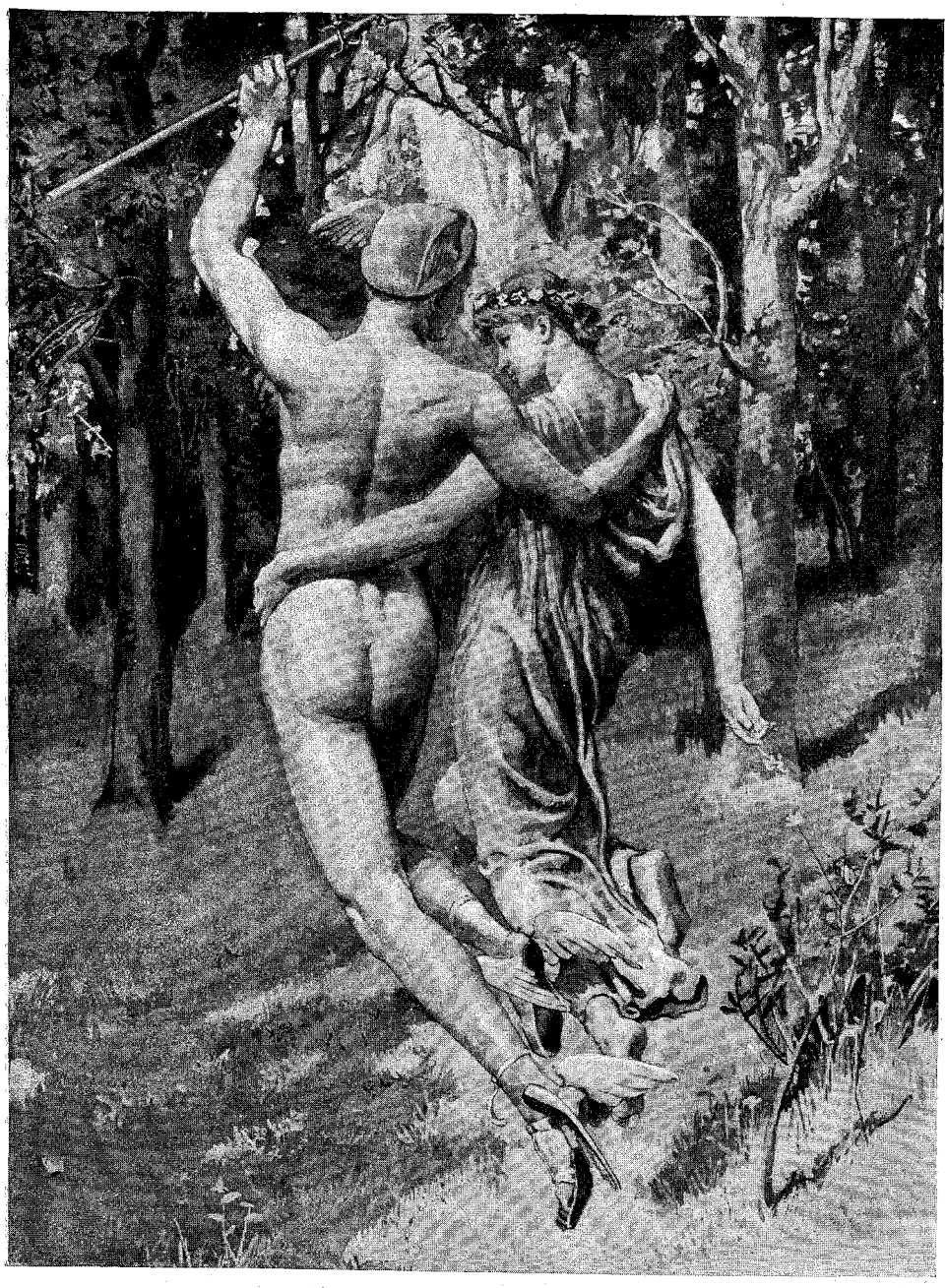

"Into the green-recessed woods they flew."

(From a drawing by Will H. Low, to illustrate Keats's "Lamia." By permission of the artist and the J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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In considering the subject of illustration we must say a word at the outset about the *dictum* of certain critics, who maintain that illustration, as such, is unnecessary, and that it is bad art. "If an idea or a scene is portrayed in words," they contend, "what reason is there for another man to attempt to do it over again in another form? If in a poem, a play, or a story, a thing is well done, the illustration will be inferior, or in a few cases, perhaps, it will be better as a work of art than the text which furnished the subject. In the first case the designer's work is superfluous, in the second the picture will live, and the original in its literary form will be forgotten, for the world will not want both. If this is not plain, reverse the proposition and fancy a man writing a poem about a picture. What can he tell that is not already told on the canvas, and how can he express in words what the artist has only been able to convey to the senses by means of form and color?" This is a specious argument, but it is not a sound one. While it may be true that a good deal of the current illustration is inferior, it serves a useful purpose in the propagation of a love of art among people who would not without it see any whatever worthy of the name. Woodcuts and photo-gravures from the designs of competent artists, in the illustrated papers and magazines, are far better food for the people in homes distant from the art-centres, than the cheap chromos and cheaper steel engravings that used to be about all there was in such houses in the way of pictures of any description. The relative merit of the illustration and its subject in literature are not in question. In our own country, at least, it is indisputable that more has been done through the medium of illustrated literature to make the masses of the people realize that there is such a thing as art, and that it is worth caring about, than in any other way. As to the best work in the field of illustration, when the artist has found in literature something that appeals to him as a subject he would like to treat in pictorial form, we are not forced to decide which is in our opinion the better, the author's word picture or the artist's interpretation of it. No better example of this can be found than Mr. Abbey's delightful drawings illustrating Herrick's poems. We shall not forget the sweet lines of Herrick because we have seen the charming pictures the artist has made to go with them, and if we remember best the poems, we shall not for that reason be blind to the beauty of the drawings. We shall have two things that please us where we had but one before. Further than this, a very large part of the world's art is illustration. Pictures depicting religious and historical subjects, even the frescoes of the Vatican, are in one sense illustrations. All the works of art in the great galleries, in which the subjects are drawn from mythology and legend, are illustrations in the same way. The only essential point of difference from what we call illustrations in our time, is that they were not made to accompany a text. Half the subjects that artists have treated, from the old masters down, have been drawn from literature in one form or another, and it is only in portraits, genre, and still life, and in our modern schools of landscape painting and *plein air* treatment of figures, that the subjects have been found in nature.

In the United States the most serious work in illustration has been done by men already well known as painters of the figure. The two volumes of Keats's poems, "Lamia" and "Odes and Sonnets," with drawings by Will H. Low; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel," illustrated by Kenyon Cox; and "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," with decorative designs by Elihu Vedder, have contributed as much as their work in painting to the reputations of the artists. Mr. Low had already done a considerable amount of magazine and book illustration when he began, in 1885, the series of drawings for "Lamia," and enjoyed among his fellow-artists a reputation as a good draughtsman and a painter of refined sensibility. The illustration of "Lamia" was a project that he conceived himself and proposed to his publishers. The idea being well received by them and the commission given, he entered upon his work with enthusiasm, and for a year and more made it his chief, almost his sole, artistic occupation. The drawings, taken to-

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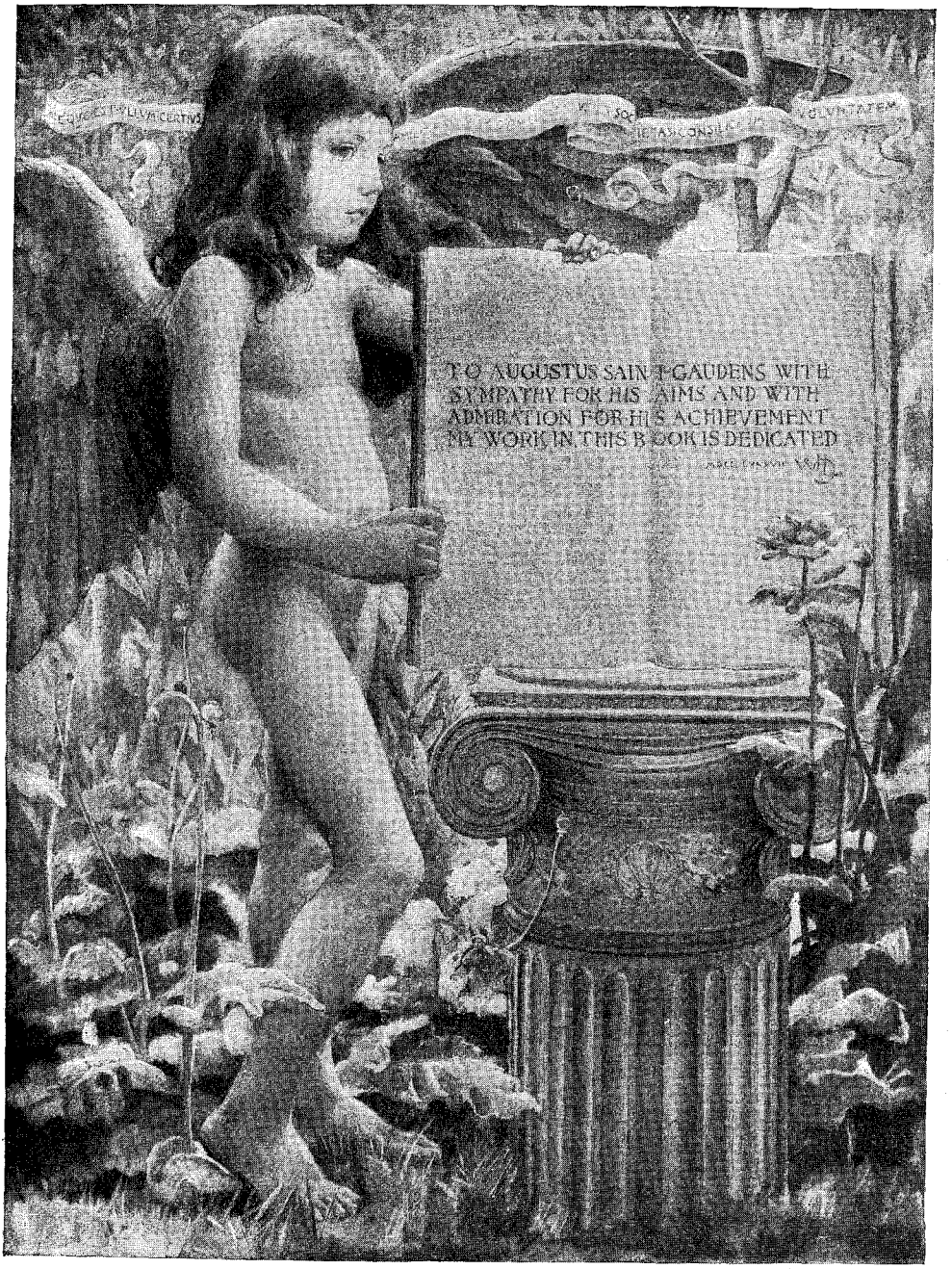
TO AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS WITH
SYMPATHY FOR HIS AIMS AND WITH
ADMIRATION FOR HIS ACHIEVEMENT
MY WORK IN THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

A Dedication.

(From a drawing by Will H. Low in Keats's "Odes and Sonnets." By permission of the artist and the J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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gether, form a harmonious series that, so far as illustrating the poem go, is very satisfactory. The choice of subjects for the illustrations has been made by the artist with excellent judgment, and in his treatment of them he gives evidence of a sympathetic appreciation of the poet's thought. There are thirty-eight drawings in the book, including titles and head and tail pieces, and the design for the cover is a charming piece of decorative work. The drawings are of unequal merit, but most of them deserve praise for beauty of conception and cleverness in the execution. It is only in a few cases that the reproach of conventionality of treatment may justly be made. Of some of the drawings inserted in the text, it may be said that from the shape of the designs one would expect them to be treated decoratively, and not in a purely pictorial manner. The picture for the line, "And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still," for example, is a narrow band across the page and it is not composed within its limits. The right way to use such spaces is shown in such designs as "I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes," which, with its single figure of Hermes descending through the clouds, is complete in itself; or in "What wreath for Lamia? what for Lycius? what for the sage, old Apollonius?" where it is used as simple decoration without enclosing outlines. The best composition in Mr. Low's "Lamia" is the picture "Into the green-recessed woods they flew." The two figures are admirable in line, and the group is exceedingly well arranged and good in movement. There is a drawing in the "Odes and Sonnets" that shows Mr. Low at his very best. It is the one that accompanies the "Ode to Psyche." The nude figure of Psyche recumbent on the grass by the brook-side, is a marvel of delicacy and grace, beautiful in line and subtly modelled, and the figure of Cupid at her side is made subordinate, without losing importance in the group, with fine artistic feeling. The landscape setting is charmingly composed, the masses of light and dark skilfully distributed, and the ensemble is effective without being forced. The dedication to the "Odes and Sonnets" is the finest decorative page in the book, and one of the best things of its kind in modern art, sharing in this distinction with Mr. Cox's dedication in "The Blessed Damozel." Throughout the series of drawings in this book, Mr. Low shows that he has overcome certain faults that were to be noted here and there in the earlier work, and there is a decided gain in decorative spirit. In soundness of execution and elegance of style, these drawings rank easily with the best modern work in the field of creative illustration.

Mr. Low's drawings for the two books were made in body-color and in monotint, of course, and are reproduced by a photographic process. Even in the very best of these processes something is lost in the reproduction, more in some drawings than in others, but always something. Taking the pictures, however, as they stand in the printed books, the artist's chief characteristics are seen to be refinement and elegance of line in drawing the figure, a poetical feeling for landscape, and a genuine talent for composition. In his technical expression he is sometimes too mindful of detail, but he never sins in the other direction by carelessness and affectation of breadth. In such drawings as the Psyche, in the "Odes and Sonnets," where his little faults do not exist and his great merits are seen in their happiest expression, we find him to be an artist whose intention is serious and intelligent, and whose methods are direct and unaffected. Moreover, though one does not need to be a scholar to be a good painter, it is indispensable to be master of one's subjects when one undertakes such a work as the illustration of the two books of Keats's poems we have just been considering. A large part of it is purely creative, and it is gratifying to be able to say that, while we can praise Mr. Low's work from the artistic standpoint, we are also able to commend his scholarship whenever it comes into question—and that is a matter of no small consequence where the illustration is of poems that allude to classical lore as much as do some of these beautiful lines of John Keats.

"The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with drawings by Kenyon

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"We two will lie i' the shadow."

(From a drawing by Kenyon Cox, to illustrate Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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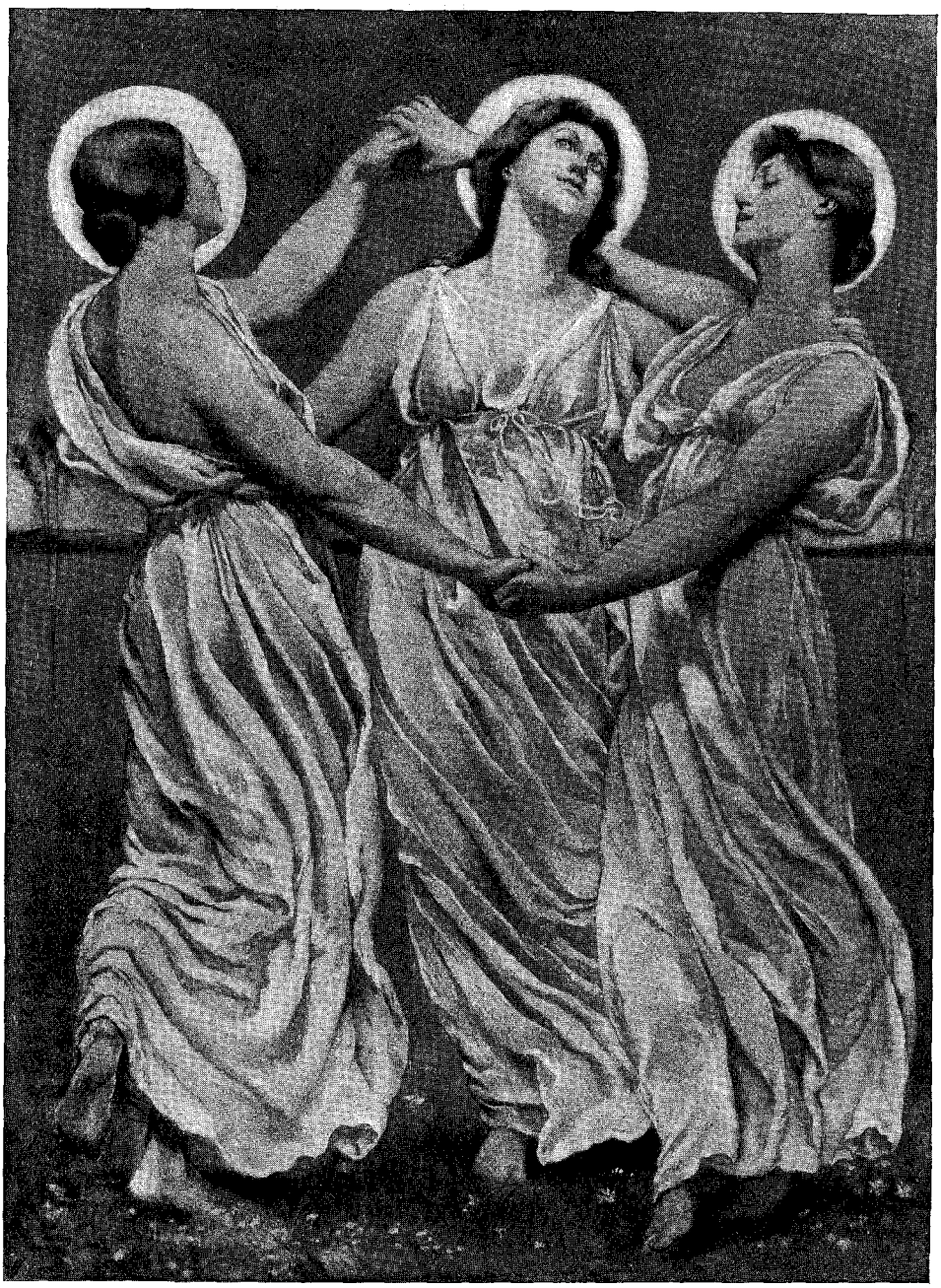

"Some of her New Friends."

(From a drawing by Kenyon Cox, to illustrate Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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Cox, appeared a year after the publication of Mr. Low's series of drawings for "Lamia," and though it is not our purpose to make comparisons between the two books—for comparisons in art do not prove very much—it is worth noting that Mr. Cox followed Mr. Low in taking advantage of the opportunities his subjects offered him to essay the serious treatment of the nude figure. Not very much had been accomplished in this direction in illustrative art, in the United States, up to that time, with the exception of a few of the designs in Mr. Vedder's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," published in 1884. The originals of Mr. Cox's drawings were painted in oil in monotint, and the full page illustrations to the poem number thirteen. There are seven other drawings that may be classed as decorative, and twenty-four initial letters drawn with the pen. In some of the work in this book Mr. Cox has attained to a very high level. Three of the drawings in particular are worthy of unqualified praise: "Some of her new friends," the beautiful group of three young women dancing on the sward; "The stars sang in their spheres," three nude female figures admirable in line and chaste in treatment; and "With Love," in which the conception is bold and original and very ably carried out. The last-named drawing is well done, not only in the sense that it is good from the technical point of view, but also in the sense that such a conception as this new Eros, a pagan God of Love blessing a marriage in heaven, must needs carry in itself, in the way it is made to persuade us of the fitness of its presence, the justification on the part of the artist for its introduction. Considered as a picture without reference to the text, there would be no need of such justification; but the drawing is an illustration, it must be remembered, and it is in just such a question as this that the thought of the artist becomes of the utmost importance in dealing with it. In all of his pictures in this book, Mr. Cox has had to do with a *mise-en-scène* that presented many difficulties in its representation. He has frankly made his heaven a place with tangible forms in architecture and landscape. He has discarded the old expedient of making clouds serve for all sorts of purposes, and gives us walls and casements, grass and trees, as we know them on earth. He has frequent occasion to introduce landscape, and he has adopted a sort of purist motive, suggestive of the early Renaissance, and which harmonizes admirably with his figures, which are not etherealized, but solid and living, depending on natural beauty for their charm, and never falling into quaintness or weirdness through fancied idealization. His use of landscape in these pictures is especially good in the drawing, "We two will lie i' the shadow," where the carefully drawn foliage of spreading branches of trees and the flat meadow with a little stream winding through it, form a delightful setting for the group of two figures in the foreground. One of the finest of all the designs in the book is the dedication, with its two figures personifying the art of painting and the art of poetry. The figure of Poetry, in classic drapery, with uplifted head and a lyre in her hands, is possibly not unlike something we have seen before, but the nude figure of Painting, a fine, ample type of woman with a wealth of hair and something typical of the splendid art of the Venetians in her face, is a real creation. The subject of the title drawing is a half-length figure of an angel drawing a bow across the strings of a violin. It is pure in line and beautiful in type. The lettering in this design also deserves commendation, and it may be said in passing, that wherever Mr. Cox, in the decorative part of his work, has had occasion to use lettering, he has adopted the elegant forms of the Italians. He in no case descends to anything resembling the fantastic characters which too many of our designers seem to fancy in some way especially fitted to decorative inscriptions. The pen drawings for initial letters are by long odds the best things of the kind that have come from the hand of an American artist. There is not space to speak of them separately, but of them all it is but just to say that they show great originality of conception, a knowledge of the principles of design that very few artists possess, and a delicate though virile sense of beauty

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The Throne of Saturn.

(From a drawing by Elihu Vedder, to illustrate the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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in their execution. One which is intended to illustrate the lines :

> And the souls mounting up to God
> Went by her like thin flames,

is quite as good in its way as anything in all modern art.

Mr. Cox's work in "The Blessed Damozel" shows him to be a master of form. His drawing is in general firm and decisive, and founded on a thorough knowledge of construction. He has a rare talent for composition, and his work in this respect, while it does not violate sensible traditions and go to extremes in the search for novelty, is never such as to deserve the reproach of conventionality. In his treatment of the undraped figure, these drawings give proof of a right appreciation of the beauty of the nude, entirely free from the sort of vaporing refinement that the ignorant call "idealization," and possessing true purity in vitality and naturalism. His taste is sometimes at fault from the point of view of the layman, who is not accustomed to think always of the subject as a motive primarily in the artist's eyes to make a picture of, but to think of the subject as the whole of the picture and disregard the technical achievement. These drawings, as well as many among the large number he has contributed to the monthly magazines and other publications, entitle him to rank among the very best of American artists who work in the field of illustration. He has, among other things, signed some pen drawings representing animal groups in sculpture by Barye, that for cleverness of technique and truthful and characteristic rendering of the spirit of the originals, are surpassed by nothing that anybody has done.

The illustration of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" by Elihu Vedder, is conceived in quite a different way from that in which Mr. Low and Mr. Cox proceeded in the works we have just been considering. The essential point of difference is that the illustrations, with the exception of two—"The Throne of Saturn," and "The Recording Angel"—are not separate pictures, but designs composed in connection with portions of the text, enclosed with an outline, the composition being arranged as a sort of decorative border. In almost all of the fifty-six illustrated pages in Mr. Vedder's book the figure is introduced, and the drawings are in chalk, reproduced in black and white and gray, with excellent effect. The chief interest in Mr. Vedder's work lies, not in his drawing of the figure, for it is not, at least in these examples, of more than respectable quality, nor in the composition of pictures, nor in any particular point of technical skill, but in the eminently decorative tendency of his illustrations. Even in "The Throne of Saturn," which is a page apart from the text, the figure on the whirling globe with the encircling ring around it, is not the prime motive of the composition, but only a part of it, and the spirit of the drawing is derived from the fine arrangement of the great curving lines of the sphere and the ring. In "The Recording Angel" there is more interest in the mysterious face of the angel, perhaps, than in anything else, but it is not left to tell its own story. Hands reaching up from below to the desk before him, and a group of wings about his head and those of the two angels that appear on either side of him, are introduced in a decorative manner that does not comport with purely pictorial treatment. Mr. Vedder's fancy finds enjoyment in twisting draperies, curling clouds of vapor, wreathes of vines, and curious forms of animal and vegetable matter with which he surrounds his figures. In one case it is a griffin-like monster with a woman's head, "The Inevitable Fate," lying upon a vast pile of skulls and bones ; again, it is a wine cup, "The Cup of Despair," placed in the midst of a whirl of fuming vapor ; and again, the winged figure of a youth, "Love affrighted at the sight of Hell," standing on a cloud, and a crowd of human shapes passing below him, with serpents twining about their necks. Sun, moon, and stars, men and angels, things earthly and things celestial, are brought together without coherence, apparently, but yet it is not a jumble. The artist uses whatever he finds that is weird, when weirdness is his subject, caring little for probability, and bent only on strange and quaint effects. There is a very pretty figure

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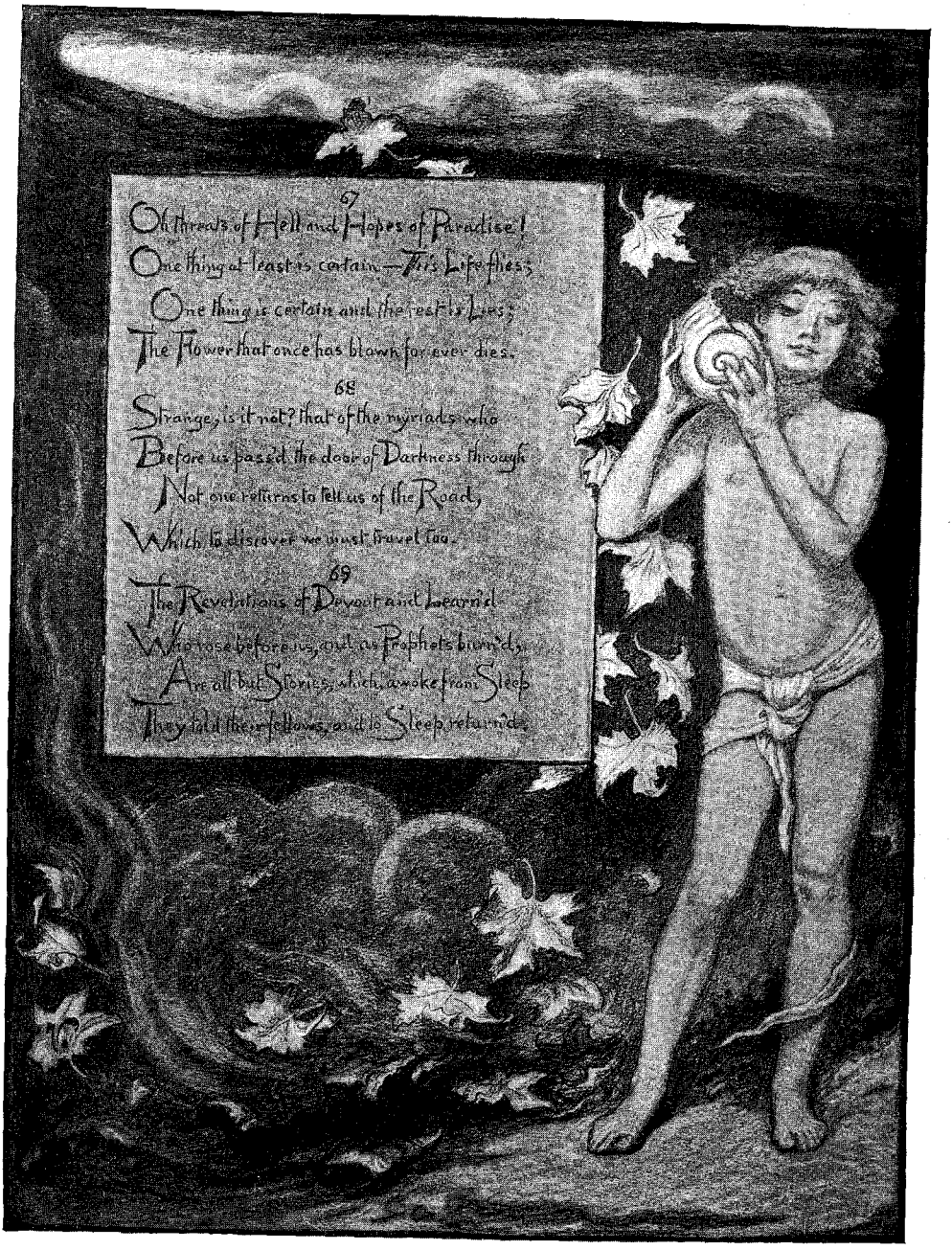
67
Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.
68
Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.
69
The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their fellows, and to Sleep returned.

The Present and the Past.

(From a drawing by Elihu Vedder, to illustrate the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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of a boy holding a conch-shell to his ear in "The Present and the Past," a great deal of character and expression in some of the heads in "Death's Review," a fine group of two figures in "The Cup of Death," and much feeling and harmony of line in some of the other drawings.

Mr. Vedder is widely known, apart from his work in the "Rubáiyát" as a designer of book-covers and other forms of decoration, that are marked by originality of conception and execution. As a painter he is noted for the individuality with which he invests his themes, and to this quality more than to technical excellence he owes most of his reputation.

THE DEAN OF BOURGES.

JUNE, 1891.

By Barrett Wendell.

Old Felix Plat, dean of the church at Bourges,
Lay quiet. Through the cool cathedral aisles
Went strains of holy music. All the throng
Of those that knew him in his gentle life
Knelt, lifting up their souls in prayer to God
For his, gone to God's presence.—Then the bells
Clanging harmonious told the time was come
To bear him to his everlasting rest.
The red-coat beadles with their ringing staves
Stalked solemn first; then red-robed, chanting boys;
Then, grave and reverend, spectacled and laced,
The bishop with his chapter; following on,
The faithful, holy clergy, robed in black,
Save one with shaven crown and sandalled feet,
Brown robe and ropen girdle, down-cast eye,
And visage grim with fasting. High amid
The pious throng, a bier whereon reposed,
Beneath the broidered glories of his pall,
The good old man. And following him there came
Bare-headed husbands with their crapen wives,
Who keep alive the worthy name of Plat
In sundry cities of the Nivernais;
Then last the folk that loved his gentle life,
Some weeping, silent some, some whispering.
Down the cool aisle they passed. The central doors
Groaned on their lazy hinges. Glorious light
Of summer noon-day streamed beneath the Christ
Who sits enthroned above the headless saints
Twice martyred in his service. So the dean
Passed from the church he gave his life to; turned
In solemn pomp the corner of the porch;
And down the hill-side, where gray buttresses
Half block the way, lacing the noon-tide sun
With lines of stony shadow, passed from sight,
Leaving the world of men.

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In the olden time
When Felix Plat was born, Napoleon
Still mimicked Julius' conquests, and the gaze
Of calm Augustus Cæsar. Far from Bourges
The father, once some petty advocate,
Followed the imperial eagles, hot with hope
That from their spoil his hand might gather up
A baton or a throne, like Bernadotte.
The mother, prayerful, trembling, left in Bourges,
Went day by day into the lofty church,
Five-aisled, mysterious, devastated, stern,
But speaking still, she knew not how but knew,
Mute messages of older, purer days,
Lost in the silence of the centuries,
When men had been content to live and die
Loyal to God and to the fleur-de-lys.
So, heavy with the child, she knelt in prayer
She dared not breathe to any but the saints,
That peace and purity might come again
To tired, sinful Europe. And her child
Was born, and looked at her with wistful eyes
Blue as the evening heavens, pillowed there
Beside her in the darkened room. Whereat
She smiled a message, how she dreamt her boy
Should do God service, not the Emperor.
So when came tidings from the frozen East
That she was widowed, whilst Napoleon
Rode home from flaming Moscow, 'mid the plains
Of white, unvanquished Russia swallowing up
His dream imperial, she saw God at work;
And, though she loved him well whose time was come
Still far from throne or baton, clasped her child,
And bore him to the church, wherein behind
The arches of the altar, in the aisle
Where glass like northern sunsets makes the light
Throughout the ages dimly glorious,
She made him kneel, teaching his baby lips
To prattle prayer like hers for peace to come.

But peace came not to France. The longed-for king
Dabbled in Horace till the Hundred Days
Scared him from classics and his capital.
Then red-coat island folk, at Waterloo,
Drove stout Napoleon, island-born, to the isle
Whence could be no return; and Europe, free
From one invading stranger, dared divide
His toppling conquests. God's anointed now
Trod in their fathers' footsteps; nothing learned
Nor aught forgotten, led the way again
To what they once had fled from.

All the while,
In quiet Bourges, the mother with her son
Grew with the years together—aged she,
He manful—and together in the church

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Knelt day by day, in prayer for peace to come.
The tall gray arches 'twixt the pillared aisles,
The cool gray vaults, the glory of the glass
Wherefrom, as from the heavens, stare the saints,
He grew to know for God's mute messengers
Of what hath been on earth; prophetic, too,
Of what may be, would man but lift his eyes
Godward again. The noisy world without
Made his heart faint. For, even in sleepy Bourges,
The hoydens of the chaffering market-place,
The tramping soldiery with their rattling drums,
The trotting lawyers with their serviettes,
And bustling sin and passion imaged all
The devil's work on earth. Yet when he passed
Sad to the five-arched portal, where the saints
Gather in stony myriads at the feet
Of Christ triumphant, still he knew the faith
That what hath been on earth shall be again.
So when to him, grown manful, came the time
To choose what path his mortal feet should tread,
He had no thought of choosing, gave himself
To Christ, and to His Church, and to the King
Who, chastened for his sins, should come at last
Unto his own again.

And that is all
His story. Deacon, priest, then canon there,
His gentle years passed by. He did the works
He found to do; preached, prayed, ministered
Unto God's people, poor and rich alike,
In joy, in sorrow; heard the whispered sins
Of heavy hearts, spoke them consoling words;
Gave alms and counsel, having little thought
For aught but God's own service. Well he knew,
Ever more surely, France must bide her time,
Paying her debt of sin, ere God should grant
Peace to her people, with the fleur-de-lys.
He closed his mother's eyes amid the days
When pear-faced Orleans, by the people's voice—
Not God's—made king, sat smug in Paris; saw
Those loyal ones who for a little cheered
The standard of the Duchess, bid her go
Suckle her child unroyal. Sin must pay
Its debt ere peace might come. He lived content,
Following the sinless one as best he might,
Putting his trust in Heaven. So he saw
The people's king fall as God's chosen kings
Had fallen before him; saw the prating men
Of Paris strive to govern; saw the Prince
Who aped the Emperor as the Emperor aped
The god-like chiefs of Rome, come mow them down,
Thinking to lure the tinsel empire back;
Saw him too vanish; saw the stormy cloud
Of war come cleanse his traces from the land;
Hoped a while that the white-flagged king
Might know his own at last; and, very old,
Saw senseless sin let prancing Boulanger

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Turn hope to shameful sorrow; bowed his head,
Content that God's own work shall bide God's time.

They made him dean at eighty. Then at last
He did his sovereign service. Long ago,
A man of Bourges, Jacques Cœur, that loved the king,
Built for the king a mighty monument,
Wherein, if so it pleased him, he might lie
Resting his bones in peace. And though the king
Came never thither, but in St. Denis
Slept with his fellows till the reckoning day
When royal bones pell-mell were flung abroad
To rot forgotten—still the monument
Until that troublous time, there in the church,
Stood royal; and above it knelt the king,
Fat, blue-eyed, happy, robed in fleur-de-lys.
Then, when the royal fathers paid the debts
Of their lewd children, impious rabbles came,
Tore down the pile, and thrust the blue-eyed king
Into some cellar, where he lay forgot.
There old dean Felix found him; thence he bade
Men bear the image to the church again;
Therein, behind the altar, bade them place
The royal suppliant, where the painted glass
Sheds all its glory round him. When the king
Came to his own again, perchance to Bourges
His feet might stray. There in the solemn church
His father's form should greet him, kneeling down
In prayer for France; and with its great blue eyes
Look deep into his soul, speaking the truth
That even as France must kneel before the King,
So must the King, if he would hold his own,
Kneel before God.

And now at last was come
Good old dean Felix' time. One summer day,
He breathed his soul into the hands of God;
Lay for a while in state; then from his church
Passed gravely forth forever. All the trace
He left on earth of all the peace he dreamed,
And prayed and yearned for through these troubled years
That France is vexed with, kneels in carven stone
Behind Bourges altar. But his life hath earned
Such peace as France nor earth may ever know.
And so he sleeps, leaving his earthly watch
To fat King Louis, on his cushioned knees,
Safe in the cool cathedral.

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THE DOCTOR'S RELATIVES.

By Karl Erickson.

Father mine is a silver birch-tree,
Mother mine is a summer cloud,
Brother mine is the rye so golden,
Sister mine is the sickle moon.
Spring and fall and summer weather,
I am lonely as the heather:
There I sing, and sing, and sing.
—TOPELIUS.

HE was hunting through the Minnesota hills for some members of the Silverstar family, lost for years. Not that he was known by that luminous name, for deciding, while a penniless emigrant, not to shine with a tarnished aristocratic heritage, he merged himself into another Nelson—Axel Nelson—greatly to the disgust of his Silfverstjerna kin in Sweden.

He had seen but little of his countrymen in America, having been too busy to disport himself on questions of nationality. But here, among the Mississippi bluffs, he found a bit of peasant Sweden, and the doctor was delighted. Little did the settlers, eying the man with the silk umbrella, suspect the kindly, almost enthusiastic, feelings he felt, at every long-drawn greeting in the dear old tongue. The clean-scoured log-houses, the women's checked head-cloths, the hive-shaped piles of winter wood, the bang of the looms, well-nigh transported him.

At one place where the rail fences ran far up the hill-sides, where the stumps were grubbed out, where the tinkle of bells led many sheep, he introduced himself as a hungry Swede. The effect was magical, and long did he remember that dinner. How he feasted on the thin bread cakes dried on a pole among the rafters; how delicately flavored was that indescribable dish, *ost kaka*—a rennet custard served with cinnamon and cream.

At some such hospitable cabin he would, perhaps, discover his relatives. So he fancied.

But a mysterious surprise prevailed when he inquired for the Swensons—Johannes Swenson. Undoubtedly, his host reflected, the stranger held the mortgage.

Doctor Axel marvelled, as he took the indicated way, that so dilapidated, washed-out, cracked, thistle-grown road could be found in young Minnesota. It might have been an antediluvian trail, growing thistles ever since those first ones in Genesis. He seemed entering an enchanted region of weeds and haze. It was one of the rare Indian summer days that sometimes linger till late November, when all the Minnesota hills are ethereally blue and divinely mysterious.

Up another "coolie," and he gained a view of the great river, a view granted only by leafless fall. Through the bare swamp forests flashed the water, like a revelation. In among the vast reaches of yellow marsh grass coursed the devious channels, all a dazzling Minnesota blue. Forgotten, vanished, the dainty differences of green that tinted the August river; now it emblazons the Indian summer islands with a runic scroll text in blue and gold.

The house was in sight; a lamentable log-cabin in a small clearing where the primeval stumps were thick. The sod roof bore weeds, tall and many, that waved above the whitewashed door. A gay pile of pumpkins relieved one wall, and a dog of somewhat paler cast attacked the doctor's heels.

He knocked. Was Silfverstjerna blood here?

No response. Pushing open, he saw a stack of dry beans and a flail. Then

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from a dark inner room hobbled a tiny, gray, decrepit woman swathed in coarse rags; on her face fear, in her hand a tattered catechism. On the tip of her wrinkled nose rested verdigris-rimmed spectacles, and stiff short hair emphasized her uncanny look.

"Who's there?" she whispered, waving the book. "Be it the land you're after? Deliver us from the wicked."

Her dialect betrayed signs of good Swedish, of the clear-cut Stockholm accent, but the doctor quaked as he reflected that he was related by the female line. Bravely, however, he announced himself as a Silfverstjerna.

"Silfverstjerna?" she screamed, flying at him. The Baron's son, my cousin's son?"

He was the cousin's grandson, but her emotion was nowise abated.

"Axelina! Ax-el-in-a!" she called. "Where's the young 'un? I might fall down this hill like last summer, when I rolled into the slough. *Axelina.* It was a witch shot," she hoarsely explained, clasping the talismanic book to her old superstitious breast. "A *witch*—shot."

The doctor found Axelina under a tree, dark and unresponsive as the hill behind her. Over her chemise was buttoned a dark-blue skirt, and the tangle of black hair fell over bare shoulders. The last scarlet sumach leaf was no redder than her cheeks, but utter lack of animation almost cancelled their brilliancy. Motionless she sat, watching a caterpillar crawl up her bare arm.

Virtually she was a pagan, a Minnesota pagan, a little distorted, perverted Lutheran, confirmed though she had been, drilled in churchly creed and code. Fireflies were her kin, water nixies she *had* spoken with. At this moment she was waiting to see the worm turn into an angel and carry her off beyond the purple line of the farthest Minnesota hill, by the last silver glimpse of the Mississippi, to give her clothes and folks like other girls.

A sullen courtesy and a silent stare returned the stranger's greeting as she finally stirred to the frantic summons to "Go an' fetch Johannes from the *fencin'*."

Her uncle this was, of plebeian extraction.

As she ran off into the copse, the doctor followed across the clearing, where rye had grown among the black stumps. His namesake stopped on the steep brink of the creek, and he wondered if she got that wonderful color from the Polish countess who married into their ancestral family during the Thirty Years' war, or from this glorious, exhilarating Minnesota air.

She stopped and gave a shrill whistle. A flap and rustle in the water below responded, and straight up the cliff flew a solitary goose, alighting in evident delight at Axelina's feet. She cast on the fine interloper a silent, triumphant look gainsaying abject misery, petted her bird, and led into the untouched forest.

In a bush-hidden cave off the precipitous ravine, the unkempt, meagre Johannes was making whiskey. (That is, fencin'.)

His apparatus was ridiculously small, but his enjoyment of inverse proportions. These pans, screws, pails, and tin cups, were all he cared for in the entire universe, and he could have thrown Axelina over the bluff for bringing this man here. But the doctor, tingling with adventure, greeted him effusively, said he had come hundreds of miles to see him, and was his cousin—(revelling in the admission). Johannes subsided into a garrulous boon-companion, urging the doctor to remain with them indefinitely, and bestowed upon him an extravagant dose of Minnesota moonshine, scorched and burnt into the flavor of all the spices of Cathay.

Axelina was back at the creek, having decided that the Indian summer water was warm enough for a bath. On hot days, how they luxuriated in the water, girl and bird, chasing each other up and down stream. The goose would beat the water into milky effervescence while Axelina, from her cracked, rusty cup, poured the silver coolness down her arms. In pure luxury of existence she often lay asleep under the black haws, her arm thrown over the bank, where, through her fingers, the water ravelled out a lullaby.

Once she took a moonlight bath to see the trolls and elves against which her grandmother so vehemently prayed. And she was satisfied that white drape-

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ries trailed through the dewy bushes; that the star down, down in the water sparkled on the brow of a spirit. She was enraptured to have seen it.

The doctor was snowed in for a month. Minnesota Novembers cannot be trusted, and for decades the witching Indian summer had not loitered so long or lovingly among these hills.

The first night he was awakened by fingers feeling over his face. Starting up, he saw the witch-like hag holding a candle high above her gray head, and heard her mutter "Baron S., Baron S." ere she screamed and fled at his voice. At four every frozen morning his vacation slumbers were attuned to Johannes's bean-flail. Johannes, in fact, seemed to have a peculiar disinclination to work at any other hour.

This enforced leisure was likely to be ruinous to a man of his moderate means, but the hill had turned white and slippery, awe-inspiring to contemplate. He was insulated on an impassable glacier, scarred and scarped by the howling storms and cutting sleet.

Axelina was a curious study; shy and sullen. It was remarkable that a child could be so apathetic to her own misery, so unresponsive to kindness. Yet he felt a magnetism in the girl: he called it pity.

But when, the roads being opened a few days before Christmas, he prepared to go, she revealed herself like the flash of a sword from the sheath. Clinging to his arm, she wildly entreated him to stay over Christmas. She fixed her eyes upon him, saying he should stay. He was amazed, confounded, but won over, to his own surprise.

So here he was, astonishing the settlement store by his purchases, and helping the poor child cook and clean, while Johannes provided a festive surplus of beans. The girl, in truth, had a knack, and a zealous one, for scrubbing, about the only thing her housekeeping conditions left scope for. She scoured the old boards out around the door, the benches, the table, the walls, with rush bundles of her own gathering, and it gave a sense of good living to the hovel. Had it not been for her, the weeds would undoubtedly have grown as tall on the hearth-stones as they did on the roof.

The day before Christmas, the doctor heard sobs in the bean shanty, and found Axelina unflinchingly plucking her dear beloved goose, which she herself had killed. Though aghast at this inferred compliment to his presence, he did not imagine how much it meant.

"O, Axelina, you ought not to have killed it."

Her tears streamed on the downy breast as she petted it, but her voice flashed out:

"I wouldn't leave it to *them*. You see," she explained, in a tone that carried conviction to the listener, "I'm goin' home with you."

He had planned to give her dresses and shoes, but she evidently went further.

"Why, child, I don't see——"

She was unmoved by his misgivings.

"I kin go, an' I be goin'. *Does* you think I kin live here a bit longer? Will you whip me if I goes? You doesn't need to take me, I'll just foller. If you does whip me, I'll foller any how."

He caught his breath. Was such fire in her heart? The dark eyes glowed, carmine spots came and went in her cheeks, but the curved mouth was inflexible. The miserable cabin seemed indeed too poor to cage her.

Rolling up her sleeve, she showed a long blue mark, saying, scornfully:

"Johannes hit me there. If you hit me like that, I'll foller anyhow."

She was more lovely and wonderful than the aurora borealis flashing its crimson banners in the winter nights.

Tears filled his heart and he drew the quivering girl to his side, impulsively kissing the red, red mouth.

"Poor little Axelina, I will take care of you."

She was his only Christmas present. The angel had come.

The great open fire gave semblance of cheer to Christmas Eve in the poor cabin, really very clean; and there was quite a supper, including the regulation rice mush plus cinnamon.

The doctor heaved birch-logs into the chimney and wondered how to announce Axelina's departure. She forestalled

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him, however, by simply telling them she was going away. Johannes was calm, stupefied you might say, having waded the drifts to his cave, and imbibed a sling of good nature. But the frantic grandmother became a raving incarnation of wrath. She shrieked, waved her catechism, and cursed the child. The indignant doctor stepped sternly forward, but Axelina motioned him off. Fixing her luminous eyes on the old woman, she trilled out a quick strain like the call of a wild bird, and then, after a brief pause, sang.

The doctor stood entranced by her voice. It held the sweet sound of the Minnesota Junes, and the mournfulness of the whippoorwills. It rose and fell in minors of an old folk ballad, and gushed forth in the tender, passionate Swedish words.

The expression and pathos betrayed her imagination. And indeed, at the moment, the song was her real life. While she exorcised the demented woman, she herself grew almost unconscious of her surroundings in the rapture of singing. But when the song had quieted the poor old grandmother, Axelina, slender child, picked her up and carried her to bed with a last mournful refrain—in the hard, ragged bed, the one-time beauty who had danced with barons.

They were the offscouring of the settlement; the one house where was no thrift, no store of food, no wheel, no loom. Yet both Johannes and the old woman always went to church on Christmas morning.

The doctor could not sleep that night for carollings of the young Christmas voice, and he was very ready for Johannes's three o'clock summons. Service began at five, and four miles to go.

Dust was blown off the hymn-books. Johannes wildly tore the autumn snarls out of his hair with a ferocious, semi-toothless, Swedish brass comb. The old woman, wrapped and rolled in quilts, was packed into a blue box-sled which Dr. Axel gallantly drew down the steep, treacherous ice-hill, around formidable frozen curves, and through the dark, crackling, frozen forest. She, meantime, muttered and mumbled prayers and petitions against every evil she ever feared.

Over the long line of snowy Mississippi bluffs glittered a play of northern lights, yellow and pink. Down through the settlement lanterns twinkled and shone on every hill-path, near and far, converging to a focus at the little log church.

There the fur-coated men and sheepskin robed women found a red-hot stove to greet them. (For they did not import the old Swedish *régime* of freezing to death in church.)

Afar shone the little temple, for it was all illuminated by candles in the windows, candles on the pulpit, candles in the seat backs, candles in a festive, frivolous, straw-trimmed chandelier above the altar. A black tablet announced the hymns in polished brass numbers, and hours before sunrise, in the heart of the frozen Minnesota woods, a churchful of people rose to sing No. 55 in the Lutheran Psalter, Bishop Wallin's immortal hymn that every Christmas morning ascends in praise on both sides of the Atlantic:

Hail, hail, thou beauteous morning hour,
That by the prophet's holy power,
To mortal sight was given.

The doctor recalled it from childhood and sang, all the while conscious of a soprano over on the women's side that led the congregation like the motive of a Christmas symphony—Axelina's voice.

She wore a queer little muskrat cap with a fur tail bobbing down her neck, and, with hands clasped behind her, sang all the long stanzas by heart.

Instructed in the catechism and inscribed in the archives, she, nevertheless, held a cordial disrespect for church and clergyman—to be deprecated, but not wondered at. The season of confirmation had not been happy. Valfrid, with applause, had been awarded his place to lead the boys. Axelina stood unquestionably first of all, both boys and girls, in record. But there were rich farmers to consider, the pastor's daughter, respectability. So, although gentle Valfrid said he would not be confirmed, his proud mother and the diplomatic clergyman, won, and beggar woman Swenson's grandchild stood last in line in the flower-decked Pentecost church; had stood at the altar hard,

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friendless, despising the prayers and the questions she faultlessly answered.

Now on Christmas morning, through tune and interlude, strophe and antistrophe, she fixed her eyes on the boy who played the *psalmodikon*—a primitive, one-stringed lute deservedly popular in its day and played on according to number books. (Alas, that the psalmodikon is heard no more, even in Minnesota!) The harper was a fine-looking boy, and the doctor recognized him as from the well-to-do farm—Valfrid. It was the joy of Valfrid's prosaic life to play in church, and the music in his heart was not to be measured by earthly harmony as he drew the solitary choral notes from the solitary string. No. 55 had required much practice, but he made no mistakes. A happy flush enlivened his delicate blonde face as he eagerly leaned over the instrument, and the gold of his wonderful hair gleamed in the light of the altar candles. He was a god compared with the buxom, green-robed angels painted above the pulpit, whose prototype was found among the heavier females of the congregation. They, meantime, venerated the production, as a genuine Hörberg.

Doctor Axel found the Scripture lessons in Johannes's cubical hymn-book embossed with leathern cherubim, and the solemn, slow responses sent him back long years. But the sermon was disturbed by the warm knowledge that a stout, home-made tallow dip in an augur-hole was blazing within half an inch of the nape of his neck. Also by the busy man in new, unpliable, sheet-iron homespun who creakingly clogged about snuffing the candles, and whose natural deliberation of motion could only be accelerated by actual contact with burning flame. Indeed, in past years hymn-books had taken fire, the fur on several old ladies' hoods been seriously damaged, and it was miraculous that, when the people rose to sing, there was not a general conflagration of coat-tails.

Before dawn the long service closed, and Axelina pressed up to the musician boy.

"Valfrid, I'm goin' away to-morrow."

"With him? For how long?"

"Forever," she asseverated with tears. She had not thought it would be so hard to leave him.

"No, it be-en't," he stoutly whispered, with a smile like a star. "You must come back. *Lyckligjul*, 'Lina." (Merry Christmas.) And he pressed into her slender brown hand a string of yellow glass beads.

That night Axelina flew up affrighted, lest precious time had fled, and shook the uncouth Johannes to go out and consult the stars. Shivering, he avowed that they indicated near morning. Sidereal time was not to be disputed, so the oxen started in the cold, scintillating moonlight. Down "coolies," ravines, and frozen creeks; no daylight. Slow miles squeaked past to the groan of the cart-wheels. The doctor and Axelina ran furlongs in the spectral woods. Fifteen miles; they reached stage station four hours too early. This archaic punctuality amused the doctor, but no freezing owl in the frozen forest was more solemn than Axelina as the signs of her zodiac changed. The repressed joy was so great as to be a burden, and, surcharged with the unknown, she walked as in the vision of a dream.

In the next four years Axelina gave no little trouble. For a long time it was only with Dr. Axel she was tractable and somewhat winning. Her sullen moods, ignorance, and imperious will very soon caused an estrangement between the doctor and Miss Lee, his affianced wife. She wanted no such relatives. The engagement was broken.

The doctor was too busy to brood morbidly. He hid in his heart an image of the Laura Lee he could have idolized, and worked on. Competition, disappointments tempering each success; ambition kept him at high pressure, kept him from seeing much of his ward.

Axelina improved, yet she was seventeen, the brightest girl in the seminary, and without one close friend. She felt the void. She saw girls kiss their fathers, and suffered agonies of longing for such an opportunity. She looked at her guardian's thoughtful face and wished she could run her fingers through his dark hair. Dreaming of nights that the old grandmother held her in her clutches, she often went to Dr. Axel's

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door and sat by the threshold till morning. Every day she gave a passionate little caress to his slippers, and vowed to become as good as he was.

Every year a few letters were written from Valfrid, and she told the doctor he was soon coming for her. Her simplicity provoked only a smile. But one day she broke in on him at his desk. Vehement and trembling, she sobbed,

"Valfrid is sick, Valfrid. I must go at once."

"Axelina, child, be calm. Let me speak to you."

"Oh, I must go. When does the train leave?" she cried.

"Axelina," he said, a little sternly, for he felt need of fortifying himself against that power she had of accomplishing her desires, "I do not want you to go. I cannot go with you, and what could we do? Next summer we will go."

She threw herself on the floor, clasping his knees.

"You know," he gently went on, "you are expected to sing to-night. The little wild bird must sing. You are to do so well."

The caress in his voice appeased her, and she forced herself to be quiet. All afternoon she lay on her bed, with hands tightly clasped over her breast to repress the storm.

That evening her voice was truly beautiful, and Dr. Axel enjoyed her triumph. And he smiled as he thought of the morning's episode and of her power to control that temper. He doubted not it was the happiest hour of her life.

She marry Valfrid?

He had a vision that, could knights and ladies from the baronial hall of their ancestors be conjured up, they would not blush to own this little Silfverstjerna singing so sweetly, so roundly applauded.

Forced to reappear, Axelina stood a moment irresolute, lovely in her delicate pink dress. She saw only her guardian's fine face. A chill of hopelessness shook her, of misery, of the anguish of a warm, palpitating nature to have no answering heart to know it. She felt it was black ingratitude not to feel satisfied when he had done so much for her. In this supreme moment of her years of awakening, the faces before her became a blank expanse illuminated by Dr. Axel's smile. But he was so far away, always so far. All this in a few seconds, then, realizing he expected her to sing, she asserted herself as Axelina by bursting into a little Swedish ballad she had not thought of for years. He alone in that audience understood the words, and sat electrified at her audacity:

"To Eastern land will I journey,
My love, oh, my true love to see;
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree.
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree."

The complex emotions of her heart swelled naturally into the sad, subtile cadences, and the fine air charmed every ear. The delighted listeners took it as a well-planned surprise, congratulating the doctor. "So odd!" "Quite effective!"

II.

The next morning Axelina was gone; without a word.

Her few dollars took her half-way; then followed a week of walking, begging food, starving. She loosed a boat and rowed against the Mississippi current half a day between the majestic hills that stretched homeward.

Was it home?

Afraid of the night river, she landed at a dusky highway, sending the boat down stream with faith it would reach the owner. She came to the old road one mellow April twilight. All the valley was pervaded by the faint April perfumes suggesting flowers.

Walking on slowly, more kindly thoughts of the old life filled her mind than ever before. The poor, weak grandmother slept under the pasque flowers, by the side of Axelina's handsome, disappointed mother. Perhaps Johannes was better; perhaps he had awakened to some sense of manhood.

A gaunt figure reeled toward her and she tried to hide among the trees, but the man accosted her rudely.

"The lady would gimme someting? The fine lady—lady," he mumbled, with a leer.

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It was Johannes. In the revulsion of her almost fantastic nature, she shook with abhorrence. Her spirit denied all affinity, even sympathy. He was never kind to anyone.

"Let me pass! I go to the next house."

"Lady not can the way."

She sprang to the open road, thinking he meant to murder her. Waving a long switch, she pointed over the well-known hill.

"You live over there, and if you don't let me pass and go right home, I'll whip you, and I'll go over the creek, break your whiskey jug, and lock the cave. Do you hear, Johannes Swenson?"

Cowed and appalled by his Nemesis, Johannes took hands off her, slinking aside utterly confounded. Involuntarily, he touched his ragged hat to her, as she quickly disappeared in the woods.

Soon she reached Valfrid's home. Breathless and weak, she watched the spring fires on all the hills, down in the Mississippi marshes, afar on the other shore. Like evil serpents they writhed up the dark, dim Wisconsin hills, as she recalled that Valfrid's folks hated her —the beggar-girl. After contact with the depraved Johannes, she experienced far less confidence in herself. Indignities of the old life oppressed her heart.

One window was light, but all was silent as the grave. As she knocked, the silver April moon, evanescent and white as the first April blood-root blossom, dropped its early crescent behind the familiar notch in a big black hill.

Valfrid's mother opened to her.

"May I see Valfrid?"

"Valfrid? Who is it?" scrutinized the tall lady in long cloak, who stood silent, a stranger, till Valfrid's sister Annie cried,

"Axelina!"

"O Annie, let me see him," she convulsively sobbed.

The weeping mother walked the floor in loud lamentation. Then they told Axelina that Valfrid was dead.

Dead? In all her impetuous journey she had not considered this possibility.

Across the yard they led her to the new house where he lay; his mother did, who had let no one touch her darling, her one son.

The delicate boy-face wore a smile, and the halo of yellow hair was lighted into camaieu golds and shades.

This was her true friend, who helped her when others scorned, who loved her. His plain, sweet life was ended; this lovely form was ready for the grewsome crypt. He could not hear her voice.

The frantic, exhausted girl knelt beside him. Rebellious thoughts surged unformulated through her being, terrifying, agitating in their variable indistinctness. Why could not her eager, passionate longing keep Death back? Why was anything stronger than her tempestuous, sacrificing heart?

She took the dainty chiselled face in her hands, and just then the candle's light flickered on the dumb psalmodikon leaning against his dead arm. The lute, the hand, but no music! With a moan she fell to the floor.

Nothing more she knew until, after long weeks, she saw the doctor one summer day by her bed. On the quilt lay the queer old harp which she had held and fingered through all the fever. Its one string was broken, and the simple melody of her child-life was also silent. But majestic chords of harmony were latent in her chastened heart.

Long days she lay weak and silent, watching Valfrid's mother and Annie work. All the kerchiefed women came one day to make cheese for the minister. She experienced a protest against life in the settlement, though never till now had she loved these people. Valfrid's mother had bowed her haughty spirit in her grief, and recognized the girl's nature as akin to her own.

Axelina's soul breathed peace. With profound thankfulness she waited to go out into the world; waited for strength to tell Dr. Axel how glad she was he had enabled her to do so. Just what she would do, she knew not.

The fever had been horrible. Many times she had seen Valfrid die. She too had died and been with him in the kingdom of the dead. In uncertainty they had floated through a universe of vapor. Again, fire serpents had coiled

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about him in slow, torturing toils. She herself had burned, burned, burned. She had been tormented by hideous visions of a huge burning psalmodikon in which Valfrid was laid out for burial.

Awakening to reality, the world seemed a river of peace. The memory of the hallowed, quiet death-chamber and the smiling boy, was calm and beautiful, though mournful and sad.

One July afternoon the doctor brought her out on the hill in the edge of the wood.

It was July, luxurious July, when Mississippi breezes hurry up from the river to the high bluffs; when the even lengths of Wisconsin hills shine golden with ripe wheat. July, or *Carpasapa-wi*, as the Dakotahs said, the month when the choke-cherries are ripe. And over Axelina's head hung profuse racemes of the glistening, black-red fruit.

She was pale; no bloom but on the exquisite mouth. A white shawl in soft folds about her throat, made the doctor think of the black hair about her bare shoulders. She was very quiet, not a rebellious feeling in her. The long journey to the Gate of Mystery had stilled the stormy creature.

He closed his book, seeing the word *death* a few lines down, and stretched at full length on the slope below her.

This was his second vacation. At thirty-five he felt disappointed that life proved so realistic, so destructive of the dreams dreamed by the boy on the cliffs of the Baltic. He was not bitter, but enthusiasm had faded from his soul as surely though as slowly as the blue from a harebell. To-day, however, he felt a buoyancy long unknown. This child, this dear girl would live.

"Poor Axelina," and he glanced lovingly at her. She smiled in perfect peace.

Involuntarily, almost, he put his hand over her foot—she had dainty hands and feet—thinking reverently of the long miles she had walked in the impulse of her heart. Just so she had once vowed to follow him,

> "*Over valley deep and mountain;*
> *All under the green linden-tree.*"

Life was not all material. The spirit world touches us in life as well as death; how, otherwise, could he now be so near the impulsive faith of inexperience?

"Well, Axelina; are you ready to go home with me?"

"Yes," she simply answered, though this was the first word as to her future. She suspected no change as she looked afar down over the vast river-marshes.

But there was longing in his eyes as he questioningly searched her passive face. He was very handsome, with the background to his fine looks of a good, earnest man.

"Come to me, Axelina; sing me Swedish ballads. Can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

It was a delirious moment to her; words as startling as a line of lightning. The color surged to her face and throat, her pulses bounded too quickly. Him she had adored afar; reverenced his acts as those of a superior being. She knew that with him life would be bright, be pure and great. Love him? Have the right to?

Eagerly she leaned forward, looking into his waiting face, and he could hardly endure the brightness in the great black eyes as she uttered her first thought.

"Oh, I should love to be your wife."

We know not whither the path in our garden or the road past our house doth tend. Again they went the thistle-grown-trail from the Swedish settlement, and it led to happiness, such happiness as few bridal paths do find. He never felt that he gave as much as he received; and in the successful years she no oftener followed the reason of his disciplined mind than he the dictates of her loving impulse.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

One of the ingenious persons who make interesting paragraphs in the newspapers, put into a Boston paper, the other day, a tale of a well-to-do gentleman who had a son. For whom, when he came of age and had finished with the customary educational preliminaries, his father cast about for an occupation; and himself having no business except to nurse his income, he wrote to twenty-four friends whose industrial efforts had resulted successfully, asking each what he thought was a good business, or profession, for a youth to start in. The paragrapher's story is that each correspondent, in his reply, complained of his own calling, and advised the inquirer to try something else. Whereat the father was disconcerted, and at last account the son was still idle.

The story is reasonable enough to be true. It seems not to lie in the average man who knows what success in his particular line of activity has cost him, to believe easily in another person's ability to pay the necessary price, escape fatal misadventures, and be favored by the indispensable lucky chances. Moreover, the thing that he has done looks small to him when he recalls the continuousness of the effort that accomplished it. When he makes his estimate of results he usually counts in dollars and cents, and is apt to overlook what every sincere moralist is bound to regard as the most important result of all, the effect of his exertions upon himself. The effort which has made him "successful" in the more limited sense, has developed his strength and his manhood. That was, or should have been, the result that the inquiring Boston parent sought for his son. Recognizing that to nurse an income is an old-gentlemanly avocation, and hardly fit to bring out the latent qualities of youth, he wanted, doubtless, to put his youngster somewhere where burden-bearing would make him sturdy; but, like the rest of us, he wanted the sturdiness to be incident to the acquisition of satisfactory pecuniary gains.

Generally speaking, our American conception of profitable work is still something that makes direct cash returns. We are perfectly aware that character is valuable, and that hard work is almost indispensable to its growth, yet our impulse is to measure the value of labor in coin. Even when we don't need, or really care about, the money our work might bring, we are apt to persist, from mere force of habit, in measuring it primarily by this standard, and secondarily, if at all, by its results in ourselves. The truth is, as the experience of the Boston father illustrates, that there is scarcely any calling whose mere money returns will seem to its successful professors worth the pains they have cost. "I have had to work at this job," each of the Boston man's correspondents seems to have said; "I had no choice, for I had to make a living. But with your son it is different. He can afford to choose something else."

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Every year the American colleges are turning loose increasing numbers of youth with the elements of education in them, whose circumstances are such that they may choose what they will do without much regard to the money returns of their labor. It is an interesting question whether the prospective results of their labors on themselves are to influence these young men in an increasing degree in their choice, or whether a taste for luxury, stimulated by the sight of the extremely rich (whom we have always and increasingly with us in these days), is going to make vast profits seem more than ever labor's most desirable return. Whatever the general tendency is, there are sure to be some candidates every year whose incentive to work is an honorable aversion to worthlessness. A particular field in which all good Americans hope to see such young men venture is politics, and especially municipal politics. If the American young man who loves his work for his work's sake, and need not get his bread by it, should elect to take a hand in the government of cities, the result might be comforting to that respectable body of citizens who are tired of being governed by men who are in that business primarily because they find it a source of income. Of course, when the man who loves his work for his work's sake comes into competition in municipal politics, as elsewhere, with the man who is working for his dinner, his coat must come off, metaphorically speaking, if he is to accomplish anything. That is the beauty of it. It would be hard work, harder than yacht-racing or even polo: less vainly amusing, and less cheaply glorious; and fitter, for those reasons, to satisfy the aspirations of an energetic and devoted spirit.

It is still, one dare believe, at least arguable whether the decline of interest in poetry, that there is so industrious an accounting for of late, has actually befallen. In volume of production, whatever the last four or five years may show, the last twenty-five surely compare not unfavorably with any previous twenty-five in the history of English literature. Whence one may infer the survival of a fair degree of interest among the producers at any rate. And as for the consumers, what reason is there to believe that the number of students of poetry among English readers was ever larger than at this very moment? Never before were there professors and courses of poetry in all the higher schools. Never before was there such a flow from the press of reissues of the old poetry, and of issues and reissues of new and old comment thereon. Mr. Gosse, indeed, detects in this particular activity of the press a premonition of disaster to the present prosperity of the old poets, and argues that, since whatever is made a task grows odious, the surest way of starting a poet to oblivion is to enwreathe him with notes and coffin him in a text-book. But it is clear that Mr. Gosse does not desire to be taken too seriously in this argument; and he, no doubt, would be the first to allow that, for the present, at least, the text-books do testify to the existence somewhere of a very earnest interest.

Granting the decline, however, to be past further question, is the explanation of it that finds most favor quite sufficient? This explanation imputes it primarily to the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition of the age. To make this account of the matter good, an age pre-eminent in poetry should show weakness in the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition. With all the fluctuations in literary judgments, we now constantly concede pre-eminence in poetry to the Elizabethan age. To Shakespeare, no doubt, is due the readiness of the acknowledgment; but it would still be merited had the Elizabethan age, remaining in all else the same, lacked Shakespeare. For while Shakespeare was as distinctly unapproachable then as since, never before or since was poetry so in the very air of the time. Everybody wrote verses, and everybody in a measure wrote them well. A charm seemed to be on even the poetaster, so that, strive as he might, he could not do his worst. A line or two of distinction would slip into his inventions, as if in very despite. Hence Lowell, seeking a passage to fitly characterize the inspiring speech and countenance of Emerson, could choose, out of his large store of remembered verse, two stanzas from one of the obscurest of the Elizabethan

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poets, and from a poem that closes in this fashion:

> And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
> My teares discollor so mine inke.

Nor are these lines below the general level of the poem, although Lowell's quotations do not exhaust its beauties.

But this most poetical of ages was far from weak in the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition. Studied in such intimate chronicles as Holinshed's, it strikes one of our time less by its oddity than by its likeness in this and in many other attributes. The merchants are growing rapidly rich and using their accumulations to monopolize the land. The markets are subject to manipulations; even the wheat "corner" has got evolved; "and thereby we may see," sadly reflects the chronicler, "how each of us endeavoreth to fleece and eat up another." Tradesmen are grown eager, and their wares debased. The luxurious prefer foreign products to domestic. French cooks have stolen into the kitchen. Fashions in dress, through the vanity of wealth and the greed of tailors, change like the inconstant moon. There is, too, corruption in politics, the courtiers being "many of them the worst men when they come abroad that any man shall either hear or read of." And they who make report of these things do it in such sorrow that, had they been of our day, they must have been rated roundly by the newspapers for "calamity-howlers" and "pessimists."

It is worth while to note, too, that this the golden age of poetry resembled ours in being regarded by the poets themselves as peculiarly unfriendly to their art. In its earlier days, and at the opening of his career, Spenser complains that his

> poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
> Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.

This might be regarded as only an outburst of the discouragement that always attends the beginner, but Spenser repeats and enlarges his lament in after life. A little later Sir Philip Sidney finds "just cause to make a pittiful defence of poore poetry," since, "from almost the highest estimation of learning," it "is fallen to be the laughingstocke of children." And toward the close of the period Ben Jonson rages in life-long warfare against the depraved taste of the time, while Chapman in one passage regrets that the "barbarous worldling, grovelling after gain," uses Poesy with "rude hate," and in another flings defiance at the "wolf-faced worldlings" who, caring for "nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy," bray and bark against the muse.

In view of all this, I for one should say that poetry's present want of estimation, besides being very dimly demonstrated, is also very imperfectly accounted for.

THE Israelites who are being robbed and driven across the border in Russia have probably as rich a sacred literature of denunciation and vengeance from which to derive assurance of the fate of their oppressors as anywhere exists. It is easy to imagine them brooding with gloomy satisfaction over the solemn passages in which the Hebrew poets, more than two thousand years ago, pictured the wrath that should overtake those who dealt ill with the chosen people of the Lord. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins," was one of the "Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, King of Israel," to which the starving refugees within "the Pale" doubtless still attach the childlike and invincible faith of their strangely simple, and still more strangely subtile, race.

In the case of Russia the wisdom, if not the inspiration, of Solomon has been justified with a swiftness that may well seem to the believers the evidence of the anger of the Lord. For it cannot be questioned that the famine that is now scourging European Russia, and that is more extended and more terrible than any known in the modern history of the civilized world, has been greatly aggravated, and may be said to be, in considerable measure, actually caused by the cruel treatment of the Jews.

Over a very great portion of the grain-producing region of Russia the Jews, and they alone, have furnished the money for seed, for the culture, for the gathering, and the moving of the crops. The tillers of the soil in Russia, from the largest landed proprietor to the peasants of the smallest com-

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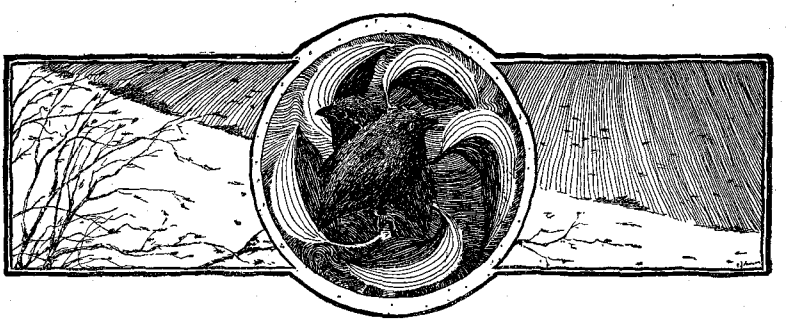
munity, have for more than a generation been hopelessly in debt, and to an extent that has compelled them to mortgage, not merely their land, but the products of their lands, for at least a year ahead. And it is to the Jew that they have been forced to apply for the means to continue their occupation. With the first signs (in the winter of 1890–91) of the approaching general attack upon their race, the Jewish capitalists began not merely to limit their advances, but to take steps to collect their dues, and to put their property in such shape that it could be hidden and transported when the hour of flight or of exile approached.

Thus the area of tillage last year was distinctly diminished by the withdrawal of the means for securing seed and labor. By spring-time the policy of plunder and banishment for the Jews had been greatly developed, and its enforcement was rendered infinitely harsher by the unbridled hatred of the people for the race whom they believed their oppressors, and knew to be their creditors. By harvest-time the infatuated peasants and proprietors had almost wholly driven the Jews from their homes, and with them the means to harvest the crops.

It does not, of course, require a revelation to see the relation of cause and effect here. Political economy is not an inspired science. Its teachers rather boast that it is unmoral, and its critics denounce it as heartless. But in Russia its laws have worked swiftly, and with terrible justness, a result that was as certain, literally, as "the seed-time and the harvest." That result might easily have been foreseen by men not blinded by hatred; but, to cite Solomon again, "where there is no vision the people perish."



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A PORTRAIT.

[From a pastel by William M. Chase.]

—See *American Illustration of To-day.*

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